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**FROM THE CONGO  
TO THE NIGER AND THE NILE**

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Young Manja in Samali festal attire  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims



FROM THE CONGO  
TO  
THE NIGER AND THE NILE

AN ACCOUNT OF THE  
GERMAN CENTRAL AFRICAN EXPEDITION  
OF 1910-1911 BY  
ADOLF FRIEDRICH  
DUKE OF MECKLENBURG

WITH 514 ILLUSTRATIONS  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS  
AND A MAP

VOLUME ONE

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Adolf Frederick, Duke of Mecklenburg.

## PREFACE

BY ADOLF FRIEDRICH, DUKE OF MECKLENBURG

THE Central African Expedition of 1907 to 1908, when I travelled with a staff of scientific specialists through the unexplored country between Lake Victoria and Lake Kiwu, had valuable scientific results. Our experiences in the tropical forests on the banks of the Aruwimi and Congo Rivers impressed upon us the lamentable deficiency at the present day of botanical and zoological knowledge concerning the interior of Africa. In order to supplement this knowledge, by providing a picture of the aborigines, as well of the flora and fauna of the country north of these forests, for comparison with known facts in other parts, it seemed to us, after consulting many distinguished scientists, that a second expedition was eminently desirable.

The Zoological Institute of Berlin and the Botanical Museum of Dahlem-Berlin kindly permitted two of my former scientific colleagues, Dr Schubotz and Dr Mildbraed, to participate in the new expedition. This greatly facilitated our preparations, since these two gentlemen, in collaboration with my old and valued travelling companion, Captain von Wiese und Kaiserswaldau, had already drawn up a plan of our projected campaign.

A further favourable circumstance was that the other members of the party had all spent many years

in Africa, either in a private or in an official capacity. The Government Physician, Dr Haberer, had been prosecuting researches for several years in the sleeping-sickness districts, so that I was glad to secure his valuable services. Dr Arnold Schultze, formerly an officer in the Cameroons constabulary, possessed an accurate knowledge of the African bush, and had already made a name for himself as an entomologist. Ernst M. Heims, the painter, had executed some black and white and water-colour drawings in the Cameroons in the year 1906. The list was completed by Sergeant-Major Röder of the Cameroons constabulary, and my valet Schmidt, to whom was entrusted the care of the baggage and collections, and the payment of the bearers, etc.

As is so often the case, some of the details of our itinerary had to be subsequently altered. We decided to proceed together as far as the Congo River. Drs Schultze and Mildbraed were then to set out by themselves on a geographical, botanical, and zoological expedition through the unexplored parts of South Cameroons. This, moreover, was the express desire of the Dahlem Botanical Museum authorities. It was settled that the main party should proceed up the Congo and Ubangi Rivers, and spend some time in the wholly unexplored country on the banks of the Ubangi, in the neighbourhood of Libenge. Thence we were to explore the basins of the Gribingi and Shari Rivers, and finally to push on to Lake Tchad, and spend several months in Bagirmi. Since the time of the earliest pioneers, only the most meagre details have come to light respecting the fauna, flora, and population, and the influence of Islam on the religion and life of the natives of these parts.



Captain von Wiese und Kaiserswaldau.



Dr. H. Schubotz.



Lieutenant Dr. Arnold Schultze.



Dr. J. Mildbraed.



A journey from the Shari to the Nile, through Dar-Kuti, was also included in our programme. But it fell through owing to the political disturbances which culminated just at the time of our arrival. Herr von Wiese and Dr Schubotz, however, succeeded in reaching the Nile by taking a southerly route, and skirting the disaffected area.

But this is not the place for a further description of our travels. In the following chapters will be found an account of the pleasures and hardships of our journey, though many interesting details had to be suppressed owing to lack of space.

His Majesty the Emperor was graciously pleased to contribute a substantial sum of money towards the expenses of the expedition. This enabled us to enlarge our sphere of action, and to visit districts where we gained valuable information. We were also assisted by the German Colonial Society, and by many other generous friends.

On the 9th of July 1910, accompanied by Captain von Wiese, who had been helping me in our final preparations, I travelled to Hamburg, where I met the other members of the party, and enjoyed a farewell dinner in Dr Aufschläger's hospitable house.

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg graced the occasion with his presence, as did Her Serene Highness Princess Henry of Reusz and her eldest son. Finally they accompanied us on board the mail steamer "Eleonore Woermann," where a number of Berlin and Hamburg friends and acquaintances had assembled on deck. The time passed in pleasant conversation until at high tide we were informed that the steamer was ready to start. The last visitors went ashore, thus severing

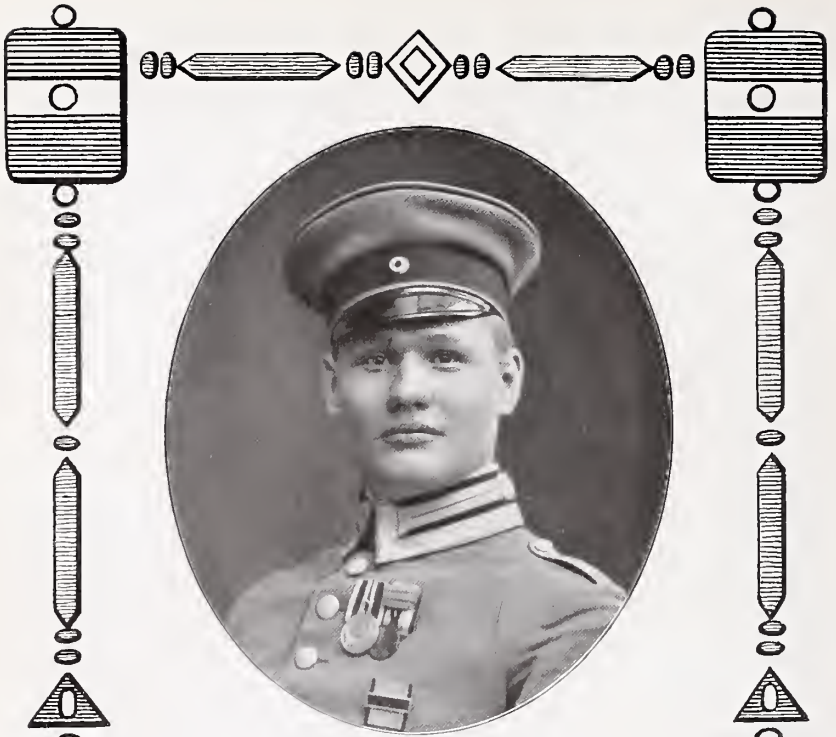
the final link that united us with Germany. And as we glided slowly through the splendid harbour of Hamburg, past all the huge wharfs and dockyards slumbering in the dim light of dawn, we shut our eyes to the past, and turned our attention to the uncertain future, with an earnest prayer for success.



Ernst M. Heims, artist.



Professor Haberer.



Sergeant Otto Roeder.



Schmidt.

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CHAPTERS I TO III  
FROM THE CONGO TO THE SHARI

BY

CAPTAIN VON WIESE UND KAISERSWALDAU



## CHAPTER I

### SETTING OUT ON OUR TRAVELS

Two years had elapsed since Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenberg returned with his fellow-explorers to Hamburg, in the s.s. "Eleonore Woermann," on the conclusion of his first Central-African expedition. On the evening of the 9th of July 1910, the Duke and his companions started on board the same steamer on the second Central-African expedition, which had been set on foot for the purpose of carrying out further scientific research in this dark corner of the world.

The following morning this trim little vessel weighed anchor, and started on her voyage. From Hamburg to Dover we were accompanied by Herr F. F. Eiffe, one of the leading spirits in organizing this expedition. The Baroness von Suszkind, too, gave us the pleasure of her society as far as the Cameroons, being anxious, as a member of the Committee of the Colonial Women's Association, to learn from personal experience something of German colonial life.

The voyage through the Bay of Biscay to Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and along the West Coast of Africa as far as Togo was so uneventful that further details would be superfluous, and may be taken for granted by the reader, his interest being centred in our African travels.

The mail steamers go from Togo via Lagos, direct to Victoria in the Cameroons, but the "Eleonore Woer-

mann" took an unusual course to the Spanish island of Fernando Po, in order to enable Herr Krull, the representative of the Hamburg firm of Nelson & Moritz, to land there. As we approached this island, the largest of volcanic origin in the Bight of Biafra, we were deeply impressed by the grandeur of the mountain summit protruding through the fog, 9350 ft. in height. We were glad to spend at least a few hours in the capital, Santa Isabella, and its outskirts, and thus gather a hasty impression of the island's tropical vegetation.

The following morning we steamed into the bay of Victoria, the most northerly harbour of the German Cameroons. Owing to the dense fog and pouring rain, we were unable to see the Great Cameroon Mountain, 13,350 ft. high, which on a clear day is visible from a great distance. At Victoria we were most kindly received by the civil and military authorities, Councillor Steinhausen and Major Puder. After enjoying for a short time the hospitality of the District Magistrate Kirchhoff, we travelled on the miniature railway belonging to the West-African Colonial Company as far as Soppo, where a detachment of Constabulary is stationed, and thence to Buea the seat of the Government. The following account of our stay in the Cameroons is taken from the Duke's diary:—

“At Soppo a company of Constabulary was drawn up on parade commanded by Captain Rammstedt, and impressed me most favourably. We also had the pleasure of greeting the wife and two daughters of Major Puder, who have braved the climate for more than a year—for no other word correctly describes residence in the high-lying stations of Soppo and Buea during the rainy season. The latter has been sensibly



beautified and enlarged during the last two years. From Buea in the early morning the outline of the Great Cameroon Mountains against the sky can usually be distinguished, but from Soppo this is very seldom the case. It rains there almost continuously for weeks and months at a time, and the place is permanently wrapped in fog."

After a few rainy days, we moved from Government House at Buea into the interesting Duala district, and every day, weather permitting, we made excursions on horseback in all directions.

We observed on all sides a very satisfactory advance in commercial and domestic life. Long, well-kept roads facilitate communication up-country, so that the valuable native handicraft can be brought to the Duala market.

On the Northern Railway, which extends for seventy miles, the crowded trains testified to its popularity. We congratulated the Government architect, Reichow, and the chief engineer, Meine, on the progress of the works, for considerable natural difficulties have necessitated deep cuttings and circuitous routes involving arduous labour. On the Midland Railway we saw the splendid structure of the iron bridge which is being erected over the Dibambu River. It is 1050 ft. long, and will be one of the finest bridges in Africa.

A negro theatrical company supplied the artistic element, and during our visit a meeting was held on the newly made race-course. This was the second since the course was made, and comprised an obstacle and two flat races which were a great success.

These social gatherings, usually held on Sunday afternoons, are well attended, and are eminently desirable,

in that they encourage the people to be sociable in a harmless manner; they are, moreover, welcomed as a pleasant recreation by those who are engaged in hard work throughout the week.

The day began with a native rowing-boat regatta, six long fantastically-painted canoes facing the starter. Many of them were manned by fifty or more rowers, and were consequently barely two fingers' breadth above the level of the water, which had to be continually baled out. The occasional capsizing of a boat merely increased the merriment.

Our staff of cooks, "boys," and assistants, engaged at Togo for the whole journey, was supplemented at Duala, so that each member of the expedition had at his disposal one cook and two "boys," without counting the five natives who were to learn how to stuff birds and prepare skins. We also obtained twenty black soldiers from the Imperial Constabulary; these were for the most part natives of Jaunde, and with a few exceptions turned out well. Sergeant-Major Röder of the Constabulary also joined the expedition at Duala, as accountant and head of the commissariat.

On the 10th of August, we embarked in the little Government steamer "Soden," which was to take us as far as the mouth of the Cameroon River, where the cargo-steamer "Edea" was waiting to convey us to Boma on the Congo. As we steamed past the German gunboat "Eber" in Duala harbour, her crew manned the deck, and by order of her commander, Captain Lustig, gave three cheers for the Duke. It was our bluejackets' hearty good-bye to the expedition!

There being no regular service between Duala and Boma, the Hamburg-American Line kindly placed at our disposal the "Edea," a 3500 ton cargo-steamer.

Our reception, accommodation, and food on board this vessel were excellent, and her good captain, Herr Frank, vied with his officers in making the voyage as pleasant as possible.

Fortune favoured us in letting us land at St. Thomas, an island which although visited by comparatively few travellers, is by no means devoid of interest. It is not generally known that this Portuguese island holds the third rank, immediately after Brazil and Ecuador, in the exportation of cocoa. St. Thomas offers, moreover, a fruitful field for the collector, especially as regards entomology and botany. A two days' tour into the interior fully confirmed all that we had been led to expect. Prince's Island and Annobon are of equal interest. Consequently the Duke decided to include these islands as well as Fernando Po in the itinerary of the expedition, and to send thither Dr Schultze and Dr Mildbraed at the conclusion of their travels in the South Cameroons. An account of their experiences and observations will be found in Volume II.

The "Edea" having cargo for Spanish Guinea, we steamed from St. Thomas to Bata, the capital of this Spanish colony, and observed how little the Spaniards have exploited it. They seem to use it mainly as a source for obtaining labourers for the Fernando Po plantations, and the methods employed in their capture must be described as a modern slave-trade. The sub-governor of Bata receives no official salary, but is paid 70 pesetas, *i.e.* about 50s., for every workman he supplies. No comment is needed. We visited Benito, at the mouth of the river of the same name, and then spent a day on the island of Elobey at the mouth of the Muni River. The chief

trade of this Spanish colony is in the hands of the Hamburg firm of Woermann, and the English firms of John Holt and Hatton & Cookson. Spanish firms have hitherto placed little value on the resources of the country.

Our next stopping-place was Libreville, the capital of French Gaboon, with which we had become acquainted on a previous visit two years ago.

French Equatorial Africa consists of three colonies : Gaboon, Mid-Congo, with its capital Brazzaville, and Ubangi-Shari-Tchad, with its capital Bangi. The "Military Territory of the Tchad," with its capital Fort Lamy, forms part of the last-named colony. The Governor-General resides at Brazzaville.

On the morning of the 23rd of August we reached Banana, at the mouth of the Congo, and a pilot brought us to Boma, the capital of the Congo State. A hearty welcome was here extended to the Duke, the Governor-General Fuchs, whose acquaintance we had made on a previous occasion, meeting us on the quay with his officers and staff. At six o'clock the following morning we continued our voyage as far as Matadi, which, owing to the strong adverse current, we did not reach until the afternoon was well advanced.

In Boma we noticed several alterations and improvements. The sleeping sickness, which still ravages a great part of the interior of Africa, has necessitated the extension of the splendid hospital, and the large palace of the Governor is soon to be replaced by a new building in the modern European style. Everyone sings the praises of King Albert of Belgium, who has not only generously renounced his very considerable private revenues from the Congo, but has himself contributed large sums of money towards the introduction of



1. Village on the Ubangi, south of Libenge.



2. Flooded area on the Ubangi near Duma.



3. Camp on the road from Fort Possel to Fort Crampel.



4. The Governor's house at Bangi.



5. Rapids near Bangi.

modern appliances, and towards combatting the sleeping sickness.

It will be time enough to discuss the promised Congo reforms together with their influence on international trade, which is so closely bound up in them, when they have become an accomplished fact—and this is still a long way off.

Now, at any rate, contrary to the assertions of biassed newspapers, the natives enjoy considerate treatment, not only here, but in many other parts of the West Coast, a treatment regarded with grave anxiety by such as really understand negro psychology. The manner in which justice is administered in some of the chief West African towns, in many cases positively favouring the negroes to an incredible degree, seriously resembles an unaccountable panic. Such obvious anxiety not to offend so-called “influential” individuals must in the long run have injurious results. For natives are quick to recognize timidity, and to take advantage of it. I could mention several examples bearing out this statement only too well. Every traveller should consider it his duty to call attention to the need of just but stern government.

Boma, unlike Duala, was enjoying the dry season. Not a drop of rain having fallen since May, the inhabitants were anxiously awaiting the first tornado, which inaugurates the rainy season about the middle of September. At Matadi, we found a temperature of 70 degrees F. quite chilly!

The railway company supplied us with a special train at Matadi, and in company with the German consul Tecklenburg, we travelled via Thysville to Kinshassa, close to Leopoldville, the railway terminus.

Visitors to the charming town of Leopoldville must

be puzzled to understand why it was chosen as an important commercial centre. The powerful Congo rapids commence scarcely 550 yards south of the town, so that steamers run the risk of being sucked into the whirlpool. This fact necessitated the construction of the Matadi railway.

A proposal to remove the town further north, near the favourable anchorage of Kinshassa, miscarried on account of the founder's obstinacy, and it would now be impossible owing to the many new institutions, dock-yards, locomotive work-shops, etc.

At Kinshassa we met Dr Haberer, the physician who had come from Molundu in the South Cameroons to join our expedition. The paddle-steamer "Valérie" was waiting to convey us to Bangi, at the bend of the Ubangi River.

On the 30th of August, Dr Schultze and Dr Mildbraed took leave of us and set out on their special itinerary down the river Ssanga to Molundu, and through the South Cameroons. At the close of this very important botanical, zoological, and ethnographical expedition, before returning home, they intended to visit the islands of Annobon, St. Thomas, and Fernando Po, whose scientific resources had never been explored.

The main expedition at first intended to proceed up the Congo and Ubangi Rivers as far as Fort de Possel, and thence northwards through the river-basins of the Gribingi and Shari to Lake Tchad. Later, after returning from Lake Tchad and investigating Bagirmi, we were to march eastwards in two columns to the Nile, the one travelling north via Dar-Kuti and Hofraten-Nahas to Fashoda, and the other taking a more southerly direction along the Ubangi and Mbomu Rivers, through Bahr-el-Ghazal, towards Meshra-el-



Rek. The following chapters will indicate the alterations we were compelled to make in the course of our journey.

On the morning of the 31st of August the "Valérie" was ready to start. The party was composed of seven Europeans and fifty-six blacks, with about twelve tons of baggage. A short pause at Brazzaville for the signing of the custom-house papers proved disastrous, for on re-starting, a steam-pipe burst, and necessitated a delay of four hours. But at last we were able to steam up-stream towards our destination, leaving behind us the large cities of modern Africa. The Duke in his diary describes as follows the voyage up the Congo and Ubangi Rivers, and our stay in the Libenge district :—

"The scenery on the banks of the Ubangi strongly resembles that of the Middle and Upper Congo, from its narrower part near Leopoldville. The virgin forest reaches down to the water's edge, being interrupted at intervals by grass patches. The eye, glad to escape the green monotony of the wooded banks, roams over these patches, seeking to discover some sign of life, some specimen of big game. The spoor of hippopotami and elephants, and the signs that numerous buffaloes have congregated at night on the clearances near the bank, or on some solitary island in mid-stream, confirm the statements of the natives as to the abundance of these wild beasts. Otherwise, all animal life seems extinct; only one or two solitary crocodiles sun themselves with wide-open jaws on the few uncovered sand-banks, whilst here and there a hippopotamus, on the approach of the steamer, glides into the turbid brownish, or even at times inky-black water.

"The Ubangi, like all the large tributaries of the Congo, is enormously broad. In many places it spreads

out into wide basins, so that we appeared to be steaming through a chain of lakes. The 'Valérie,' like all the steamers here, employed wood as fuel, and once or twice a day the supply was replenished at the 'postes à bois,' many of which have a black manager to look after the cutting and storing of the wood.

"Six days after leaving Kinshassa, the 'Valérie,' before reaching the mouth of the Ubangi, steamed a short distance up the Ssanga, in order to traverse the Dizenge Canal, north of Makala, and then back to the Congo, after spending the night in the canal. This slight detour was of special medical interest, since the narrow waterway was swarming with tsetse flies (*Glossina palpalis*). These flies, which transmit sleeping sickness, were caught every day on the steamer in large quantities. Their blood was at once microscopically examined, but not in one single case was a trypanosoma identified. And yet the inhabitants were many of them infected, and in a surprising number of cases enlarged glands might be observed.

"On the 13th of September, we at length came to an end of this hot voyage, the thermometer every day registering 99° F. in the shade. (Illus. 1.)

"The same afternoon we reached Libenge on the Belgian bank, two days' journey from Bangi. Here Dr Haberer, Dr Schubotz, Schmidt, and I left the 'Valérie,' in order to work for three weeks in the forest and neighbouring plains. In spite of the friendly assistance of Commandant van der Cruyssen, we found great difficulty in obtaining bearers. With much trouble we managed to obtain fifty men, of whom twenty ran away again during the night, thus needlessly delaying our start. This small number of carriers being naturally insufficient for our baggage, we sent the rest of it on by



6. View of the rapids and our lodging at Bangi.



7. Ngamas.



8. Mandja maidens in Samali festal dress.

water to Duma-rive under the charge of Doctors Schubotz and Schmidt. Here it was easier to find bearers for the short one and a half hour's march to Duma, which was to be our head-quarters.

“Haberer and I followed two days later on foot to Duma, accompanied by the Belgian lieutenant, Debugre. The first day we encountered no difficulties to speak of, but the next day we found large tracts of the forest under water, the rainy season being not yet at an end. (Illus. 2.) For many miles we had to wade, often up to our hips in water, and though temporary bridges made of tree-trunks had been erected over the impassable places, the raging stream of the rivers in flood overflowed even these to a depth of a couple of feet. In time the swimming powers of my Airedale terrier gave out and I was obliged to drag him along by the collar. Weary, but with baggage intact, we reached Duma in the afternoon of September 15th. This town lies outside the woods, but within the forest limits the sleeping sickness was very prevalent. Whole villages had died out or been abandoned. On all sides we met people suffering from this disease, and from many of them we obtained blood specimens for examination.

“The population consists of all kinds of mixed tribes, of which the Mono and Bundu, the Banza, Buaka, Ngombe, Sanga, and Babanga are the most noteworthy. Each possesses its own language and habits, one language being often confined to one village, so that it is very difficult to make oneself understood. In the neighbourhood of Duma, Sango is the language spoken, and the station soldiers learn it. And yet barely an hour's journey further on, it is hard to find anyone who understands Sango. Bangála, or Mangála, as the better variety is called, which is the means of intercourse

throughout the Congo, and on the banks of the Ubangi, ceases entirely here. An exhaustive ethnological study of the miscellaneous population would require many months. Education is very backward, and it is therefore difficult to collect interesting data.

“The districts south of the Ubangi are for the most part untrodden by Europeans, and no one ventures far inland. Further east the tribes have not yet been subdued, and are hostile to Europeans. The weakness of the companies makes it impossible to obtain a military escort, and, moreover, most expeditions come to grief in the matter of obtaining bearers. Even a Belgian officer who recently passed through here, for days sought in vain to obtain natives who would carry his baggage, for according to the new regulations, no compulsion may be used; and since the work of carrying is unpopular, it is disdained even at a high price. The bearers will carry only for a few hours, often only from one village to the next, so that a daily change is necessary, and continual palaver is the order of the day.

“The economic development of the Congo is seriously endangered by the new regulations regarding the treatment of the natives, and the profits from india-rubber have sensibly diminished. Since the Government no longer buys india-rubber from the natives, the large collecting stations have become useless. Libenge, for example, formerly one of the chief centres of the india-rubber trade on the Upper Ubangi, now no longer exports it. The only way in which the Government can obtain india-rubber is by means of plantations. Even here difficulties arise, for the race of labourers is dying out, weeds over-run the plantations, and the few available men can only clear and tap a small pro-

portion of the trees. If, therefore, the regulations forbidding the employment of force are to be strictly enforced, the Government will be obliged to abandon the india-rubber plantations laid out at such great expense.

“The neighbourhood of Duma up to the edge of the forest is moderately well stocked with wild animals, the commonest being the water-buck and the wood-buck. I also managed to kill two of the rare grass antelopes. A leopard was trapped, which two nights previously had entered Dr Schubotz’ tent and worried his dog. We heard a few solitary hyenas, but did not succeed in catching one. Buffaloes and elephants are also to be found; the former display the small horns of the West African variety, whilst the latter grow such remarkably poor ivory that they are not worth shooting. Gorillas inhabit the west bank of the Ubangi, south of Libenge, and chimpanzees the forest east of that station, but they are not easy to find. The large striped antelope is said to exist near Libenge, though not in large numbers. The okapi is entirely wanting in this neighbourhood, but is found further north. It is specially plentiful in the forests south of Yakoma, near Likati.

“The bird tribe is well represented in the pasture lands. In the forest they are much rarer; we found, however, some typical specimens of the great West African *Hylea*, and I am sure our collection will contain many new songsters. The hope or rather certainty of bringing unknown specimens to the Hamburg and Frankfort museums encouraged us in our work.”

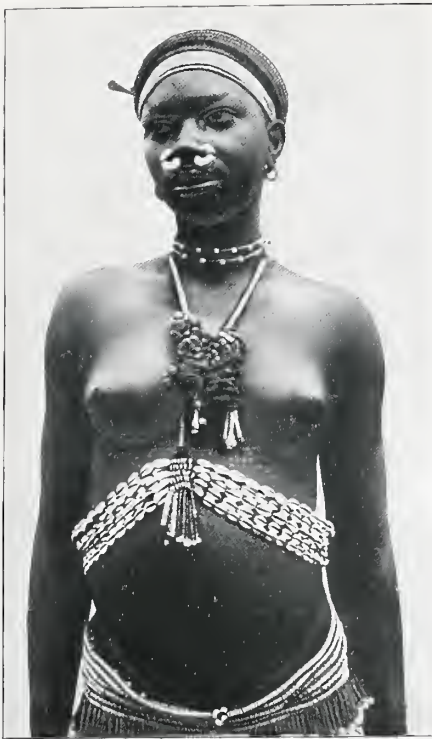
The Duke, Professor Haberer, Dr Schubotz, and Schmidt remained behind in the Libenge district,

whilst I accompanied the painter Heims and Sergeant-Major Röder in the river-steamer "Valérie" to Bangi. A most unfortunate accident occurred during the voyage. Captain Charles Gaudin was anxious to accomplish the journey from Libenge to Bangi in the day, boasting that he would reach Bangi before mid-night, although river-steamers are strictly forbidden to travel by night in the neighbourhood of the rapids. After dining with the Captain, we had retired to our cabins for the night, when we were awakened by loud screams, and the stopping of the engines. We soon learned the melancholy reason: Captain Gaudin had fallen overboard!

When we emerged from our cabins, the steamer was hove to in pitch darkness in mid-stream, and our only boat, manned by four rowers, had already pushed off in search of the Captain. The only way in which we could help was by holding lamps over the side, so that the Captain might know in which direction to swim. Meanwhile the black steersman entirely lost his head, and the steamer was soon driven on to the right bank, where she struck with a crash. The current was particularly strong just there.

In about an hour the boat came back in despair. In spite of the darkness, we ascertained that a village of Buakas, called Yakoli, lay wrapped in slumber close at hand. We landed, and fetching the people from their huts, we got them to man every available native boat, and resume the search, whilst we lighted bonfires all along the bank. So we watched and waited all through the long night, listening intently and hoping against hope for news of the Captain, but in vain. When the boats returned at dawn empty-handed, we felt sure that he was no longer living.





9. Mandja woman.



10. Mandja huts.



11. Old Mandja woman.



12. Mandja mother and children.

The accident occurred in the following manner: Captain Gaudin went down to the engine-room and angrily told the engineer that the ship was not steaming fast enough. Dazed by the heat of the stoke-hold, in passing the boiler as he returned on deck, he must have stumbled and fallen overboard. This is all the more probable because just here there was no balustrade, and the deck level was only about four inches above the water-line. Probably Gaudin then fell underneath the vessel, her draught being only about twenty inches, and was knocked on the head by the paddle-wheel, stunned, and carried away by the force of the current. The breadth of the river being here nearly a mile and a half, it would not be an easy matter even for a strong man to swim ashore.

It was in a very depressed frame of mind that we went back about ten miles in order to thoroughly search all the islands, as well as the banks. We wished at least to bury the body, but all our efforts proved fruitless, and we set off once more for Bangi. A French sub-officer from Bimbo, whom we had called to our assistance during the night, offered to continue the search, but it was not until a week later that the body was found near the Belgian bank. Marvellous to relate it was intact in spite of the numerous crocodiles, and it was buried at the French station of Mongumba. We shall always retain a warm feeling of friendship for brave, kind-hearted Captain Gaudin.

Lying in a picturesque situation on the mountain-side, Bangi came into view on the evening of the 14th of September. This town is the seat of the Government of the French Ubangi-Shari-Tchad district. Thanks to the energy of Governor Fourneau, who at one time spent his furlough here, it has undergone

rapid development, the number of Europeans having risen in less than five years from ten to seventy, and being still on the increase. The few wretched houses of which the original Bangi consisted have long ago been replaced by fine brick buildings with corrugated iron roofs. (Illus. 4.) A large number of shops belonging to unassuming Portuguese or shrewd Greeks give the negroes the desired opportunity of spending in a very short time their day's or week's wages to the last penny.

Every morning all the necessaries of life are put up for sale in a large market-place for Europeans and negroes alike. Traders from Bornu may be frequently seen here, selling at a good profit cattle driven all the way from Lake Tchad. The value of an ox in the Lake Tchad district amounts to 30 francs, rising in Bangi to 100 francs, and the price of a fowl is raised from 20 centimes to 2 francs.

A recently-built little house was kindly placed at our disposal, in a pleasant situation on the rocks projecting far out into the Ubangi rapids, and thus combining a fine view with a constant breeze. Bangi is, in fact, a pleasant abode, and the French understand how to render life as attractive as possible at the close of the day's work. Every evening the members of the European colony meet at the club, where all kinds of cooling drinks can be obtained and where the time passes quickly in lively conversation.

The river traffic is very active; many small vessels and three large passenger steamers, two of which are supplied with electric light and an ice-machine, bring a few travellers as well as officials and officers.

The rainy season still continued, though it was beginning to moderate. It lasts here until December,

differing in this respect from the Shari district, in which the dry season had already begun.

The river had attained its maximum height, 23 feet above the usual level. By degrees it distributes southwards its enormous volume of water, which in the bend near Bangi, attains a depth of 200 feet.

Our baggage, consisting of provisions, barter, ammunition, and photographic necessaries, was for the most part sent on ahead, and deposited at the large towns, to await our arrival. A good many cases were, however, ruined by the wet. The miserable native boats let in a great deal of water, and at the different rapids where they had to be unloaded, the packing cases were often left for days exposed to the weather and to the depredations of the natives. It was heart-breaking to see their state when they reached their destination, wet, dirty, broken, and pilfered. The meal, cloth, and photographic plates especially, although enclosed in a double cover, were so spoiled that we could use only a very small proportion. The brass padlocks contained in one of the cases proved particularly attractive to the thieving natives. This shows how necessary it is when undertaking expeditions like this, where the means of transport are so uncertain, to take only what is absolutely essential in the way of baggage. This is of course more easily said than done, for a scientific expedition cannot accomplish much without a certain number of instruments, photographic plates, and material for preserving botanical and zoological specimens.

Only a year ago the traveller up-stream from Bangi to Fort de Possel (also called Kemo) was condemned to a tiresome seven days' journey in steel boats or canoes. The institution of three small steamers has made it possible to accomplish this monotonous voyage

in less than half the time. Nowadays it takes two days by steamer and one day in a steel boat to travel from Bangi to Possel. The only rapids which still successfully measure their strength against the steam-engine are encountered during the second day, and are the falls of Dongo, the high and rushing "Elephant's Falls" and a much lower waterfall near by with an equally powerful current.

The passage of the rapids is laborious and not devoid of danger. The boat is drawn to the bank by a long chain, and then inch by inch, strong black arms, toiling for hours, tow it up-stream, whilst all the time branches and twigs from the overhanging trees strike the unfortunate passengers in the face. Finding that we travelled barely half a mile per hour, we preferred a five hours' walk to Bata, mostly through dense, thirteen-foot elephant-grass, and being obliged here and there to wade through swamps and deep streams. We shot a few silky-tailed monkeys, but though we noticed some quite recent elephant spoor, and heard the huge creatures crashing through the forest, we did not succeed in getting on closer terms with them.

At Bata, the little river-steamer "Cotelle" was waiting to convey us to Fort de Possel, where we arrived at six o'clock in the evening and were hospitably received by the agent of the "Compagnie de l'Ouhamé."

The Government station is about 300 yards from the settlement of the "Compagnie de l'Ouhamé," where the Kemo River joins the Ubangi, and it is scarcely worthy of being called a fort. There are no fortifications of any kind, but an open square, surrounded by thatched mud-huts, in which the three

Government officials and their stores find accomodation. Its importance lies in the fact that it is the starting-point for all transports sent north, *i.e.* into the South Tchad district. The Kemo and Tomi rivers are navigable as far as Fort Sibut, also known as Krebedje. On the third day of our stay at Fort de Possel, we made an excursion to Bessu, one day's journey in an easterly direction. It is situated in the Togbo territory, belonging to the great Banda family. The only mission station of the Shari-Ubangi district is known as "La Sainte Famille," and was established here several years ago by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

We reached Bessu after an oppressively hot seven hours' boat journey, and were most kindly received by Father Cotelle, the head of the mission. He supplied me with valuable ethnographical details concerning the Togbo tribe. We returned the next day to Fort de Possel, and a day or two later set out in a westerly direction, on a three hours' expedition, to visit the chief Yago. I ascertained that he and his people belong to a branch of the great Sabanga tribe, and live at Battinga, south of Ndele and south-east of Fort Crampel. The journey was excessively unpleasant, for we had to walk through long, sharp-bladed grass, which continually cut our hands and faces. At the same time the heat was greater than I have ever before experienced in Africa.

## CHAPTER II

### FROM THE UBANGI TO LAKE TCHAD

ON the 24th of September the memorable day at length arrived when we could set out with a hundred bearers on our march north. In order that the changing of our bearers every two or three days might proceed without a hitch, the French Government allotted to us Monsieur Bellivier and two soldiers as an escort.

The northern road is ten to twelve feet in width, whilst every seven or eight miles there is a camping ground supplied with water. As a rule every alternate one is made use of by the traveller, so that the day's march comprises about fifteen miles. The encampment is composed of one or two miserable mud-huts for Europeans, with a few round huts and open, rectangular sheds for the blacks and riding-beasts. (Illus. 3). There is also a house for the accommodation of the militia soldiers guarding the camp, and around it a few vegetables are sometimes grown for sale, at a fabulous price to European travellers. It is surprising to find that the French in this colony possess no tents, and are altogether very badly equipped for marching. They always sleep in the mud-huts of the camping grounds, whereas in German East Africa the sanitary authorities have given orders for them all to be burnt down, on the ground that they are infested with noxious insects conveying all kinds of diseases.



The French sanitary conditions are very uninviting. In the German colonies, every European is provided with a tent, and is consequently independent of these miserable shelters. Our tents always occasioned surprise. The bearers being accustomed to these halting places, we were obliged to make use of them ; moreover, we could not elsewhere have obtained provisions, and it was here that the bearers were changed every two or three days, since the natives will act as carriers only within the narrow confines of their own districts.

In the French Congo there are no professional carriers, as for example in German East Africa, where they can be engaged for a whole journey lasting several months. I remember that during our 1907-1908 expedition from Lake Victoria to the heart of the Belgian Congo, two hundred Wassukuma bearers accompanied us for quite twelve months. The carrying capacity of the bearers in the French Congo is also very inferior to that of the German East African carriers. The lazy natives are not fond of this work, and consequently considerable pressure is required in order to induce them to undertake it. The soldiers who recruit them in the villages are probably not very gentle in their methods, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the natives place their villages and fields as far as possible from the main roads. A traveller on the road between Possel and Crampel can scarcely believe that he is in a well-populated district, for there are no villages to be seen by the roadside. Consequently this neighbourhood is ill-adapted for ethnographical research. This road is much used, for Europeans travelling to and from in the Shari-Tchad district prefer this route to that

via the Benue and Niger Rivers. The station managers act solely as transport agents, and are mere ciphers as regards the administration of their districts. The Government reckons that each native as a carrier for an average of eight days in the year. But in practice this is not carried out, the chief always sending the same villagers, who are practically homeless and always on the road, whilst their neighbours pass their time in comparative idleness. The relatively high daily wage of 1fr. 10c., besides free board, makes little difference to this state of things.

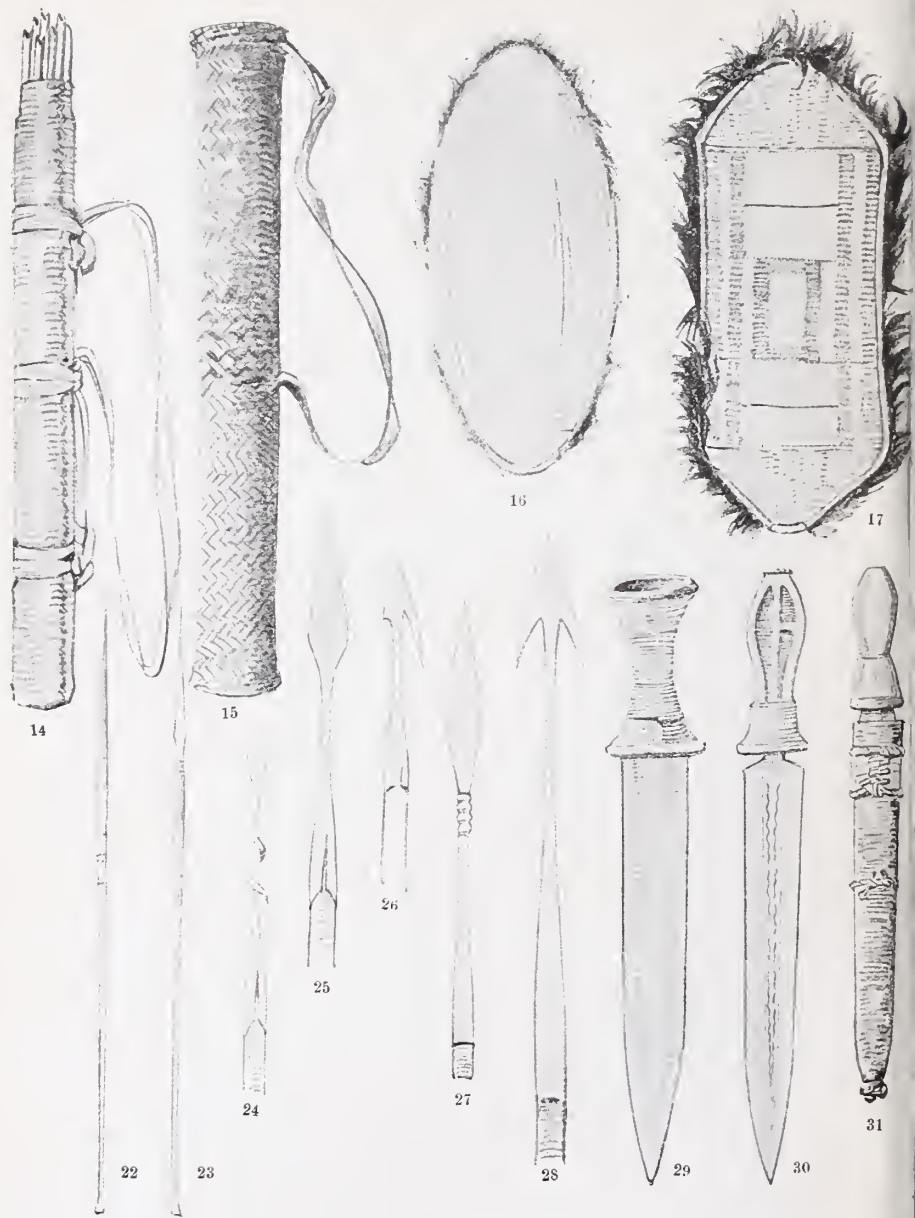
Compulsory labour seems much more common here than elsewhere in the Belgian Congo. We were always assured that there would be no difficulty in procuring carriers. It was, however, only thanks to peremptory instructions from Brazzaville that we obtained them, otherwise probably not a single man would have been forthcoming. The soldiers sent out to recruit them are often murdered and eaten by the enraged natives. Even now it would be unsafe to wander from the main road without a large military escort.

The station managers strictly enforce the regulation forbidding traders to buy anything direct from the natives. All indigenous products, *e.g.* ivory and india-rubber, must be brought to the stations, and there sold to the traders through the medium of the officials. This certainly prevents the exploitation of the natives by unscrupulous adventurers, such as are to be found in every colony. At the present time this regulation can be enforced, but with the future extension of commerce, difficulties will doubtless arise.

The chief trading company of the district north of

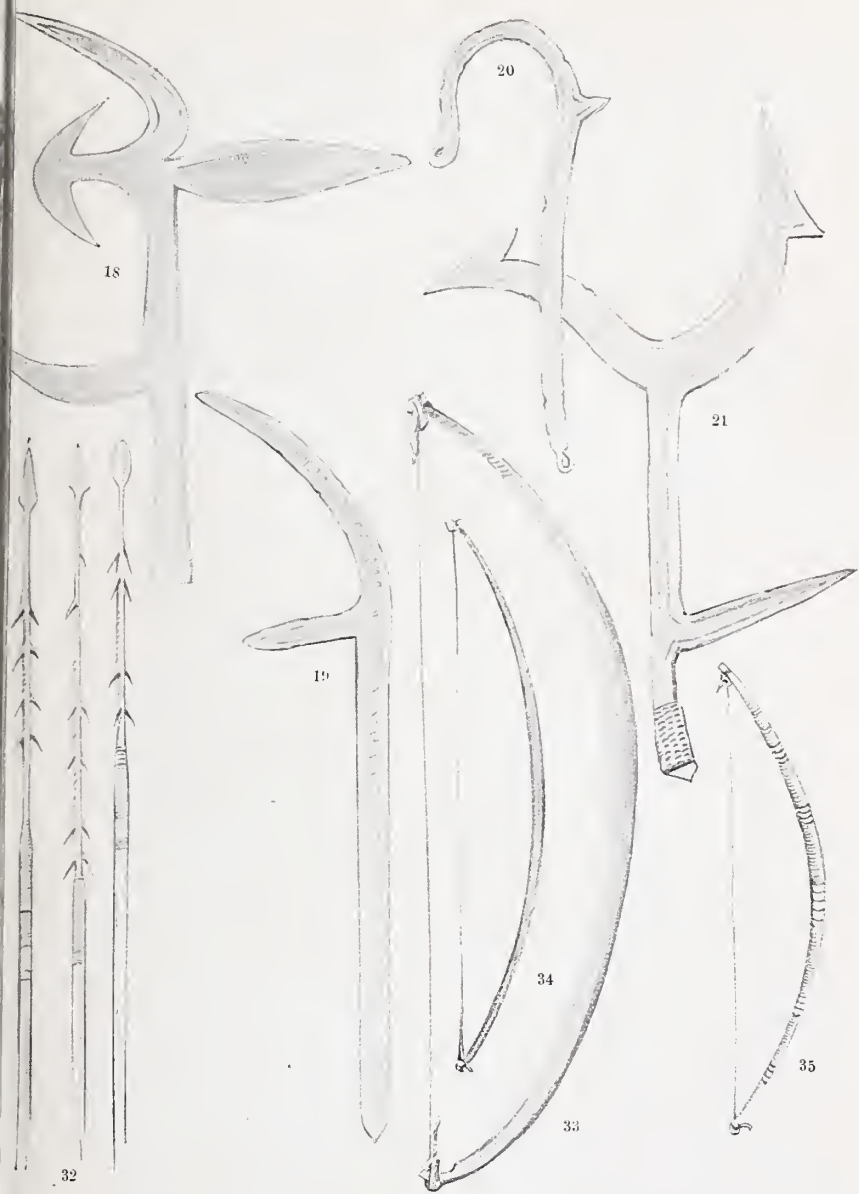


13. Dance of Mandja women.



14—35. Ethnographica

14. Quiver. 15. Basket-work quiver. 16 and 17. Shields. 18—21. Spears. 22—



jects of the Mandja.

arrows. 24—28. Spears. 29—31. Daggers. 32. Arrow-heads. 33—35. Bows.



36. Fall of the river Nana.

the Ubangi, and west of the Krebedje-Nana-Crampel line, is the "Compagnie de l'Ouhamé et de la Nana," which possesses the sole rights for the purchase of india-rubber and ivory in this district. On the other hand, it is bound to plant a certain number of india-rubber trees every year. Another trading company is the "Compagnie Ruet" at Dekoa, which has no concession, and consequently subsists on the free trade of the districts east of the main road.

Marching along this thoroughfare is very monotonous, and the surrounding country is quite devoid of interest. We constantly traversed grass thirteen feet high, and suffered much from the heavy rain and swampy ground. The grass screened from sight any wild animals, though there were in the neighbourhood herds of water-buck, antelopes and buffaloes, and now and then we saw a solitary guinea-fowl or monkey. It is not until the grass is burned in January and February that the hunting prospects improve. At Possel we bought some little half-starved, ill-cared-for ponies, but they were badly stung by tsetse flies, so that they were doomed to death, and we usually preferred to walk rather than ride these poor creatures.

The further north we journeyed the higher was the grade of both men and horses. Islam predominates in the Tchad district, but along the Ubangi, and up to the southern part of Bagirmi, the people are chiefly heathens. They have been divided into five main classes, of which the first four are cannibal:—

I. The first class comprises the fishing tribes living on the banks of the Ubangi, namely the Buaka, the Buraka, and the Banziri.

II. The second is the great Banda class, speaking

the Banda language. They dwell chiefly east of the Shari, and of the main road to the north. There are, however, several tribes belonging to it west of the above line, along the Ubangi, and even south of this river, *e.g.* the Ngobu, Banza, etc.

The Bandas seem to have been driven out of their home in Dar-Banda, towards the West, South-West, and South, by Arab slave-traders, especially the African conqueror Rabe. A few small tribes belonging to this class are scattered throughout the country between Possel and Crampel. They are the Sabanga, Ngao, Wadda, Baba, Lagba, Togbo, Ngapu, Ngobu, Mbru, Mbagga, Ndi, Mbi, Ka, Ungurra, and others. Nearly related are the Longuassi, on both banks of the Kuango river, and the Bubu and Yagba, north of Mobaye. These Banda tribes resemble one another in their manners and customs, weapons, agriculture, handicraft, and language.

III. The third class is that of the Mandjas, who live principally west of a line joining Dekoa and Crampel. They may be classified with the Bayas, who inhabit a large district west of the Shari, extending as far as the frontier of the German Cameroons, and even to some extent into the German Cameroons itself. To this class also belongs the Baka-Mandja tribe. The Mandja language is entirely different from that of the Bandas. Apparently the Bandas, who proved to be the stronger, drove the Mandjas further and further west.

IV. The Ndukas constitute the fourth class; they live for the most part east of the Gribingi, but a few tribes are to be found west of this river such as the Tani, the Dagba, the Dongura, etc.

V. To the fifth class belong the Saras, living west,



east, and north of Fort Archambault. The Ngama tribe however (illus. 7), and the Tele tribe, on the West bank of the Shari, South of Archambault, also belong to this class.

At our first encampment after leaving Possel, we came across the elephant-hunter, Coquelin, a tall man with long, black curly hair, and a full beard. During the past eighteen months he had shot no fewer than 106 elephants, and had thus already made a considerable fortune. The French Government is foolish enough not to put a stop to such wholesale slaughter, and does not even exact a hunting fee. To preserve game is unfortunately an unheard-of thing in French Congo.

Coquelin had accustomed himself to live like a native, without any of the comforts of civilization, and his entire baggage consisted of an old camp bedstead and a saucepan. Elephant spoors having been detected near our camp, I tracked them with Coquelin the following morning through thick bush and long grass. After crawling along for three hours, we at last came upon a medium-sized elephant, which I managed to hit in the head with a bullet, but though streaming with blood, the animal unfortunately got away. We followed the blood-stained tracks for about two hours, and then I was obliged to leave any further search to M. Coquelin, having still a seven hours' march before I could reach our fresh encampment. Three days later the elephant was found in a dense part of the bush, having been despatched by natives. Three weeks later the Duke also met Monsieur Coquelin, and in his diary describes the meeting as follows:—

“On the 17th of October, I had a long, but un-

profitable day's hunting with Monsieur Coquelin. We marched through the bush from 5 to 8 A.M., without finding any fresh spoor, and finally reached a small village, whose inhabitants negatived our hopes of finding elephants. We came to another village at about half-past ten, whence we sent out scouts in three directions, and about noon learned that fresh elephant spoor had been found. Meanwhile we had partaken of a few cooked beans and sweet potatoes. My boy having forgotten my flask, we were reduced to drinking river-water, which certainly was not scented with attar of roses! At 1.30 we reached the spoor, which we followed till 4.30, the elephants all the while tramping on ahead through grass and swamps, up hill and down dale. At length we gave up in despair, and at sunset started homewards. Fortunately for us there was a moon, otherwise we should certainly have lost our way, especially as we had to traverse three densely wooded swamps. After we had been marching for about two hours, we asked one of the guides how far we were from home. To our dismay, he pointed to the rising moon, and then straight overhead, which meant that by the time the moon was in the zenith we should be at home, that is to say, in another six hours at the earliest. A thunderstorm overtook us, and we stumbled along in pitch darkness, broken only by vivid lightning flashes. Soaked to the skin, we reached our flooded camping ground at ten o'clock at night, and after wading up to our hips in water, at last reached our tents. We had been on our feet since midday, having been absent seventeen hours, during fifteen of which we were on the march, covering altogether about forty miles."

The above narrative gives some idea of the difficulties encountered by elephant hunters. A few months later Coquelin met with a sad death: he was tracking his 107th elephant, when it attacked him, and gored him with its tusks. In spite of severe wounds he lived long enough to be carried to Bangi, where he died in hospital.

At the next camping ground, in a Mbru village, we changed bearers for the first time. Having to wait two days while the people were being collected, we spent the time in ethnographical studies.

The Mbrus are a subdivision of the Bandas, and inhabit the country of the same name on both sides of the road from Possel to Krebedje. Their manners and customs differ but little from those of the remaining Banda tribes such as the Togbo, Sabanga, etc.

Two days' march brought us to Fort Sibut, or Krebedje, in the territory of the Ndis, another Banda tribe. The Government Station is separated from the offices of the "Compagnie de l'Ouhamé et de la Nana" by the Tomi River, which is usually 10 feet wide, but was now swollen to a breadth of nearly 130 feet. The District Governor, Monsieur Coupé, and the manager of the above-mentioned Company welcomed us in the most friendly fashion. Near the station was the camp of a French officer, who was commissioned to construct a motor road between Krebedje and Crampel. Its completion will considerably diminish the difficulties of transport in this district, and the natives will be overjoyed, since it will lessen the hated work of carrying, and enable them to attend more to the cultivation of their fields. It took us three days to march across the watershed between the river basins of the Shari and the Ubangi to Dekoa, a small,

primitive Government Station in a district inhabited by a mixed Banda and Mandja population.

While Heims and Röder proceeded north along the main road, I made a week's excursion into the country west of Dekoa, in order to come into closer touch with the Mandja people. I marched south-west to the Kumi River, which I followed north for a short distance, and thence eastwards till I reached the camp at Nana. Excellent interpreters enabled me to obtain information from the natives concerning the manners and customs of their tribe, and to collect valuable ethnographical data. At first we found the villages full of natives, but later on, near the Kumi River, in the Buka Station district, most of the inhabitants had disappeared. A short time before, a soldier had been murdered and eaten by the natives, and their consciences being on this account uneasy, they supposed that I had come to punish them. The burning camp fires testified to the fact that the natives had not been gone long.

There are no large villages in the Mandja territory, but here and there a few huts crowded together. (Illus. 10.) A few provision dealers are always to be found in this barren neighbourhood, also the usual medicine and fetish huts, surrounded by all kinds of strange contrivances which owe their existence to Mandja superstition.

Everywhere, even in the thickly populated districts, it was exceedingly difficult to obtain food for our small party, urgent applications to the chief producing no effect whatever. The chiefs, of whom there are a great many in the Mandja country, have absolutely no authority over their subjects, the govern-

ment being highly democratic. A chief cannot punish any of his subjects, and has no means of enforcing obedience. Everyone fends for himself, for there is no court of justice, and consequently the blood feud plays an important rôle.

Poison or fire trials are employed in order to detect crime. Supposing a man is accused of theft, he has to hold his hand in a fire, and if it burns him, he is considered to be guilty. In other cases he may be forced to drink poison; if he dies, his guilt is held to be proven, otherwise he is innocent.

During my previous African travels I made frequent inquiries as to the ages of the negro children. Comparing them with European children, I always overshot the mark, for the negro child develops physically much faster than the European. A negro girl of ten would pass with us for at least eighteen.

By comparing many Mandja children, I ascertained that physical distortion is undertaken at certain definite ages. They have their ears pierced at the age of four, their noses at five, and their upper lips a year later. When they are about eight years old, their canine teeth are filed to a point, and at the age of nine, both sexes are circumcised. At ten the children are sexually mature, and the girls are married at this early age. (Illus. 9, 11, 12.)

The circumcision festivities and the Samali ceremonial are important events in the life of a Mandja. As soon as the children of both sexes are grown up, they have to spend three months away from their village in temporary huts built for this purpose. A fetish man initiates them into the history and customs of their tribe, and teaches them special dances and songs, as well as a secret language called Samali. When

the three months are over, the Samali feast begins, a special dress being worn. For the women this consists of rich cowrie shell embroidery on the chest and shoulders, and a short grass skirt; the men wear straw caps adorned with gaudy feathers. (*Vide* coloured plate and Illus. 8.)

At the new moon, young and old assemble at the place in the forest where the Samali scholars have been spending their time of seclusion, and amid singing and dancing, the latter are conducted back to the village. There, with appropriate ceremonial, they are given a new name, and are fully admitted into the Samali Society. At the close of this function, much drinking and feasting takes place, the highly intoxicating maize beer playing an important part. During my travels in the Mandja country, I had many opportunities of listening to the melodious Samali songs, and witnessing the dances. (Illus. 13.)

The Mandjas get their living, partly by means of agriculture, partly by hunting. Their only domestic animals are small, yellow, prick-eared dogs and a few skinny hens. They possess no cattle of any kind. During the dry season, hunting is actively carried on, but when sufficient meat is not forthcoming, they resort to cannibalism. The Mandjas, unlike the Congo natives, would not admit that they were cannibals, but their places of slaughter, with scattered skulls and human bones, were quite sufficient evidence.

The second part of my journey into the Mandja country was intensely disagreeable, for the rain poured down in torrents, and twenty times a day we had to wade up to our necks through rivers and swamps. Marching through the long, thick grass and thorn

bushes was very tedious, and resulted in many skin-wounds. I had the misfortune to lose some valuable packages whilst fording a river; one of my cameras fell into the water and was utterly ruined, as were also all the photograph films. Our guide, partly through fear, partly through ill-nature, led us several times astray, so that we went considerably out of our way, and at times had to force a road through the bush. I reached Nana quite exhausted after a difficult crossing of the raging river of the same name. My small canoe capsized, and I was obliged to save myself by swimming.

At Nana, Sergeant-Major Röder met me with the sad news that Heims was lying seriously ill in camp at Nana Ke. Soon after leaving Dekoa, he had an attack of high fever, followed by severe prostration, and his condition was not exactly improved by the journey. Röder had consequently sought medical aid from Fort Crampel, three days' journey to the North. Fortunately a military doctor happened to be passing through, and soon arrived by forced marches. Finding Heims so ill, I decided to dismiss the bearers and remain at Nana Ke.

Nana was until recently a Government station, and the houses were therefore in a better state than at most of the camping stations along the main road.

By the 16th of October, Heims had partially recovered. On the 19th we received the first news of His Highness: that he had passed Bangi and had reached Fort Sibut, that Schubotz was continuing his zoological studies in the Libenge district, and that Dr Haberer was hastening to Nana to take charge of Heims. On the 24th of October, the long looked-

for European post arrived at last, this being but the second time that we had received news from home. Dr Haberer arrived the same day, and on the 25th of October the Duke joined us. Heims, being still in need of rest, remained behind with Professor Haberer, whilst the Duke, Ruet, Röder, Schmidt, and I proceeded to Crampel. We camped for a day beside the splendid Nana River waterfall (illus. 36), and Monsieur Lacascade brought us the unwelcome news that for the present there were no rowing-boats available for our journey to Archambault. The Duke therefore decided to remain in camp by the waterfall, instead of proceeding to Fort Crampel, sixty miles further on. This station is built on a bare rock, reflecting such an intense heat that one could almost fancy oneself in an oven. I proceeded thither in order to obtain the necessary supplies. Day and night I was tormented by mosquitoes, sand-flies, and all kinds of noxious insects. The sanitary condition of Crampel leaves much to be desired, and my one wish was to leave it as soon as possible.

On the 30th of October, the Duke moved his camp to the left bank of the Gribingi, opposite Crampel, and as no boats were forthcoming, he decided to march with as little luggage as possible, accompanied by Herr Röder, via Kabo, along the left bank of the Gribingi to Archambault.

I remained behind until the 6th of November, when at last I was able to proceed up the Gribingi in a steel boat. (Illus. 39.) Meanwhile Professor Haberer and Heims had arrived at the waterfall from Nana Ke, and were to follow me later by boat. Unfortunately this time of year was most unfavourable for hunting,



the grass being very thick and over six feet high. The current was very strong, and the water had far overflowed its banks. I saw no villages between Crampel and Archambault, so that no ethnographical work was possible. The strong current and high water bore the boat rapidly along, with little trouble to the rowers, and in seven days I reached Archambault. I was severely bitten during the voyage by savage flies (*Glossina morsitans*). The normal width of the Gribingi is 30 feet at Crampel, 60 feet at Lutos, and 130 feet at Irena; in the dry season the water is so shallow that extensive sand-banks offer serious obstacles to the passage of boats. The birds on the banks of the Gribingi are most interesting; Schubotz writes about them as follows:—

“On almost every tree sat a pair of lovely bee-eaters, with grass-green backs and brick-red throats. Where the bank formed a perpendicular mud wall, it was pierced like a sieve by the entrances to the nests of coveys of birds, dozens of the little creatures clinging to it like swallows to a gutter. Four different kinds of fisher-birds, belonging to the same family as our kingfisher, but with more brilliant plumage, shot like arrows from one bank to the other. Flocks of green parrots (love-birds) flew off whistling and screeching at the approach of our boats, whilst numerous *turacous*, birds peculiar to Africa, fluttered half-hopping, half-running on the branches. Eagles, herons, darters, cormorants, ducks, coveys of guinea-fowl, and many kinds of lapwings and snipe paid little attention to our boats, flying on a short distance ahead, and then dropping back.”

On the fifth day we reached Irena, at the beginning of the Shari, which results from the junction of the

Gribingi and Bamingi rivers. The scenery suddenly changed, the forests that border all rivers between the fifth and eighth latitudes coming here to an end. The country on both sides of the river now consisted of "steppes," *i.e.* sparsely wooded plains, covered with ten-foot grass. Great sandbanks, resembling the North Sea downs, border the river for many miles; they are the abode of countless water-fowl, and in the heat of the day afford sleeping-places for crocodiles. I saw many of the latter, but on land they are very timid, and practically never allow themselves to be taken by surprise. I wasted no ammunition on them, for it is better sport to shoot them in the water, where they are much bolder, and show the tops of their heads and their nostrils. When shot in the head, if the bullet penetrates, it reaches the brain. The animal thrashes the water with his mighty tail, turns on his back, exposing his white stomach, and then sinks to the bottom, the blood-stained water marking the spot.

Near the village of Koragana, I saw a caravan approaching, which I recognised as that of the Duke; we signalled to one another, and met at a village of the Sara Benangas. Unfortunately the prospect of a day's hunting induced me to delay setting out for Archambault, and consequently I arrived there too late to prevent the departure of the steamer "Léon Blott" for Fort Lamy, the Company's agent having allowed it to start without us. This misunderstanding lost us much time, and caused us considerable annoyance.

At Archambault, on the 13th of November, I met Sergeant-Major Röder, who had followed us by boat, and the same evening the Duke arrived on foot from Koragana. Captain Cross, the Governor of this



37 and 38. Banda in a sham fight.



39. Voyage in a steel boat on the Gribingi river.

station, was a typical Frenchman, clever and energetic, and we also met here Captain Chambon, on his way to found a new station in the disturbed district round Bambari, on the Kuango River, a tributary of the Ubangi.

Although Captain Cross has greatly improved Fort Archambault, we found it as unattractive as the other French stations we had visited. Until recently it consisted merely of half a dozen thatched mud-huts surrounded by a strong, loop-holed wall. This little fort was the chief defence of the French during their wars with Rabeh.

Since the conclusion of peace, dwelling-houses and warehouses have been built outside the fortifications, but even these are not sufficient ; some French officers who were travelling through, were obliged to take up their abode in the prison, owing to every available lodging being occupied by our party.

The population around Archambault is entirely heathen, but Mohammedans of many races have congregated in the town in the interests of trade—cattle, horses, ivory, cloth, and salt being the chief articles of commerce.

Unfortunately very unsatisfactory news was brought from Ndele, the capital of Dar-Kuti. The French Government was expecting trouble there with Sultan Mohammed Senussi and was therefore not at all anxious that any part of our expedition should travel through this district. So we were informed that it would be advisable to alter our route, and not go, as we had originally intended, via Ndele and Hofraten-Nahas to the Nile.

This was particularly inconvenient for me, as I had arranged to meet Dr Schubotz at Ndele the following

January, and I had already sent on part of my baggage. We had set our hearts above all things on reaching Lake Tchad, and in order not to lose any more time in waiting for the steamer, we decided to travel on foot with as little baggage as possible, from Archambault to Ndele, leaving the rest of the party to follow by the next steamer. Thence we could all proceed together to Fort Lamy.

The districts north of Fort Archambault, which we now entered, have earned a world-wide reputation owing to their having been the scene of sanguinary and decisive battles between the French and the slave-trader Rabeh. Hence a short resumé of this man's life, taken from Max Freiherr's book, "Rabeh and the Tchad district," may be of interest.

Rabeh was the son of a certain Fadel Allah, who was supposed to have been born at Sennar, a free Mohammedan. But he was in reality a negro, and not an Arab, as his son Rabeh preferred to believe. Captured by Egyptian soldiers during a punitive expedition, Fadel Allah was assigned to a Soudanese battalion. Rabeh too was intended for military service, but was bought off at the price of two slaves. He then went to Bahr-el-Ghazal, and entered the service of Ziber Pasha, with whom he remained until 1879. Ziber was one of the best-known slave-hunters of Bahr-el-Ghazal, and attained such power that he soon came to be recognised as the sole ruler of this district. As Ziber needed armed soldiers, Rabeh, who surpassed his companions in energy and intelligence, found it an easy matter to rise to the rank of an officer and leader of a detachment. The Khedive Ismail Pasha then appointed Ziber Governor of the province of Bahr-el-Ghazal, and in this capacity he went to Darfur

and conquered it. But the Khedive, doubting the expediency of this move, decided to reward Ziber merely with the title of Pasha, at the same time appointing Ejub Pasha Governor in Hussein Pasha's place. Ziber went to Cairo with a large following in order to complain to the Khedive, but was not destined to return. Twenty-five years elapsed before he again saw his old home. He left Idris waud Defler as Vice-Governor at Dem Ziber, the capital of Bahr-el-Ghazal, and his son Soliman in Darfur. The latter, as son of the powerful Ziber, soon succeeded in obtaining great power in Bahr-el-Ghazal, threatening the Government with open revolt, should his father fail to return from Cairo. General Gordon was at this time Governor of the Soudan, and he succeeded in pacifying Soliman. In 1877 the latter became Governor of Bahr-el-Ghazal. Idris waud Defler immediately complained to General Gordon, who believed his aspersions, and reinstated Idris as Governor in Soliman's place. Whereupon Soliman attacked Idris, and early in 1878 beseiged Dem Ziber.

Gessi Pasha, the well-known Italian, was sent to punish this open rebellion, and he defeated Soliman, pursuing him from place to place. By order of General Gordon, Gessi at the same time turned his attention to the slave-traders, who were unceremoniously seized and taken to Khartoum, in the hopes of dealing a fatal blow to the slave trade. Soliman was thus deprived of the means of obtaining weapons and ammunition, and accordingly he finally surrendered to Gessi. Rabeh was among those who warned him against this fatal step, but Soliman disregarded this advice. With kettledrums sounding, Rabeh then left Soliman's camp for ever, followed by several thousands of his

former master's best warriors, who preferred the restless existence of war to a disgraceful surrender. From that time Rabe'h grew in importance.

He marched south and annexed Dar-Banda, extending his conquests as far as the Mbomu. After forcing the sultans of Bangassu to pay tribute, and subduing Dar-Kuti, he turned his attention to Bagirmi, whose Sultan Garuang fled and was besieged for five months in Mandjafa. Hunger forced him to surrender this town, and he fled up the Shari to Kusseri, whilst Rabe'h proceeded to the Logone. Eye-witnesses relate that the hunger in Mandjafa was so great that the inhabitants were reduced to eating the straw off the roofs, leaves, dogs, and horses.

Even the dreaded Wadais did not arrest Rabe'h's victorious march; he routed them utterly and drove the scattered remnants of their army into the mountains. In this manner his genius conquered a kingdom extending from Wadai and Kanem in the North to Adamaua in the South, and from the Egyptian Mahdi kingdom in the East to Sokoto in the West. He made himself the undisputed ruler of the whole Tchad district, and was known as the Napoleon of Africa.

But as soon as the French took up arms in earnest against him, his downfall was as meteoric as his rise. Gentil set out against him from Gribingi, the present Fort Crampel, sending on ahead as scouts a detachment of about fifty Senegalese under the Administrator Bretonnet. The latter met Rabe'h in the Nielim Mountains, and a battle took place. Despite a reinforcement of 400 of Garuang's warriors, the gallant little band of Frenchmen were beaten, Bretonnet and several other officers being cut down. A wooden



cross now marks the spot where, thirteen years ago, this devoted column perished.

But fate was dogging the heels of the all-conquering Rabeh. Hard pressed by the French, in August of the same year he engaged them in a murderous battle at Kuno. It was as much as Rabeh could do to repulse the enemy, and a large number of his men were killed, Rabeh himself being severely wounded. It was his last success.

Once more there was a deadly conflict, and Rabeh met his end at Kusseri, where three French columns were united under Lamy. Rabeh sold his life dearly, for the French commanders, Lamy and Cointet, died on the field of battle for the honour of France. This victory established French sovereignty around Lake Tchad. Rabeh's sons in vain took up arms; they were beaten, and their forces scattered.

On the 19th of November, the Duke, Monsieur Ruet, and I crossed the flooded Bahr-Sara in a native boat, and marched through deep swamps along the bank. There were numerous buffalo and antelope tracks leading to the river, but it was only in a few open spaces where the grass had been burned that we caught sight of any game, and shot a few lyre antelopes. It was unfortunately too early for hunting, as the grass was still too high, not having yet been burned down by the natives. Finding it impossible to obtain water and provisions at the village of Yoki, we took advantage of a glorious moonlight night to march on. Most of the way there was no beaten track, and we had to push on through long spiky grass that scratched our faces, and continually endangered our eyes.

Since leaving Archambault, we had been travelling through the territory of the Saras, described earlier

in this chapter under Class V. of the native tribes. The Saras may be divided into two sub-classes: the Sara Kabbas, living east of the Shari and the Sara Mbays, and Madjingais, west of the Shari.

The Sara Kabbas dwell chiefly within a triangle, of which one side is formed by the Shari for a distance of about 50 miles above, and 25 miles below Fort Archambault, the second by the Bahr-Salamat, and the third by the nineteenth meridian. In this district as well as north-east of Archambault, dwell the various Kabba tribes: the Benangas, Maras, Simmes, Gulfes, Mbangas, Ties, Bambaras, etc.

The other sub-class of the Saras is to be found principally between the Shari and the Bahr-Sara on the one side, and the Pennde River as far as its junction with the Logone on the other side. It includes the Sara Mbays, Sara Madjingais, Gulleis, Tumaks, Koms, Pallaks, Sara Bals, Sara Kutus, etc., and perhaps also the Ndamms and the Miltus.

Closely related to the Saras are the Ngama and Tele tribes living further south between Kabo and Koragana. It would take too long to write down all my observations concerning these tribes, and only the most striking facts will be recorded.

The huts belonging to the natives of the Sara tribes are cleverly built with plaited mats. The courtyard is surrounded with a mat fence, which forms an entrance passage shaped like a snail-shell. (Illus. 41.) Other kinds of plaited work, especially their provision baskets, show great skill. The people get their living chiefly by means of agriculture, and only to a small extent by hunting and fishing. Cannibalism is not practised, and is said never to have taken place. Although many of the natives have come in contact



40. Fort Ardhambault.



41. Sara huts with mat fences.



42. Sara in the camp at Jundu.



43. Among the rocks of Niellim.

with Islam, they have remained entirely heathen. Circumcision is not practised among the Saras.

The Jundu ceremonies are very important, being performed in order to avert sickness and to ensure good harvests. As in the case of the Mandja Samali festivities, the young people who are to take part in this ceremonial have to live away from their villages for several months, restricting themselves to a certain diet, and avoiding the opposite sex. Those who are to take part in the Jundu allow their hair to grow long, paint their bodies red, excepting for their face which is white-washed, and practise special songs and dances. Women are never allowed to assist at these festivities. We paid a visit to the young people in their Jundu camp, and watched their proceedings with interest. (Illus. 42.)

At Kemkinja, a village of the Sara Bals, we came to one of the lofty granite mountains which are very numerous in this part, and which the natives convert into natural fortifications for their villages. "Bal," in the Sara language, means "rocky mountain," and the Sara people living here are known as Sara Bals. From afar we could see their huts clinging like swallows' nests to the rocks. Adjoining the Kemkinja rocks, we passed other rocky mountains, from which we could see the Shari glistening like a silver thread in the sunlight, and then we climbed down through a narrow gorge into the Niellim country. (Illus. 43.) In the distance we could hear the beating of Sultan Togbau's huge war-drum, which was made from a single tree-trunk, and is about 10 feet high, and 1½ feet across. (Illus. 44.) Togbau prefers to spend most of his time near Fort Archambault, and comes to Niellim only for a few months in the year. His tribe con-

sists at the present time of about 1000 people, of whom 400 are men ; they inhabit five villages, of which Kini is the largest.

Formerly the Niellims were a wealthy tribe, living on the right bank of the Shari with large herds of cattle, but they have been almost exterminated by the Wadais and by Rabeh's campaigns. The few surviving people have now retired into the Kini Mountains on the left bank of the Shari.

Togbau fought at one time with Rabeh, and became a Mohammedan. He wears the gaudy shirt which was the uniform of Rabeh's warriors, with a turban wrapped round his head. (Illus. 45.) The Niellims on the contrary are heathens, and wear nothing but the customary loin-cloth. They get their living by agriculture, hunting and fishing, and they possess a few cattle. At the yearly feast in honour of the dead, the Niellims always return to their former home on the right bank of the Shari.

Two specially typical customs may here be described. Supposing a Niellim is accused of theft, a peculiar ordeal is resorted to in order to decide whether he is innocent or guilty. The accused is made to thrust his hand into a bee-hive ; if the bees sting him, he is guilty, and vice versa. But it must be very rare for an accused man to be acquitted, seeing that the bees are carefully irritated beforehand. There is also a very peculiar dance, which we had daily opportunity of witnessing, and which I have never seen elsewhere. Men and women stand in two opposing lines, dancing and swaying to and fro, and at the same time skilfully throwing to each other the tails of sheep, giraffes, and other animals. The dancers sing and clap their hands to the accompaniment of drums and flutes.



44. War-drum of the Sultan of the Niellim.



45. Togbau, Sultan of the Niellim, with his retinue.



Although our stay among the Niellims was full of interest, we soon became anxious to move on. The rocks reflected an intolerable heat; the atmosphere was like that of a Turkish bath, the thermometer often registering a temperature of  $94^{\circ}$  F. even at five o'clock on a cloudy afternoon, whilst at night it never fell below  $76^{\circ}$  F. This is not surprising, considering that we were in about lat.  $10^{\circ}$  N., and it is well known that it is much hotter there than nearer the Equator.

The time of year was still unfavourable for obtaining zoological specimens, though at night we could hear lions roaring, and the tracks of many waterbucks and antelopes were visible by day. We anxiously awaited the arrival of a steamer from Archambault, and great was our disappointment when two vessels passed by without stopping or taking the slightest notice of our frantic signals.

At length we began to despair, and felt like Robinson Crusoe on his solitary island, especially as our store of provisions was getting low.

On the 1st of December at nine o'clock in the evening, a boat suddenly appeared bringing a letter from Captain Chambon, informing us that his steamer was close at hand, but that he could not possibly take us on board, as both his own vessel and the accompanying steel boat (illus. 47), was already laden down to the water's edge. Two officers, eight European sub-officers, and a whole company of Senegal soldiers were on board with their baggage. He also told us of a fresh reverse sustained by the French in Wadai.

The Governor of the French Tchad district, Colonel Moll, had set out from Abesher in order to avenge the destruction of Fiegenschuh's column, and the murder of the explorer Boyd Alexander. He had been attacked

by the combined forces of the Wadais and Massalits, and had been killed together with most of his European officers and many of his Senegal soldiers. It was the worst disaster that had ever befallen the French in these parts. We were obliged to wait for further details until we reached Fort Lamy.

Far on into the night we sat together in our tent discussing the situation. Our fear that this new disaster would materially affect the success of our expedition was realized the following day, for under the circumstances it was out of the question for us to proceed with the soldiers to Fort Lamy, military transport naturally taking precedence of our expedition.

At our request the overloaded steamer conveyed us as far as Damrau, and Sultan Togbau, glad at last to be rid of us, undertook to forward our baggage in rowing boats.

We remained one day at the small station of Dumrau; I stayed in bed, trying to shake off an attack of fever.

On the 10th of December we were at last released by the steamer "Léon Blott," sent from Fort Lamy to fetch us. (Illus. 48.) We passed Mandjafa, the former capital of Bagirmi, and on the 13th of December reached Fort Lamy in safety.

## CHAPTER III

### FORT LAMY AND KUSSERI

FORT Lamy owes its name to the brave French commander who, twelve years ago, lost his life in a decisive battle against Rabeh, at Kusséri in German territory. Its population is composed of about sixty Europeans, and innumerable natives of every conceivable race.

There are also many Shoa-Arabs, who have lived here for some years, and occupy at least a quarter of the whole town. Another quarter is taken up by people of the Sara tribes, together with Salamat and Dekakiré Arabs. Numerous Bornu traders offer their wares daily in the market. It is distressing to see European rubbish side by side with the really artistic native handicraft, and changing hands at high prices. People from Kanem and even from Tripoli are frequently to be met among the natives of Bagirmi. All kinds of industries are carried on, especially basket-making, working in silver, tailoring, shoemaking, weaving, and dyeing. Red or natural-coloured goat-skin Wellington boots are very popular among the Europeans, the cheap price of two Maria-Theresa thalers ensuring a ready sale. We inspected the work of the native craftsmen, and were surprised to see a German sewing-machine in a tailor's workshop!

We found people in Fort Lamy very downcast over the events at Wadai; the severe blow inflicted on the French, and at the same time on the whole white race,

by the death of Colonel Moll and his staff, giving rise to much discussion. The following brief summary of the events leading up to this disaster may be of interest.

In the spring of 1910 Captain Fiegenschuh's column was treacherously attacked and annihilated. The Sultan of the Massalits had offered his submission to the Captain, who instead of summoning him to come and discuss the conditions, made the fatal mistake of himself going to visit the Sultan. At Diergi, on a tributary of the Bahr-Salamat, not far from Doroté, the Sultan rode to meet Captain Fiegenschuh, accompanied by hundreds of his warriors, as is customary in a friendly reception. The too-confiding Captain took this as a sign of peaceable intentions, never suspecting treachery. The Massalits hurled themselves upon the astonished Frenchmen, whose weapons were not even loaded, and cut them to pieces, with the exception of a few Senegalese who escaped to bring news of the disaster to Fort Lamy.

A little later, the English explorer, Boyd Alexander, was travelling, in the face of warnings, through Wadai to Darfur, when he was set upon near Abesher and murdered.

In order to avenge these misdeeds, Colonel Moll, Governor of the French Tchad district, led an expedition in November 1910 against the Wadais and Massalits. On the 9th he was camping at Doroté, close to the frontier between Wadai and Darfur. Early in the morning a French subaltern, who had gone out to collect wood, saw suspicious figures lurking in the bush. He ran back to warn the Colonel, who at once called his men to arms and formed them up in square.



46. On the Shari.



47. French steel boat on the Shari.



48. Steamer "Léon Blott" ready to cast off.

In the centre stood Moll with his staff and artillery. It was none too soon, for the enemy, consisting of mixed cavalry and infantry, 5000 strong, charged the French. They were received with a withering fire, the artillery playing an important part, but the French line was broken by the force of numbers, and a terrible hand-to-hand struggle ensued. The Colonel and his staff were immediately surrounded and cut down, their bodies being riddled with spears and daggers; the Massalits lost their Sultan and 500 men. Sultan Dudmurrah and many Wadai men also took part in the fight. The French defended themselves heroically, and finally repulsed the overwhelming numbers of the enemy; Captain Faure took up the pursuit, and inflicted on the allied Mohammedans a further loss of several hundred men, Dudmurrah, the Sultan of Wadai, being among the wounded. Later on we heard that the attack of the allied Wadais and Massalits was so sudden and unexpected that Moll and his staff were killed before the French troops could open fire on the enemy. The disorder at the time of the attack was further increased by the camels breaking loose and stampeding through the camp.

The punishment of the Wadais and Massalits could not be undertaken until fresh reinforcements had arrived from France and from Senegal. But every soldier, every bearer, and every beast of burden in the Tchad district was being requisitioned for the projected campaign, so that naturally enough, our own expedition, which also needed bearers and provisions, was not very welcome in that neighbourhood just then.

No one knew how far south the unrest in Wadai

extended, and as the news from Ndele, the residence of Mohammed Senussi, Sultan of Dar-Kuti, was most unfavourable, it was out of the question for us to travel in that part without a military escort. And this, for the aforesaid reasons, could not be spared to us by the French.

The Duke finally decided to remain in the Tchad district, and unwillingly gave up the idea of pushing on in person to the Nile. But in order not to abandon altogether our projected travels in the Ubangi, Mbomu, and Bahr-el-Ghazal sultanates, he decided that Sergeant-Major Röder and I should return to the Ubangi, and accompany Dr Schubotz to the Nile.

Before taking leave of the Duke, we spent several pleasant days at the German station, Kusséri. The Duke wrote in his diary as follows :—

“Kusséri, the headquarters of the German Tchad district government, is situated opposite Fort Lamy on the Logone River a few hundred yards above its junction with the Shari, which is here very wide. (Illus. 51, 55.) The water is at its lowest level in March, and the aspect of the country is said to be entirely altered by the appearance of fields, which during the rainy season form the bed of the river.

“Our visit happened to be on the third and last day of the Mohammedan festival, many people being assembled in the square. This gave us some idea of the pomp and splendour which the native sultans love to display.

“Passing through the imposing town gates (illus. 53), we found ourselves in an immense square which contained thousands of people surrounding the little six-year-old Sultan Mai-Buka, with his cavalry and infantry. About two hundred court ladies in long rows,





49. Bornu musicians.



50. Bornu traders at Fort Lamy.



51. German native troops at Kusséri.



52. Cavalry in full dress at Kusséri.

advanced with short measured steps to salute him. Large veils, reaching to the ground, enveloped their figures, and made a wonderfully effective play of colours as they swung rythmically in the sunshine.

“As we stood outside our tents, they came up to pay their respects to us. But if we expected to see their fair faces, we were disappointed, for as each one advanced, she turned her back to us, and bowing to the earth swiftly covered her face, then rising, stepped aside to make room for the next. After this remarkable ceremony, the Sultan himself rode up on a white charger, and graciously extended his hand. His horse was gorgeously caparisoned with gold, and those of his suite were scarcely less magnificent. He wore a caftan, probably of European material, a broad white girdle, and a white turban. He took up his stand on our right, and watched his troops march past. (Illus. 54.)

“The Sultan’s life-guard headed the procession. The soldiers presented a splendid appearance in their handsome uniforms, but they carried a miscellaneous collection of muskets of an obsolete pattern. Many of them were warriors from Rabe’h’s army, and wore the uniforms which this great conqueror had given to his troops.

“Regiment after regiment filed past. After the life-guard came the cavalry in a great cloud of dust. The saddles and bridles of many of the horses were as gorgeous as those of the Sultan and his suite, the gold and silver embroidery, the red, green, and yellow satin trappings, the gaudy padded cloths reaching down to the horses’ fetlocks, the long, many-coloured dresses of the riders, their white turbans, spurs, swords, and wide stirrups glittered and sparkled in the

glowing sunlight, making a vivid picture, which we shall not readily forget. (Illus. 52.)

“Now and then some important personage broke the ranks, and brandishing his sword, rode up to salute the ladies. They responded by bowing to the earth, covering their faces with their veils, and breaking into a shrill, quavering cry, produced by rapidly clicking their tongues backwards and forwards.

“The women’s dancing interested us very much. Forming up in a long line, they advanced in circles with slow impressive steps, beating time with their gaudy scarves. Never in the whole of Africa have I seen such a fascinating spectacle, which I could have watched for hours.”

The officers at Kuseri, especially the Imperial Resident, First Lieutenant von Raben, were exceedingly kind to us, so that the days spent here helped us to recover from the fatigues and hardships of the last few months. As we had still a few days to spare before setting out on our travels once more, the Duke went on a short hunting expedition in the neighbourhood, which he describes in his diary as follows:—

“As there were still two days before Christmas, I decided to go hunting in the country south of Kuseri, near the Shari.

“First Lieutenant von Raben was kind enough to act as our guide, and Sergeant-Major Seifert was the third member of the party. Early on the 23rd we set out, and for four hours travelled up the Shari in a large native boat, whose huge prow resembled that of a viking’s galley. Our progress was at first much hindered by a strong head wind, but presently we entered a creek where we were completely sheltered, and which teemed with life. Flocks of every kind of water-fowl, ducks,



Life-guard of the Sultan Mai Buka

Water-colour by E. M. Heims



water-hens, gulls, several varieties of beautiful herons, amongst them the white feathered heron, ibises, cormorants, etc., swam and fluttered around. Snake-neck birds (darters) in large numbers sunned themselves on the branches of the trees in their characteristic attitude, with outstretched wings, and allowed us to approach within a few steps. But we did not disturb them, having nobler quarry in view. We were especially anxious to come across the rhinoceros, that representative of a by-gone age who has escaped destruction. There are few people who can boast of having shot a rhinoceros in the North Cameroons, and this fact made me all the keener.

“An hour later we left the boat and followed a path which brought us in about two hours to our destination: the little Shoa village of Tukura, surrounded by dense bush chiefly composed of gum-arabic acacias with golden blossom. It is in the very thickest part of the bush, where the hunter can see scarcely twenty yards ahead, that the rhinoceros takes his mid-day nap, and it is here that he must be stalked.

“The next morning we rose long before dawn, and found several rhinoceros' spoor, but none of them recent enough to be worth following up. We crawled through the bush for several hours, but found nothing, and at last gave up in despair and turned our faces homewards.

“Suddenly we heard a loud snorting scarcely thirty paces away. Our rifles flew to our shoulders, for a rhinoceros was evidently about to charge. The bush was so dense that we could see nothing, but the next moment we heard the monster crashing through the trees in the opposite direction. We followed as

quickly as possible, but the wind was unfavourable and carried our scent to him, so that we were doomed to disappointment.

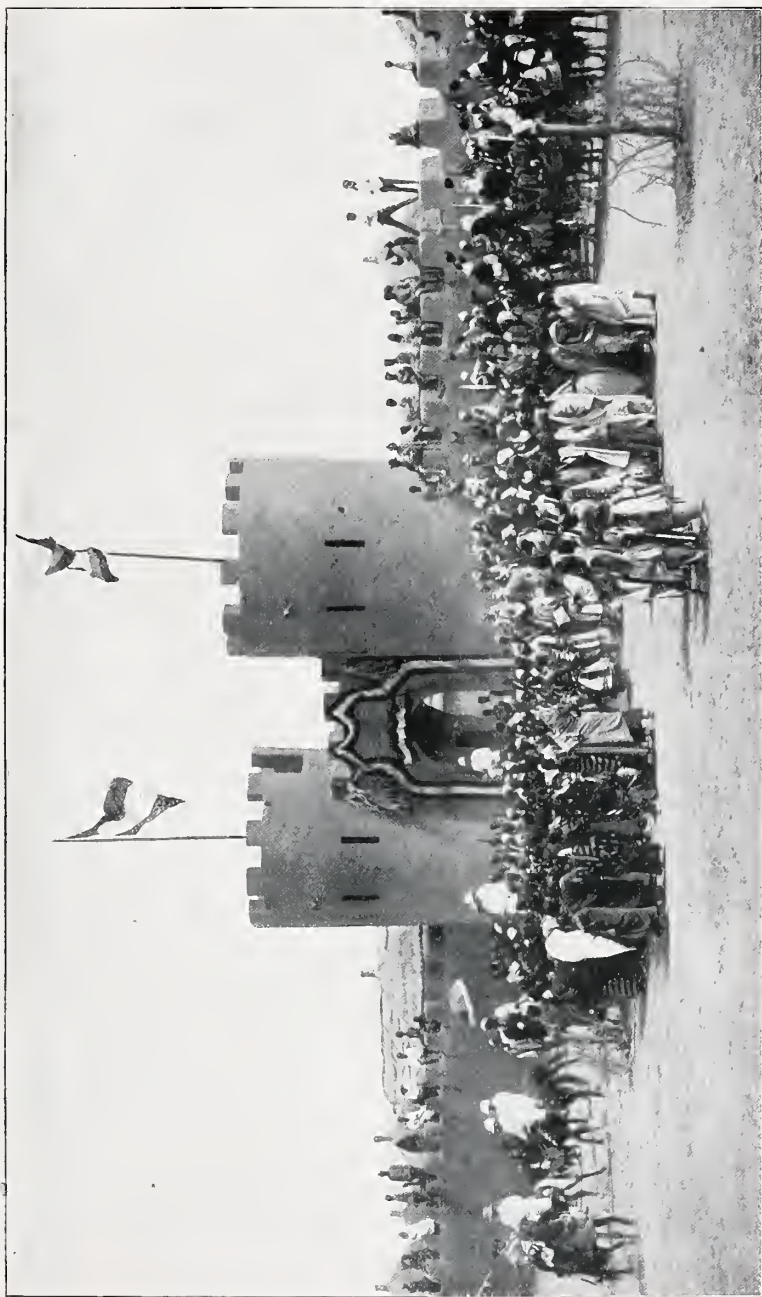
“Meanwhile it was getting late, and as it was Christmas Eve, we were obliged to hurry so as to reach Kuseri in time for the festivities. At about three o'clock we reached the Shari, and canoed rapidly down-stream. The shadows of evening lay on the water, and the refreshing coolness sent our thoughts homewards, where amid ice and snow, and round glittering Christmas trees, our friends were doubtless thinking of us; and a Christmas mood came over us even here in Africa's ever-green country.”

On the 26th of December our party separated once more. The Duke, Professor Haberer, Heims, and Schmidt, accompanied by First Lieutenant von Raben and Dr Trepper, set out from Kuseri on a four weeks' tour in the Logone district. We said good-bye, shaking hands warmly, for we were not to meet again until we reached Europe at the close of the expedition, *i.e.* in about ten months' time. And although I felt honoured at being entrusted with the task of pushing on eastwards to the Nile, it was hard to part with the Duke, whose companion I had always been till now in his African travels.

Röder and I returned to Fort Lamy, and there awaited the steamer which was to convey us to Archambault. Monsieur Ruet was also of the party, having kindly acted as guide to the Duke as far as Lamy, and being now on his way back to Bangi, and thence home to France.

At Fort Lamy I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a merry, fair-haired, little English girl, who had come here as the result of a great sorrow,





53. Before the gate of the German station at Kusseri.



54. The Duke with the child Sultan Mai-Buka of Kuseri.

although her big blue eyes gazed contentedly on the world in general.

Miss MacLeod had been engaged to the English explorer Boyd Alexander, who was murdered early in 1910. Accompanied by an English lady and her husband, she had come to the Tchad district in order to visit the place in Wadai, where her fiancé had fallen a victim to the savage Massalits. Owing to the political unrest in these parts, she had been forced to stop at Lamy, and could go only as far as the English station, Maidugeri, in Northern Nigeria, where the body of the explorer had been laid to rest beside his brother, Captain Alexander.

Whilst waiting for the steamer, I spent the time sight-seeing in Fort Lamy. I was especially interested in watching the games of the Bornu riders, who displayed their skill in a large open space in front of the town. In threes and fours, they rushed up at full gallop, suddenly dragging their horses round when only about ten yards away from us. This rough treatment is most injurious to young horses, many being ruined by these cruel displays. In order to preserve its balance, the animal is dragged on to its haunches, its hind legs sliding several yards in the sand, while its head and neck are wrenched violently to one side. Their mouths are covered with bloody foam, showing the brutal effect of the powerful curb bits. Many horses kick furiously, for while the bit is shamefully misused, the sharp edges of the wide stirrups are dug into their flanks. But the greater the restlessness of the horse, the more the rider is applauded, this being considered a test of his horsemanship.

It was obvious that the Bornuese had been brought up in the saddle from their childhood, and it can

readily be imagined what formidable opponents the mounted Tchad natives proved for the French. They rushed up like the wind, and disappeared with equal rapidity, so that the French troops had scarcely time to snatch their rifles and open fire.

There was a very amusing tame giraffe called Josephine, that had already spent several years at Lamy. (Illus. 56.) Usually she appeared in the yard of the Government buildings at nightfall, wandering in the daytime within a radius of many miles.

In order to take some good photographs, we induced some of the Bornu riders to chase her round the square at full gallop. The giraffe seemed to be moving quite slowly, while the horses strained their utmost to keep up with her. The Deputy-Governor, Captain Facon, made Miss MacLeod a present of Josephine, as she had fallen in love with the animal. But I very much doubt whether the lady will succeed in getting Josephine away from Lamy, let alone convey her to the coast.

The year 1910 had a somewhat unfortunate ending for me and my black followers. My Bornu cook made a mistake, and used in the cooking in place of salt, some chemical resembling it, but which probably belonged to the photographic apparatus, or was intended for preserving skins. The result was that we all had symptoms of poisoning, and suffered with sickness and attacks of giddiness. My boys in particular, who had as usual eaten too much, were doubled up with pain, and felt sure that they were dying. However, the kind attentions of the French doctor stationed at Fort Lamy soon restored us to health.

On New Year's Day 1911, Monsieur Ruet, Sergeant-Major Röder and I went on board the steamer "Léon Blott," and started on the voyage to Archambault, whence we were to return by land to the Ubangi.



CHAPTERS IV TO VI  
IN THE LAKE TCHAD DISTRICT  
BY  
ADOLF FRIEDRICH, DUKE OF MECKLENBURG





## CHAPTER IV

### LAKE TCHAD

ON the 8th of February I left Kuseri, accompanied by Haberer, Heims, Röder, and Schmidt, and the little steamer "Léon Blott" conveyed us as far as Gulfei, where Sultan Diagara had prepared a grand reception. His whole army, cavalry and infantry, stood lined up on the sandy bank of the river, and the Sultan himself came down to the water's edge to welcome us. Behind him stood several richly caparisoned horses, which were intended for our use. And so in solemn state we entered the town of Gulfei, followed by a gay, noisy crowd, and escorted by the Sultan to the door of the little house set apart for European visitors.

The Sultan's palace is unusually large, and forms a perfect labyrinth of stairs, halls, and passages leading from one part of the building to the other. The harem stands opposite, and as women are here not strictly secluded, we were allowed to inspect their quarters.

Opinions differ as to whether the women are at all attractive. They certainly possess some good points, but their pierced noses, and teeth dyed red from betel-chewing, spoil the general effect. I was surprised to see in the palace two cupboards decorated with brass, which must have been brought over from Bagirmi by Rabel. The

Sultan was, however, ill, and the following day he was prostrate.

In the hopes of collecting a few zoological specimens I set out early, and returned three hours later having shot five gazelles. My guide offered to fetch some women to carry the game home, and presently returned with his old mother, intending to make her carry everything. But the old woman utterly refused, and took herself off; so to our delight the lazy wretch was obliged to carry his share.

The same day at noon I set out for Lake Tchad, accompanied by Haberer and Schmidt. Heims and Röder were left behind in order that they might travel to Dikoa via Wulgo and Ngala, and meet me at Garua in June. In this way the expedition would touch the little-known northern frontier of the German Tchad district, and our party was divided into four parts, each with leisure to fulfil its own appointed task.

The Sultan presented me with two live hyena-dogs, which would be a valuable acquisition for a zoological garden. (Illus. 57.)

My interest was now centred in Lake Tchad, about which I had heard so much, but concerning which but little reliable information was forthcoming. I was particularly anxious to make the acquaintance of the island natives, whose fierce disposition had been described to me.

Our little vessel steamed noisily to the mouth of the Shari, whilst a fresh north-easterly breeze cooled the atmosphere. Hundreds of lazy crocodiles sunned themselves on the sandbanks, in friendly proximity to numerous sandpipers, geese, ducks, and water-



55. Pile defences of the station at Kusseri against the floods of the Logone.



56. Giraffe "Josephine".



57. Hyena dog. (*Lycaon pictus*.)

fowl of various kinds, which flew up into the air as the steamer approached.

At sunset we reached Hoboro, on the German side of the river. The people at once recognised us, having accompanied the Sultan Diagara to Kuseri for the games and festivities. They arranged a place for our tents, and brought us large quantities of provisions—much more than we could possibly eat. It was a cold night, the thermometer registering only 50° F. and even by noon the next day it had scarcely risen any higher, so that we had to wear thick overcoats in order to keep warm.

On the morning of the 10th of February we continued our journey, and by 9.30 A.M. we had reached the Djimtilo arm of the river. But our attempt to navigate it was unsuccessful, as our steamer went full speed on to a sandbank, and all efforts to get over it were fruitless. So we gave it up, and endeavoured to back her into deep water. This was at length accomplished by the black crew pushing from the shore, whilst the engines worked full speed astern. We then proceeded down the main channel of the river, which gradually narrowed as we approached the lake. Stretching away from both banks we saw wide treeless plains, on which were grazing grass-antelopes and water-buck.

We passed a small island, chiefly composed of reeds and grass, and then suddenly the lake lay before us, stretching northwards as far as the eye could see. A strong wind was blowing, and the waves tossed our little vessel so violently that our captain decided to anchor and wait till the weather improved. He discovered, moreover, that we had not sufficient fuel to carry us across the lake, so

we returned to the river mouth, and pitched our tents.

Haberer and I then set off for Djimtilo in search of a native who could guide us on an excursion we had planned for the next day, and also an interpreter of the Buduma language, in case we met any of the islanders. A young Shoa chief willingly supplied both, and these men rowed us back to the steamer, up the narrow waterway, and over the sand bar on which we had come to grief earlier in the day.

The Lake Tchad boats are made of bamboo, and are quite different to the river boats. The bow rises in the form of a high beak, curved backwards at the tip. The hull is oval and floats deep in the water, so that the deck is scarcely two handsbreadth above the water level. Yet its capacity and stability are wonderful, and far surpass those of a river wood-boat of the same size.

I saw many grass-antelopes and water-bucks, and secured several specimens of unknown varieties, no German having so far hunted in this district. By the time I regained my hut, the moon had risen, and the air was cold, although a little warmer than on the previous night.

The wind increased in violence, making the lake so rough that we were obliged to wait until the following afternoon before we could continue our voyage. Then it gradually subsided, and we became wrapped in fog, so that we could see nothing but water in every direction. We passed several islands, all of them submerged and showing only the summits of the trees, and the tops of the surrounding papyrus. The lake was in flood, though the level of its chief tributary the Shari, had been steadily falling ever since October. It is

not until April that the lake is at its lowest ebb. The water is then very salt, the sodium chloride of the lake-bed being mixed with saltpetre. This salt is highly valued by the natives, and forms an important article of commerce. It is broken off in large pieces from the bed of the lake, dried, and sent in all directions. Up here two blocks measuring about 20 by 1½ inches may be bought for a Maria-Theresa thaler, whilst in Fort Lamy it costs about two francs a pound.

Soon we had left behind us all the submerged islands; they sank below the horizon, and for the space of an hour we could see nothing but water all around.

In the evening we came to another submerged island, and although there was a full moon, making the night almost as bright as day, the black captain deemed it safer not to proceed for fear of running aground on a sand-bank. So we anchored under the lee of the island, and pitched our tents as best we could on the after-deck of the "Léon Blott." Fortunately our fear of mosquitoes was not realised, possibly owing to the moonlight, for I have frequently noticed that these tormenting insects disappear as soon as the moon rises on a clear night.

The following morning at six o'clock we set off again, finding it bitterly cold with a temperature of 58° F. At last an unsubmerged island came into view, but it turned out to be uninhabited, its surface being composed chiefly of sand-hills, with a few tamarind trees and acacia-like shrubs. We did not land, but continued our search for an inhabited island.

At last at about nine o'clock we sighted a large island, and as we could distinguish human beings, we at once landed. The guide who had accompanied us from Djimtilo knew the place well, and could speak Buduma,

which is the language spoken by the natives of the same name. He led us inland towards a village, over hills covered with quick-sands, on which grew shrubs resembling broom (*Leptadenia pyrotechnica*, Dcne.), as well as fibrous plants with large leaves (*Calotropis procera*) in great profusion. (Illus. 58.) These may be considered typical specimens of the vegetation throughout the Tchad district. The last-named is found on the plains of North Africa and India. The stalk yields an excellent fibre, which is cleverly woven by the islanders into mats, baskets, ropes, nets, etc.

It was only by slow degrees that we succeeded in persuading the islanders to make friends, as they all fled in terror at our approach, with the exception of a few women. Their fear had its origin in the military enterprises of the French, who a year ago sent troops to quell the perpetual disturbances among the islanders.

We found the population peaceably disposed, and when at last the village chief, with his somewhat idiotic brother, made his appearance, he agreed to all our requests, and even showed us a favourable anchorage for the steamer. Provisions were at first not forthcoming, but the sight of a Maria-Theresa thaler had a magical effect in producing eggs and milk.

The island was called Ifa, and according to the natives, had never before been visited by a European. (Illus. 60.) Its shape is long and narrow, and it lies south of the large group of islands which occupy the whole north-easterly corner of the lake. The inhabitants are Mohammedans, and are called Budumas and Kuris. (Illus. 62-65.) They always wear the wide Bornu *chabak*, here called a *bol*; they live in peculiar round huts (illus. 61) the interior of which is elaborately arranged, being divided up into





58. Fibrous plant. (*Calotropis procera*.)



59. Island of Bugomi.



60. Island of Ifa.



61. Buduma village on Ifa.

several rooms, separated by partitions of plaited straw. All the islanders recognise the authority of one chief called Bugomi, who lives on the island of the same name. (Illus. 59.)

The Budumas are first-rate cattle breeders. The cattle are all of a special breed, without a hump; they are very strong and almost entirely white. (Illus. 66.) Enormous horns adorn their heads. The goats, too, are almost entirely white. There are no sheep to be seen, but there are a few horses, descended from those originally brought over from Bornu, with which place a brisk trade is carried on. The transport of the cattle is an extraordinary sight, the animals being conveyed to Kekua in huge canoes made of plaited papyrus. This takes place chiefly in July, the water being then at its lowest, and sufficiently shallow to enable the natives to wade from one island to the other. This is a season of plenty for the cattle, who are left free to roam at will among the pastures. The fringe of papyrus reeds growing along the southern shore of Lake Tchad seems to be gradually spreading north, so that in a few centuries it will cover the whole of the lake. (Illus. 67.) Salt is obtained on the island, and a herb called *kubai* is dried and burned; the ash which results is dissolved and evaporated in the sun until a crust of salt is deposited.

The islanders became more and more friendly, and sold us all the provisions we needed. Even hens' eggs, the existence of which they had at first strenuously denied, were brought to us in a large basket as a present. I sent gifts in return to the chief, Bugomi, and announced that I intended to pay him a visit the following day, lest he should run away again.

It took us three hours and a half to reach his island,

and we basked contentedly on deck, enjoying the beautiful scenery. Bugomi and his suite stood on the shore, awaiting our visit; he gazed at us with evident interest, and without shyness. He then conducted us to the village, where he presented me with a long-horned, white bullock.

It was not until the 17th of February that we made up our minds to take leave of Lake Tchad. We shall always have very pleasant memories of our visit, which we thoroughly enjoyed, and which far surpassed our expectations. The islanders had been described to us as dangerous savages, but this was by no means our experience. All the accounts we had received proved most unreliable, and the lake as a whole is still wrapped in mystery, many of the islands having never been visited by a European. All the maps available are very unsatisfactory, and make no attempt to give accurate geographical details.

We proceeded to Bol, which was formerly a French station (illus. 68, 69), but finding it quite deserted, we landed on the island of Daldal, which is separated from Bol by a water channel about 200 yards wide. We found some rare zoological specimens in Daldal, and rewarded the natives who brought them with mirrors and knives.

We passed many small islands, and at sunset we anchored at Melea, where we pitched our tents. After nightfall we noticed a curious phenomenon: the whole shore of the island was apparently covered with sparks. These were in reality glow-worms crawling in thousands on the ground.

During the whole of our stay in the islands the weather was fine and warm, but the night before we left a violent wind arose and threatened to overturn our tents. We set off at 10.30 the following morning,



Island in Lake Chad  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims



though the weather looked very threatening, and there were white horses on the lake. At about two o'clock we landed at an uninhabited island in order to procure wood for fuel, and as a thick fog came on, we were obliged to encamp and wait for an improvement in the weather. The thermometer registered 67° F. in the morning, and 81° F. in the evening. The next day a strong wind was blowing, which did not affect us as long as we were under the lee of the islands, but as soon as we reached the open water, the waves became so violent that the captain decided to anchor once more. The moon rose late, and we spent the night on board. During the evening we made a successful trip in a collapsible boat, and secured some new species of birds. The next morning we continued our journey, and although our little vessel pitched and rolled in the heavy seas, by 10 o'clock we had once more safely reached the mouth of the Shari.

We landed for fuel, and at Shoe, a village lying on the river opposite Mani, to our mutual astonishment we met Heims and Röder.

The Shari forms a definite boundary sharply dividing the animal world. On the east bank for instance, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and especially giraffes are plentiful, whereas they are never found west of the river. German museums contain no specimens of animals from this district, so that one of the principal objects of our expedition was to make a zoological collection. The Arab village, Abilela, seemed the most suitable place for this work, animals of all kinds being plentiful in the neighbourhood. After shooting a pallah and an equine antelope, I suddenly saw three giraffes pushing their way through the bush. I crept after them as quickly as possible, but at the first shot, the huge

creatures lowered their necks, and made off at full speed in a cloud of dust. About 100 yards further, I discovered my giraffe at the point of death. It was a sturdy old female, with dark, reticulate markings reminding me of the Bahr-el-Ghazal giraffes.

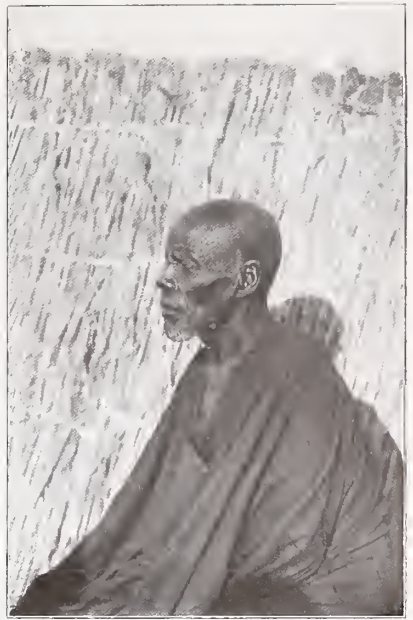
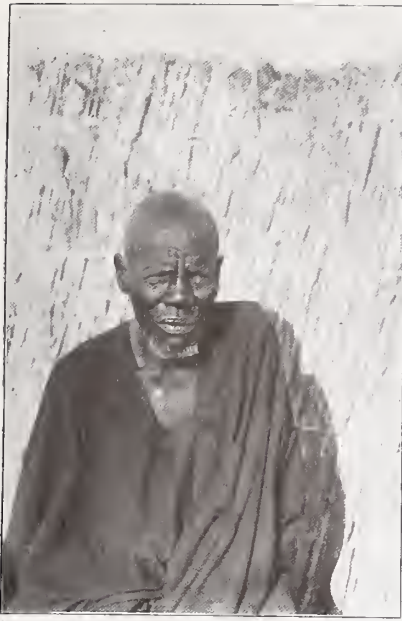
I sent a Shoa back to Abilela; in two hours' time twenty men were on the spot, and in another hour and a half they had removed the skin. Haberer had meanwhile shot a hog, and shortly afterwards Schmidt sent word that he had shot two giraffes. So I sent him natives with knives and lanterns, and at half-past one in the morning he reached the village with his skins.

The next day Haberer and I fished in the Shari, and succeeded in catching some rare specimens. Meanwhile forty of the sultan's men prepared the giraffe skins. They were nearly an inch thick, and all the fat has to be carefully removed in order to prepare them. This takes several hours, and then follows the equally important salting process, for which we used Lake Tchad salt, which removes the moisture from the skins. They are then folded, and hung on the branch of a tree all night; the next morning they are taken down, shaken free of water, and scraped clear of salt. Then the salting process is carried out all over again, and the skin is turned inside out and hung up to dry in an airy place sheltered from the sun.

The following day I shot a wild boar, a Ducker, and a fine equine antelope. (Illus. 70, 72.)

We enjoyed hunting with the Arabs. They possess all the characteristics of a superior race, although they have little in common with their brethren in Syria and Egypt, their skins being black, and their clothing scanty. Their features are finely cut, and their bright eyes denote intelligence, many of the guides being so





62 and 63. Buduma man.



64 and 65. Buduma woman.



66. Cattle of the Buduma.



67. Papyrus reed on Bugomi.

observant that nothing in the bush escapes their notice. One boy of ten was specially remarkable in this respect, for he detected the faintest spoor, and had eyes everywhere. The women's faces, too, are striking, and denote breeding. Their long plaits of hair, hanging over their shoulders on each side, add to the strangeness of their appearance. Married women knot one plait at the neck (illus. 71), whereas young girls make it stand up vertically in a point, this being a sign of dependence which disappears on their marriage.

In Bagirmi the Arabs are called Shoas, a name which is also used in the North Cameroons. Their language serves as a universal means of intercourse, but differs considerably from the Arabic of Northern Africa.

At Abilela, as in many other Arab villages, we saw ostriches running about like domestic animals, being kept for the sake of their feathers. The great stupid birds used to walk calmly into our tents, and pick up bits on the ground at meal-times. Some of the older cocks had beautiful feathers, but most of them had been plucked, and ran about with bare, glistening, pink skins. Wild ostriches are occasionally found up-country, and all the tame ones are hatched from eggs accidentally discovered.

On the 27th of February we set out on our journey south, with twenty-nine pack-oxen which we obtained at Hadjer el Hamis, each of which carried a double load. I sent our trophies and the rest of our baggage by steamer to Kuseri.

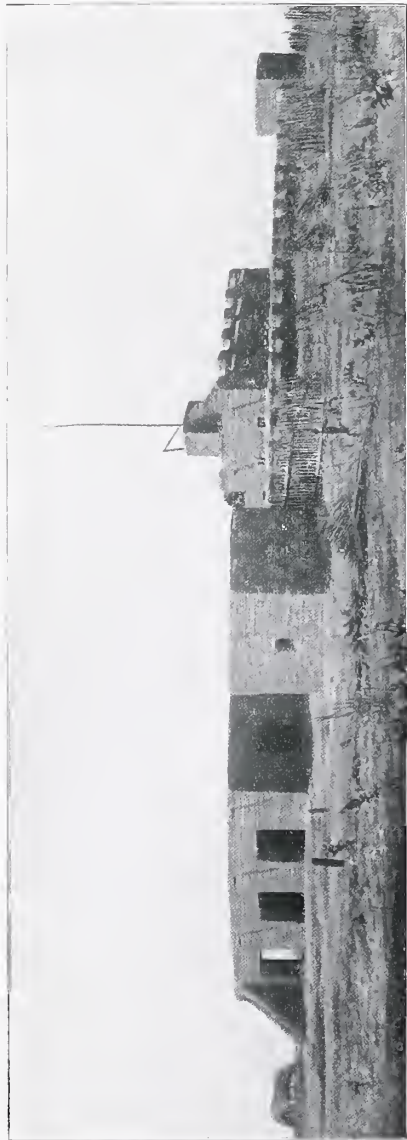
The daily loading of the animals was indeed a sore trial of our patience. Each ox carries his driver and a load suspended on each side, which must be very carefully balanced to prevent the heavier load from dragging down the lighter. This was an almost daily

occurrence, so that we became quite accustomed to hear the crash of falling packing-cases, although this did not exactly improve their contents. The preparations for starting always occupied at least an hour and a half, whereas well-drilled carriers get ready to march in less than half an hour. The animals soon tired and fell on the bad roads, which resembled nothing so much as a frozen and newly ploughed field. The overhanging branches, too, pulled down the loads, and thus necessitated halts of varying duration which were very tiresome. However, French "humanity" forbids the employment of native carriers in all districts where they can be replaced by animals. Perhaps the happy day will yet dawn in Europe when all manual labour will be forbidden for humanitarian reasons!

We marched in three hours from Abilela to Dugia, a Kotoko village whose inhabitants, like all the Kotokos on the right bank of the Shari, have migrated from the German side in order to escape the cruelty of Sultan Djugara of Gulfei, who thought nothing of cutting off his subjects' heads or arms. We saw a man at Mani, whose hand had been amputated at the wrist for theft; this mutilation did not, however, prevent him from being an active member of the court orchestra.

We spent three days in Dugia, studying the habits of the people and wandering about the neighbourhood. One day I saw a whole herd of "wart hogs" groveling on their knees in a meadow. Their heads were invisible in the grass, and their prominent hind-quarters were a very funny sight.

One night the Kotokos taught us a new method of fishing; canoes were paddled into mid-stream,



68 and 69. Abandoned French station at Bol.



70. Antelope.  
Drawing by E. M. Heims.

and the nets lowered. A great noise was then made by beating the sides of the boats with sticks, so as to drive the fish into the meshes of the nets, but the result was very poor. The noise seemed to upset an old hyena, for she howled all the time quite close to us, in spite of all the lanterns and commotion.

During the next few days' march, the country was still covered with thorn bushes. Here and there the monotony was interrupted by patches of grass, or by depressions in the ground containing evil-smelling water, which was, however, eagerly drunk by man and beast alike, since there was nothing better to be found. The banks of the Shari are densely populated in this district since their occupation by the French, which put an end to Rabeh's despotism. Near Bugia I came across a very pretty park, with green lawns, shut in by woods.

We continued our southward march, and encamped at the Arab settlement of Abugoie, which consists of two villages about 200 yards apart, inhabited alternately during the dry and rainy seasons.

The banks of the Shari are not free from tsetse flies, though they are less numerous here than higher up the river. They are, however, sufficiently numerous to be very injurious to cattle. By the time Bagirmi is reached this trouble ceases, so that oxen are easier to obtain, and their carrying power is greater. The population is fairly healthy; eye diseases often occur, leprosy very seldom.

The weather was now favourable, and the nights and early mornings were refreshingly cool. During the day the thermometer rose considerably. In May and June a temperature of 122° F. is not unheard-of, and we soon became accustomed to look upon a tem-

perature of 95° F. as comfortably cool. The wild birds apparently did not appreciate the heat, for one day at dawn Haberer noticed a row of guinea-fowl cooling themselves in a pool with the water up to their chests. As soon as the sun rose they disappeared.

We had a curious experience of fishing with dynamite ; all the shad fish were killed by the explosion and sank to the bottom, whilst the rest of the fish swam about as usual.

On the 4th of March we reached French Gulfei, opposite the German station of the same name. It was not long before Djagara paid me a visit. It was his first entrance into French territory since its annexation by Europeans ; perhaps the crafty old scoundrel hoped by his pompous bearing to win back some of his deserting Kotokos.

French Gulfei is a small uninteresting village, not to be compared with the station on the German side.

On the 6th of March our caravan was once more in Fort Lamy, and the same day we set out for Kuseri, where I received satisfactory news of the South Cameroons party, and also of von Wiese's journey to the Ubangi.





71. Shoa women.



72. Antelope. (*Hippotragus equinus*.)



73. Migratory locusts.



74. Herds of cattle in Bagirmi.

## CHAPTER V

### IN BAGIRMI

THE days preceding our departure for Bagirmi were spent in packing and despatching a large number of scientific specimens. We worked with frantic haste, as we were anxious to start as soon as possible. But our patience was sorely tried, as the cases were small and were soon used up. For the remainder we used straw mats, but even these were not forthcoming in sufficient numbers, and had first to be made by the natives.

Meanwhile news came from Wadai that Comman-dant Maillard had won three victories, and we also learned that Colonel Largeau had been appointed as successor to Colonel Moll, and had arrived in the Upper Shari district. Later on I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. His appointment will certainly conduce to the prosperity of the French Colonies, for he is no stranger, having formerly visited this country, and he bears an excellent reputation.

The waters of the Shari and the Logone were now at their lowest level, and the little steamer " Jacques d'Uzès " lay high and dry on the sand at Fort Lamy, in front of the factory belonging to the " Compagnie de l'Ouhamé et de la Nana." Unfortunately the shallow water gave rise to all kinds of diseases; the dirty, turbid drinking water produced gastric troubles, and Fort Lamy was almost converted into a hospital.

The wind had changed from north-west to due north, and the heat was becoming unbearable. The mornings were misty and damp, and the sun tried in vain to pierce the fog. The thermometer registered 104° F. in the shade, and whereas a month ago we had required a thick overcoat as soon as the sun had set, we now sat panting in our shirt-sleeves.

On the 12th of March, in the evening, we noticed an immense cloud of grasshoppers, resembling flakes of snow in the moonlight. They were travelling from east to west, and it took nearly an hour for them to pass out of our sight. Many of them flew so low that we could catch them as they passed; they flopped in our faces, and fell on to the roof, and into the verandah. They seemed to us larger than the East African variety. Several times later on we noticed similar swarms. They apparently rested on the surface of the water in the day-time, and took advantage of the cool night for travelling. Wherever they halted, the trees were covered with them, thousands hanging from every branch, and when they settled on the fields near a village, the harvest was entirely destroyed.

We had been three months in the Tchad district when we took leave of our kind host, First Lieutenant von Raben, and set out towards Bagirmi. Besides the soldiers and Europeans, a great crowd of natives with their Sultan, the little Mai-Buka, had assembled at Kusseri to watch our start in large, wooden canoes. We landed at Fort Lamy, and dined with Colonel Largeau. Our caravan of *boeufs porteurs* had been sent on ahead, and in two hours' time we caught them up as they were resting in anticipation of a night march. When the moon rose and the drivers prepared to start, it was noticed that three of the oxen had

taken it into their heads to return to Fort Lamy. Another lay on its side, and utterly declined to move ; even the Arab plan of pinching and biting its tail failed to make it get up. I left the care of the beasts to Schmidt and the French Sergeant-Major Houppe, and at half past seven in the evening set out with Haberer.

The clear moonlight enabled us to march always by night, thus avoiding the increasing heat of the day.

Presently we met the huge baggage train belonging to Sultan Garuang of Bagirmi, who had left his palace at Tchekna, and was on his way to visit Colonel Largeteau. This was a disappointment to us as we could no longer hope to become better acquainted with the sultan, and Tchekna was thus deprived of its greatest attraction. His people passed us in larger or smaller bands, and two hours and a half elapsed before we had left them behind. Men riding gaily caparisoned horses, with weapons and bridles glittering in the moonlight, armed infantry, natives carrying provisions and water, women mounted on slow-pacing oxen, baggage mules, and led-horses, all marched along in an irregular procession. The dust rose in clouds so that we often collided with some careless fellow, who on recognising a white man, promptly drew his beast out of the way.

The sultan himself travelled during the day in short stages. At daybreak we passed his scattered camp, just as the muezzin was calling in loud, clear tones to all the faithful : *Allahu akbar*. As the great ruler was in the act of dressing Professor Haberer accidentally met him at the entrance of his tent, and was invited inside. About four or five hundred horsemen

belonging to his bodyguard were busy saddling and bridling their horses beside the glowing camp fires.

Garuang's camp was pitched at the end of a long stretch of desert country forty miles long, which had taken him three days to traverse, and which now lay in our path. The vast amount of water that must have been required in order to supply this great assemblage can readily be imagined, and we saw two men who had fallen exhausted by the way.

After a brief midnight halt in an Arab village we pressed on, and reached our next camping ground at 2 A.M. This was the bed of the river Ba Linea, which here still contained a little water, though everywhere else it was quite dry. We found two half-ruined straw huts in which to rest our weary limbs, and we were soon fast asleep, with our heads on our saddles, regardless of mosquitoes. It was not until half-past six that our baggage animals began to arrive, Schmidt and Houppe bringing up the rear some hours later. One of the animals had suddenly started kicking, had thrown down his load, and had made off at full speed in the direction of Fort Lamy; it was only after a long and fatiguing pursuit that the deserter was recaptured. Others had lain or fallen down, breaking packing-cases which contained valuable specimens.

The next day was still more unfortunate both for man and beast. We had now entered upon a long, barren plain, and after twelve hours' uninterrupted march, the weary and parched caravan was allowed three hours' rest in a shady spot. But there was no water, so the sleeping beasts were relentlessly roused and loaded, so that we might press on further. The thermometer registered 113° F., and the sun blazed down in scorching heat, whilst the ground became

increasingly sandy, so that the poor creatures became more and more exhausted. Several of the men, too, had come to an end of their strength, and refused to proceed to what they regarded as certain death. With true negro laziness, though fully alive to the danger, they were too stupid to practise economy with the water supply. And the less they accommodate themselves to the hardships of such a journey, the more cruel they are to their beasts. The knotted cords that fasten the loads, often rest on the bare backs of the animals, cutting deep into the flesh. The wounds suppurate till the bones are almost bare, and the poor creatures sink to the ground with pain as soon as they feel the weight of the load. But no native would ever think of troubling to adjust the straw saddles, and thus relieve their sufferings, and give the wounds a chance to heal.

At last after a twenty-one hours' march, with the thermometer at 102° F., we reached our destination at nine o'clock at night in pitch darkness. At length the poor thirsty creatures could refresh themselves with evil-smelling water of a doubtful colour. Man and beast alike swallowed it eagerly.

Maiiaish was the name of our camping place (*vide* col. illus.) and it was inhabited by Arabs of the Eskie tribe, who are entrusted by the Government with letter-carrying and general transport along the Tchekna road. This road is still in course of construction, and when finished, will furnish the quickest means of communication between Lamy and Tchekna. It is to be sixty feet wide, and will also be used for the telegraph service which will be installed in 1912. The country bordering the Tchekna road is not at all attractive, and consists for the most part of sandy wastes with a

few stunted trees. The water supply is very meagre, and everywhere the cattle may be seen crowding eagerly round the flat, clay vessels which contain the scanty, brown drinking water brought from the village wells.

As we advanced towards the East, the character of the landscape gradually changed, the bush becoming thinner and thinner, until at last it ceased altogether. The mosquitoes disappear during the dry season, and as we neared Tchekna, the ever-increasing herds of cattle testified to the absence of the dreaded tsetse flies. At Ngama, two days' march from Tchekna, we came upon some Arabs travelling with their camels, this being about their most southerly limit. I tried to charter their animals for the rest of our journey to Tchekna, as they are quicker, and carry ten times as much as the oxen. But although they agreed, both Arabs and camels suddenly vanished. In the little village of Derredja, we met Bagirmi natives for the first time, in place of the usual Arab population. Here, too, we found some deep wells containing clear water.

At midnight, after a short three hours' rest, we set off by moonlight on the last stage of the journey to Tchekna, and the twenty-five miles were accomplished without a halt. Haberer was tired out and remained behind, so that I reached Tchekna alone at 9 A.M. and was welcomed by Adjutant Roenge, who rode out to meet me.

In these latitudes the almost entire absence of moisture is very pleasant, the humidity of the air being extremely low during the dry season. Whilst we were in the Tchad district the hygrometer registered 33 per cent., whereas here it indicated only 18 to 20 per





Evening in a Bagirmi village  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims



cent., and later on it even fell to 15 per cent. This dryness of the atmosphere has many advantages: it prevents, for example, any formation of rust, so that instruments and rifles require no oiling, a rub with a duster sufficing to keep them in good condition. Blotting-paper, too, is a luxury, for the ink dries as fast as it is used. The heat is very exhausting, and there is little relief even at night, for the radiation from the walls of the mud and straw huts in which Europeans live, is so great that it is impossible to sleep indoors. We were obliged to set up our beds in the open air, and we became so accustomed to sleeping out of doors, that when the rainy season began again in May, we were quite reluctant to seek shelter in our tents.

The water supply of Tchekna is excellent. The drinking water is obtained from the Ba Mbassa, a tributary of the Shari; during the rainy season it is a wide lake, but just now it was only a small stream, half choked with grass and weeds.

The population of Tchekna is about 10,000, and includes representatives of all the surrounding tribes. The "town" proper, like all Bagirmi settlements, is composed of round thatched huts with walls of plaited matting. (Illus. 79, 80.) Even the sultan's palace is no exception, and consists of a group of huts surrounded by a mud wall several yards high. (Illus. 81.) His children have a house to themselves, opposite that of their father, and separated from it by the market place. In the latter trade is actively carried on every afternoon, and we saw less European rubbish than in the Fort Lamy market.

The Sultan Garuang draws a yearly revenue of 100,000 francs, out of which his tribute to France is only 6500 francs. His fortunes were adversely

affected by Rabeh's expeditions. He was in hiding for several years after suffering disastrous defeats, and his kingdom, together with his ancient residence Massenja, were on the verge of ruin, when at last the decisive battle at Kuseri, in which Rabeh was killed, brought the sultan's misfortunes to an end.

From this time onwards Tchekna became the new royal residence, but the old name Massenja is still remembered, and will perhaps some day be reinstated by the French Government.

We passed by moonlight through old Massenja, now merely a cluster of unimportant villages; but the wall surrounding it, though in ruins, shows that it must have covered at one time a considerable area.

Our time at Tchekna passed only too quickly in making additions to our various collections. Haberer obtained a number of zoological specimens, whilst I turned my attention to the solution of various problems relating to Islam, which had been propounded to me by Professor Becker, of the Colonial Institute at Hamburg. With this object in view, I received daily visits from a learned Marabut, a priest on whom the dignity of kadi had been conferred. Conversation was often very difficult, as the interpreter could not understand my questions, and I frequently had to express them in twenty different ways before I could obtain a satisfactory reply. When at last I had made my meaning clear, the priest often gave vent to cries of astonishment evoked by the profound learning of the white man. Unfortunately my erudition was only apparent, being derived, as explained above, from a scholar. On the whole I discovered nothing very new in Bagirmi, which from the ethnographical point of view was a repetition of the Tchad district. Dwell-

ings, dress, weapons, and the art of fishing were similar, and there is not one characteristic industry peculiar to Bagirmi.

We caught some specimens of lung-fish, which were of considerable zoological interest. They are found in shallow, turbid pools, and as the water subsides the fish cover themselves completely with clay, and await in a torpid state the return of the wet season. We were in hopes of being able to keep these extraordinary creatures in their clay coffins, so as to bring them home alive. But unfortunately the coverings were broken, and we were obliged to place the fish in alcohol or formol. They do not appear to be rare, for they are sold smoked in the native markets, but owing to the incredible indolence of the Bagirmi people, Europeans seldom come across them.

Our hopes that Sultan Garuang would speedily return to Tchekna were doomed to disappointment, and at length we were obliged to prepare for departure without making the acquaintance of the mighty ruler of Bagirmi.

We left Tchekna on the 29th of March. The day was cool and cloudy, a thunderstorm, though almost unheard-of during the dry season, having cleared the atmosphere the previous night. Our hygrometer, the reliability of which we were beginning to doubt, registered the sudden saturation of the air by rising rapidly from 20 to 60 per cent. But the great heat returned the next day, and the thermometer rose to 120° in the shade. This was very oppressive for both man and beast, and we shortened the day's march as much as our water supply would permit.

We made a wide detour to the South, in order to visit Kollé and Melfi. We passed several oases: large

patches of fresh, green grass, with a plentiful supply of water, where Arabs of the Moheita and Daháhere tribes are encamped to let their cattle graze. They remain here until the beginning of the rainy season, when they return home to the country round Melfi, or else south of the Ba Mbassa, where food and water are then plentiful. The Arabs carry on a brisk trade with the natives of Bagirmi, who since they possess no cattle, obtain from the Arabs their entire supply of milk and bread. The satisfaction of drinking fresh milk can therefore be indulged in only near the Arab camps. These oases are the resorts of wild beasts, and from a safe hiding-place I succeeded in photographing a herd of antelopes as they approached in search of water, whilst an immense flock of marabouts (I counted no less than 500), crowned cranes, ducks, and geese sat lazily beside the water, scarcely taking the trouble to move out of the way of the stamping herd. Thirst drew all these creatures to the edge of the forest, even while our men bathed or drew water, and our asses and oxen drank. They hardly waited for the last man to reach the camp, before they were crowding to the water, regardless of our cattle. On one occasion I counted seventeen antelopes followed by nine hartebeests advancing from one direction, whilst from the other came five hartebeests and ten gazelles. They quenched their thirst scarcely 120 paces from my hiding-place, and they played and quarrelled amongst themselves, the hartebeests falling on their knees as they fought.

Wild animals certainly suffer from the drought, but plant life seems to flourish, and I noticed buds and young shoots in spite of the great heat and the absence of moisture.

The rhinoceros is not easy to find here, but there



75. Baggage oxen at Fort Lamy.



76. Wooded plain in Bagirmi.



77. Circular clay water-reservoirs.



were plenty of buffaloes that could be heard at night lowing and splashing in the water. Buffalo hunting in Africa is looked upon as exceedingly dangerous. One morning at dawn I set out, accompanied by my Arab guide and one soldier, and after some search, succeeded in tracking a herd of buffaloes. Suddenly I caught sight of them, scarcely 150 yards away, but shooting was impossible as the foliage rendered the animals' outlines too indistinct. Followed by old Noah, a black soldier, I advanced, now slowly, now rapidly, crawling or running, and always keeping the herd in view. We went on thus for about half an hour, until we reached a clearance. We could hear the buffaloes trampling on all sides of us, so I took my stand behind a tree and fired just as a black body emerged through the dry yellow grass. The result was startling. Everything all around seemed suddenly to spring into life, and on all sides there was a tremendous trampling and stamping, but the wounded animal had disappeared. About fifteen buffaloes charged down in our direction, and stampeded past my tree at a distance of only about forty paces. Suddenly I saw a splendid animal standing in a good light, as if rooted to the ground. I could clearly distinguish his outline, and at 180 paces the huge beast crashed to the ground with a bullet in his neck.

The rest of the herd grew angry, and rushed about with their heads in the air, seeking their enemy. But fortunately the wind was favourable to me, and I stood motionless, with Noah cowering beside me. Through my glasses I sighted another fine specimen, this time a cow, and I brought her down at the first shot. Then a powerful bull rose from the ground, the only one that I saw lying down; he received my second

bullet, staggered forward, swayed, and then collapsed dying. Twice more I was successful, and then the herd drew slowly away. Out in the open I perceived my Arab guide, who had crept up unnoticed, and we advanced together in order to ascertain the result of my shots, as the long grass effectually concealed the fallen animals. Looking for wounded buffaloes is no child's play, and accidents have often resulted at this stage from the hunter's carelessness. We advanced cautiously, in case any of the animals were not dead. On reaching the edge of the clearance, I found a large black cow stretched on the ground (illus. 85); a little to the right was my bull, and a few paces further three buffaloes were lying dead.

The horns of these animals resembled those we found in 1908 near Lake Albert Edward, and in the Rutshuru plains, for the fauna of the Soudan and of the Tchad district is in general very similar to that of East Africa.

On the 5th of April we reached Kollé, on the wide Ba Tha river, now quite dry and presenting merely a bed of sand. The inhabitants got their water from holes about thirty feet deep in the river bed, but it was not good, and in spite of having passed through a natural sand filter, it had a very unpleasant taste.

Bugta is a fifty-year-old Bornu settlement, and at the present time is inhabited almost exclusively by traders. At our request the women and children executed a graceful dance, for which they donned a special dress. They waved their arms, and at the same time made rapid movements with their feet, the combined effect being quite charming.

After spending some time near the watering places

(illus. 88), where big game was plentiful, we at last approached Melfi, where the country is entirely different. Conical rocks of granite and porphyry rise up suddenly and break the monotony of the flat bush, combining in the neighbourhood of Melfi to form massive mountains. From Diana, at the foot of the peak of the same name, we beheld the shapely outline of this lofty mountain range, melting to violet tints on the horizon at sunset. It was for us a particularly attractive picture, as we had been shut in for so many weeks by the bush. But heavy, black clouds brooded over the mountain tops, and left no doubt in our minds that the rainy season was fast approaching. A storm set in, which overturned Haberer's tent, and drove the sand in our faces. All night sleep was rendered impossible by the thunder and lightning and torrential rain. These night storms are characteristic of the Sokoro Mountains, and are very annoying to Europeans, for the houses having absorbed heat all day, are unbearably hot, and yet if one sleeps in the open air, the chances are that one is either driven indoors by rain, or else awakes in the morning smothered in sand and gravel.

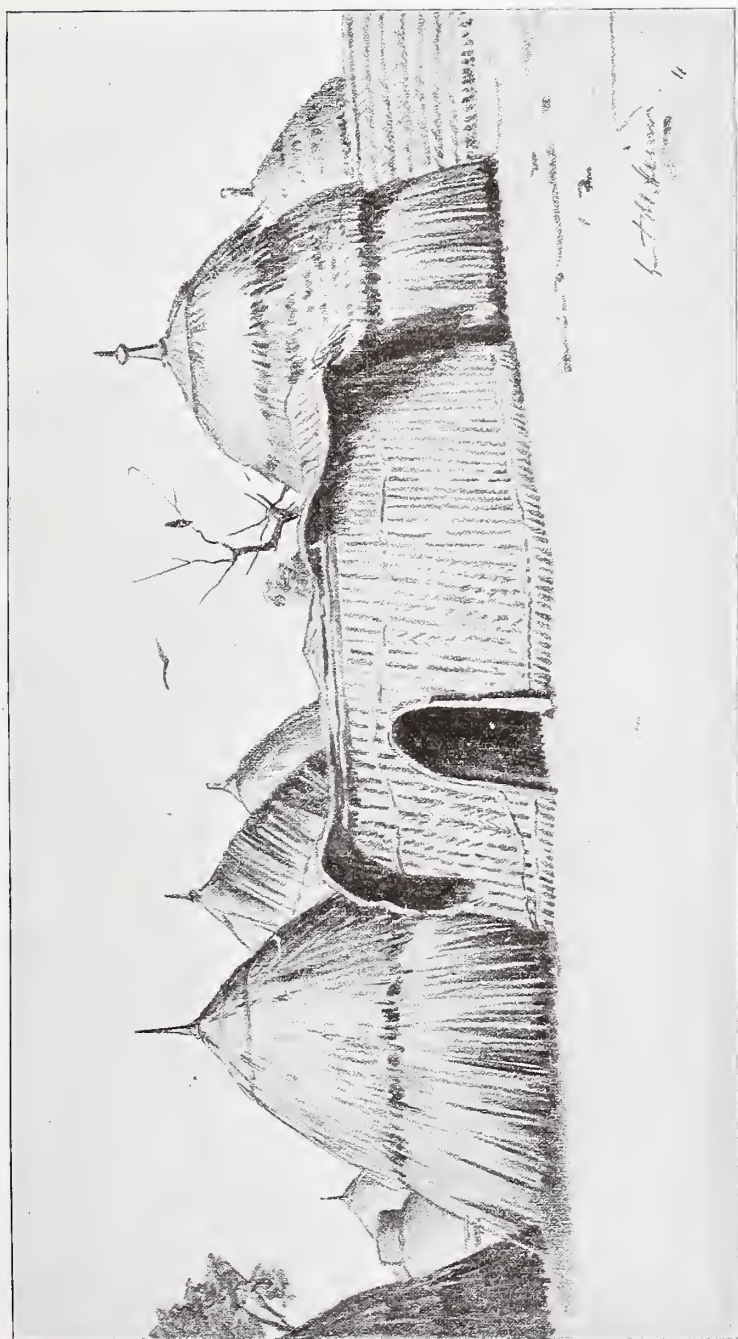
On the 10th of April we reached Kiddil, a steep, granite mountain rising about 1350 feet above the sea level. I reached the summit after a weary climb over smooth and slippery rocks, and was rewarded by a magnificent view. Melfi is shut in on all sides by mountains, and its only means of intercourse with the outer world is through a pass which leads east. We crossed this pass the following morning. The ground was saturated by the pouring rain of the previous day, and the moist air did us good. Spring was even further advanced here than in the plains,

the trees and shrubs being covered with fresh, young foliage, whilst the birds trilled their morning songs in the cool, windy air.

On the other side of the gorge we were met by the governor of this sub-district, Lieutenant Derendinger, accompanied by Sokoro chiefs, fellaheen, etc., as well as by the kadi. The latter proved a very intelligent man, and I am indebted to him for much valuable information. (Illus. 87, 89.) After travelling for half an hour along well-kept roads, we reached the station, where the chiefs (illus. 90) and their men insisted on giving us an exhibition of their horsemanship.

Melfi used to be a quiet, secluded station. (Illus. 91.) No European ever visited it, and rumours from the outer world seldom penetrated to this idyllic valley. But now everything has been changed by the advent of a new regiment in Wadai, and a consequent increase in the white population. Moreover, relay-transport to Athi and Mungo now travel via Melfi. One day we were nine Europeans, by far the largest number since the station was founded in 1904.

There exists in Melfi an interesting tribe known as Yalna, which in Arabic means "young people." It originated from six runaway slaves who fifty years ago sought the protection of the then powerful chieftain of Melfi. Contrary to the usual custom of sending runaway slaves back to their owners, their request was granted on condition that they agreed to work without payment. They married native women and multiplied, until to-day they number about 1000, inhabiting three large villages beyond the mountains, and speaking a language of their own. Being accustomed to all kinds of manual labour, they soon



78. Residence of the Duke at Chekna.



79. Mat-fenced houses in Chekna.



80. Street in Chekna.



81. Outer gate of the Sultan's palace at Chekna.

learned all the Bagirmi and Arab industries, and at the present time possess large herds of cattle. They are pleasant people to deal with, and take an important part in the business of the station.

The slave-trade still flourishes in the interior of Bagirmi. It is true that there are no longer organised slave hunts for adults, but children are secretly kidnapped, and find a ready sale. So far, all efforts to stop this traffic have failed. The late Sultan Senussi of Dar-Kuti is said to have kidnapped hundreds of slaves every year. At first he laughed at the prohibition of the Government, because the station garrison consisted of only four men besides the lieutenant in charge. But the latter was resolute, and bade the sultan choose between obedience and war, warning him that the murder of the weak garrison would result in his own downfall, for a punitive expedition would inevitably follow. Senussi had the sense to submit.

The chief Mohammedan races in Bagirmi are the Haussas, the Arabs, and the Fulbes, of which the latter are the most important. No less than thirty Fulbe chiefs owe allegiance to Abdullai, the head chief, residing at Melfi. He is friendly to Europeans, to whom he owes part of his kingdom, in return for the tribute of 4000 francs which he pays every year.

The Fulbes are said to be the richest people in the district, their wealth being reckoned at 150 francs per head, whilst the Arabs are reckoned at 40 francs per head, the Kokes at 3 francs, and the Fanjas, who are the poorest of all, at 1½ francs only.

The Arabs are very widely distributed. (Illus. 92.) Besides the Rashid, Salamat, Hemat, Sherefra, and Missiri tribes, the powerful Dahâhere tribe spreads its ramifications all over the surrounding district.

They are more strict than any of the aborigines of Bagirmi in their observance of all the prescribed daily prayers.

The Haussas are chiefly traders, and unfortunately Bagirmi is indebted to them for the introduction of cheap European rubbish, such as mirrors, bad matches, perfumes, etc., which are always eagerly purchased by the natives, who give valuable wares in exchange. The Haussas are for Bagirmi what the Inders are for East Africa. Both have a wonderful facility for adapting themselves to the customs of the country, and a talent for supplying the necessities of the aborigines. Here, at any rate, the money remains in the country, which is not the case in East Africa.

Twice a week an open market (illus. 94) is held in Melfi, which I always made a point of attending. All the produce of the country is offered for sale: vegetables, fruit, roots, corn, meat, woven materials, silver-ware from Tchekna, European rubbish, pottery, raw cotton, and medicines, all of which command a ready sale to representatives of all the neighbouring tribes.

The Maria-Theresa thaler, so popular elsewhere, is not willingly accepted here, and small coins are entirely declined. Money is replaced by the *gabak*, a strip of cotton about 1 inch wide and 100 yards long; this length is equivalent to a Maria-Theresa thaler (3 francs) and is divided up into yard lengths. Anyone who intends to make large purchases must therefore bring great rolls of this material, suspended in pockets from each side of his saddle.

The government at Melfi received in tribute and taxes for the year 1910, 36,000 francs, paid in the form of *gabak*; this amounted to over a million of these



strips, which not only filled all the warehouses to the roof, but had to be stacked in heaps in the open air. Bagirmi is indebted to the conqueror Rabeh for the introduction of its cotton-growing and weaving industries, as well as for many other things.

Medicines of all kinds are very popular, and any accidental cure supplies fresh fuel to the ineradicable superstition of the natives. We were shown a love philtre, composed of all kinds of fruits and roots, also a remedy for dog-bites, which is said to confer at the same time immunity from robbery. The same effect is attributed to the root of a tree, which is supposed to give protection against robbers and murderers. The native men buy a powder which is said to render faithless women virtuous; it is extracted from the heart muscles of certain animals, and is secretly introduced into the lady's food. The root of a certain tree is reputed to be a safeguard against poison, and another is said to be a sure remedy for snake-bites.

There are various perfumes which only certain persons are permitted to use. This is the doctors' special privilege, and their approach can therefore be perceived at some distance off. There is also a drug compounded from all kinds of roots, which gives protection from medical rivals, and is a safeguard against the murderous attacks of jealous colleagues.

Every year Melfi is visited by crowds of pilgrims on their way to Mecca. In 1909 there were over 3000 out of which, however, only 80 were men, the remainder being women and children. These by no means shared in the pious ardour of their male companions, but were apparently taken simply for

their commercial value, the money obtained by their sale being required to purchase provisions for the journey! The French Government intervened, forbidding this barbarous plan, and allowed each man to take with him only one woman. The remainder were left on the hands of the French, and as they had no money for the return journey, were obliged to settle in Melfi.

On the second day after our arrival Lieutenant Derendinger and I climbed the highest mountain of the range overlooking Melfi. We were surprised to find that after traversing a sparsely wooded belt, we came to a region of bamboos which continued right up to the summit. Long grass, too, is abundant, and covers almost all the mountains in this district. Although only about 3000 feet high, this mountain towers above its neighbours, and on reaching the summit we enjoyed a wonderfully extensive view.

Below in a narrow gorge we could see Bellila, the capital of Barein (illus. 93), where Haberer was completing his collection of mountain beasts and birds. The bird world is widely represented. There is a kind of thrush, with gorgeous violet and crimson plumage, iridescent in the sunlight, and a sort of hooded raven, who forsakes his real home on the breezy mountaintops only for a short occasional visit to the valleys; then there are bearded vultures, humming-birds, and other little songsters who live on the plateau.

Great baboons inhabit the rocks, side by side with a kind of dwarf antelope, and the coveted rock-badger, quite a number of which adorn our collection. Most of the big game leaves the mountains during the dry season, and follows the course of the rivers. Gazelles, however, exhibit remarkable hardihood, and are found



82. Herd drinking.



83. Eunuchs.



84. Dwelling of the Sultan Garuang's children.



85. The Duke on the slain buffalo.

even in the driest regions; they are regular visitors to the durra fields belonging to the natives. Hyenas howl piteously at night. Of these there are two varieties: one spotted and the other striped; I obtained two live specimens of the latter kind, and they endeavoured to fortify themselves for the long journey to their new European home by imbibing prodigious quantities of milk. The lions had followed the big game to the plains, and the elephants which are usually very numerous had betaken themselves to the marshy "Marigots," eleven days' march away, the frequent April showers not having sufficed to replenish their drinking places.

A disagreeable phenomenon is a small fly living in the mountains, which although not vicious, settles in crowds on human beings, and gives rise to considerable inflammation by crawling into one's eyes. In Bellila, where these flies are specially plentiful, cases of conjunctivitis and even blindness are common. One of Haberer's boys, who was much troubled by these torments, narrowly escaped losing an eye.

But these trifling discomforts were lost sight of in our satisfaction with our present quarters, as regards the acquisition of zoological specimens and ethnographical data. Here, too, we discovered, in the form of stone hatchets and hammers, traces of a far-distant age. The shape and even the cutting edge of the hatchets are well preserved. Another interesting discovery was the existence of "eatable earth," which is known as *loslé*, and is looked upon as a delicacy when made into a kind of pudding sauce.

On the 18th of April the parched ground was refreshed by a heavy fall of rain, which lasted from early morning until about 10 o'clock, and depressed the

thermometer to 73° F. Man and beast alike thankfully inhaled the cooler air, grateful that the heat was lessened even if only for a few hours. The storm did not drive me indoors; my waterproof protected me from the wet, so I wandered aimlessly around, taking deep breaths of a delicious atmosphere smelling of fresh blossoms. The air was so clear that the mountains seemed quite close, the dark rocks standing out sharply against the sky. Even the hygrometer came out of its depression, joyfully leaping up to register 100 per cent. of moisture. But our hopes of more rain were doomed to disappointment; day and night the sky remained cloudless, and we slept peacefully under the starry vault of heaven.

The time passed only too quickly in this ideal spot. On the 22nd of April Haberer, Schmidt, and I turned our backs on the beautiful mountain scenery, and set off once more through the dreary bush. Lieutenant Derendinger accompanied us, and as he alone was familiar with the whole of our route, we gladly welcomed him as guide. We were bound for Busso, on the Shari, and the road from Melfi was almost untrodden. But the reports as to the water supply were favourable, the unusual rainfall of the previous season having left puddles in several places. The village wells, too, were said not to be empty.

These reports proved correct. At Sor, where we pitched our camp the first night, we found large water troughs with a sufficient supply for our caravan, which had been increased by twenty-three oxen and as many asses. At Ambajut I shot two hyena-dogs, which are zoological rareties. The skull of a hyena-dog seems to



86. Dance of the Bornu women.



87. Son of the Cadi of Melfi.



88. Birdlife on a pool in Bagirmi.



be much sought after by the natives as a remedy, for two Arabs followed me to Nditi in order to beg for these remains. When I asked what they wanted them for, they replied that the skull was a very potent remedy for insanity, from which one of the villagers was suffering. Even the water in which the skull had been boiled was said to be a certain cure. We saw some hippopotami in the Bahr Nditi, a wide stream bordered by beautiful scenery.

We reached Busso after travelling for nine days, mostly by short stages. We used to march in the evenings for three or four hours, and then sleep in the bush, often without water so that we might husband our supply for the next day.

On the 30th of April, after another waterless night in the bush, we reached the large village of Delfine, which is only a few hours' march from Busso. It is a twenty-year-old Bornu settlement, and here we could give our thirsty beasts both rest and water, the latter being clear and coming from a well sixty feet deep. We were much interested in inspecting a large dyeing establishment. I counted ten cylindrical holes in the ground, containing the dye, which is obtained by dissolving indigo in water. Strips of *gabak* joined to form the wide Bornu sheet, the *chalak* or *bol* were the chief things that were dyed. They were immersed in three or four successive baths, and then dried in the sun. The cost of a dyed *chalak* is three Maria-Theresa thalers, *i.e.* about nine francs.

Now that it was not so unbearably hot, our pack animals marched well, for the thermometer had fallen to 93° F., and as we arrived in Busso, the rainy season was setting in.

For the last two years Busso has ceased to be a

European station, but when it becomes a relay for the Brazzaville-Archambault-Lamy telegraph which is now being laid down, it will regain more than its former importance.

A furious hurricane literally blew us into Busso ; it lasted several hours and did considerable damage, but a second which occurred the following day at noon was even more destructive.

Inky black clouds came up from the West, and long before we expected it, the rain fell in torrents. Soon everything was under water, and our stacks of packing-cases were blown down in an instant. We had no notion what had become of Haberer's tent, for though it was within twenty paces, it was impossible to see anything. I had taken possession of an abandoned house, and the rain poured through the roof in torrents. Letters and reports, clothes and boots, hats and books were blown to the ground, where they lay pell-mell and soaking wet. All I could do was to thrust them under the bed, this being the only dry spot in the house. In half an hour the tornado had spent itself, and the sun came out to laugh at our discomfiture. The place looked dreary enough. One tent was overturned and its pole broken, and another had remained standing only because five strong men had clung with all their might to the ropes. Branches and tree-tops had been torn down by the wind, and scattered in all directions. Some of our cases had been broken, and stood full of water, with their contents on the ground.

The first thing to do was to repair the broken tent-pole. One of the newly cut telegraph posts was pressed into the service, and after two days' hard work, everything was once more in order, and ready

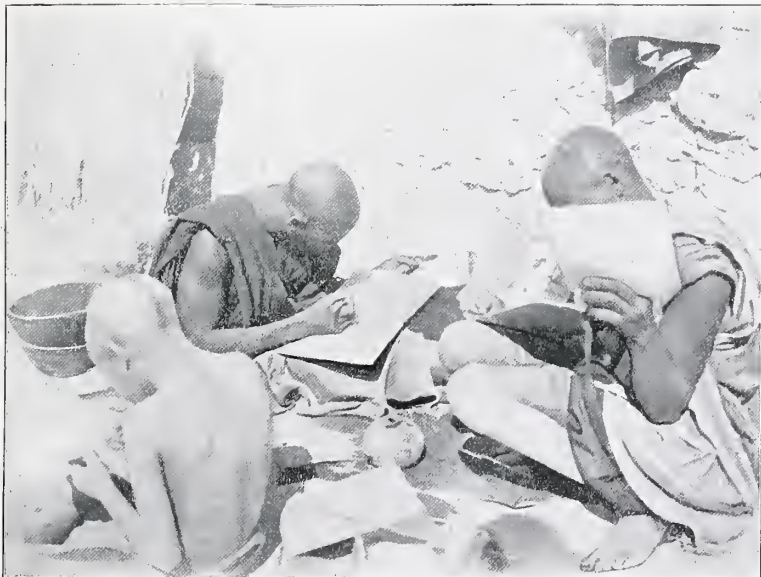
for the start. Derendinger returned to Melfi, and I remained for a few days longer in Busso to finish some work, whilst Haberer set out for Lai, as soon as the caravan had been safely conveyed across the Shari.

## CHAPTER VI

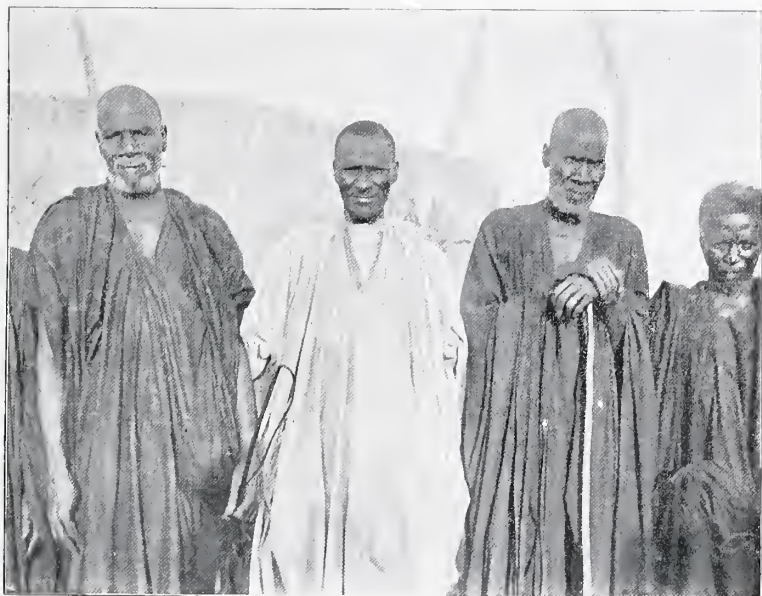
### TO GARUA VIA LAI

THERE were various preparations to be completed before I could set out for Lai. Letters had to be despatched to Lai, Lamy, and Garua, and the pack oxen had to be discharged and replaced by others. I decided to send the baggage by itself, direct to Garua via Lere, trusting to luck that it would arrive safely. Meanwhile on the 2nd of May, six officers passed Busso in a steel-boat, amongst them Captain Dumas, a well-known African traveller. This party was but one of many, for owing to the unrest in Wadai the military force was to be increased to 3000 men. The prompt measures taken by the French after the unfortunate Moll affair, have certainly had a salutary effect on the rebels.

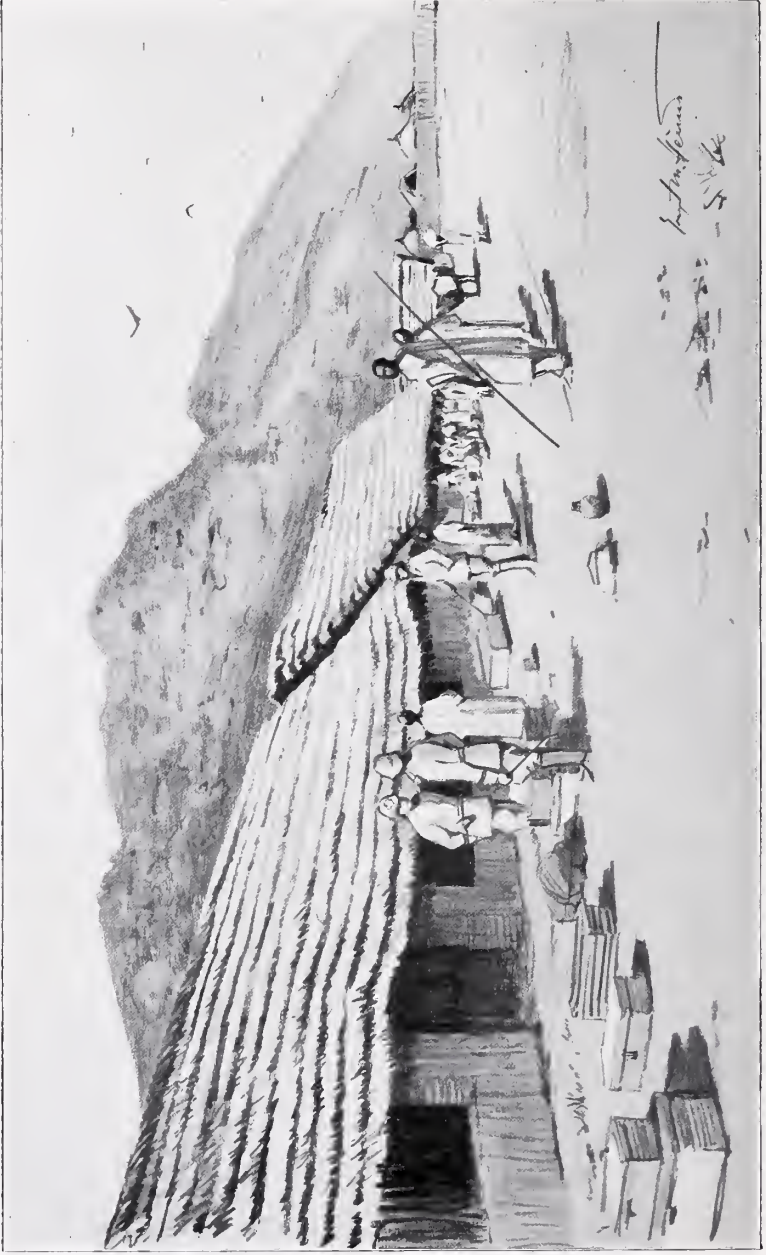
We crossed the Shari in large canoes, each of which held seventy loads and eighty men, whilst the oxen and asses swam alongside. These gigantic canoes are characteristic of the art of ship-building carried on at Mafaling, and the cost of one canoe is 30 Maria-Theresa thalers. Their construction is peculiar: the bows are low and square, whilst the stern rises high into the air like that of a Viking galley. The sides are made of rough planks held together by rushes and bark. The canoes consequently are not water-tight, and constant baling is necessary in order to keep them afloat.



89. School in Bagirmi.



90. Arab chiefs in Bagirmi.



91. Officers' post at Melfi.

As we were loading the oxen on the opposite bank, we noticed that the sky in the West was as black as ink, and thick white clouds, which we at first mistook for smoke, were advancing towards us. We soon realised that the approaching storm was driving before it great clouds of sand. When everything had been made secure, Schmidt and I put on our waterproofs and stood watching the advance of the storm through our field-glasses. It came nearer and nearer, and at last we turned our backs to it, and were almost thrown to the ground as the tornado burst upon us, pelting us with sand, so that we could not open our eyes. In a few seconds nothing was to be seen but driving, swirling sand. Every landmark had disappeared and conversation was impossible. I opened my mouth to shout to my companion, and it was instantly filled with sand. At such moments the only thing to do is to keep still and wait for the fury of the storm to abate. In half an hour the wind had fallen sufficiently to enable us to begin digging out the buried loads, and fastening them on the backs of the animals.

At last we started, and in a quarter of an hour reached a branch of the Shari, which had to be crossed. The water was so rough that the beasts at first refused to enter the water, then midway they took the wrong direction and fell into holes; many of the loads tumbled into the water, amongst them my photographic apparatus, the tents, and some tin cases. Two hours had elapsed before we were ready to set out once more. It rained hard, and in our soaking clothes we were bitterly cold.

The road to Lai is little used by Europeans, as the

officers and officials proceeding to this station usually travel via Archambault.

The road lay through the bush as far as Tshagen, which up to 1908 was in German Cameroons; at the little Gabri village of Djogto we entered upon a vast treeless plain, 50 to 60 miles in length, which extends far beyond the Logone, becoming more and more barren. In the midst of it lies Nderesia, a huge Gabri village (illus. 96, 97, 99) consisting of four large sections, which contain altogether 2000 inhabitants. The structure of the houses is interesting, the roofs being made of long straw, plaited in the upper half; below this the straw hangs loose almost to the ground. These villages also possess remarkable granaries, in the form of large round plaited baskets, resting on wooden supports.

Two huge, fat, naked figures, wearing nothing but a short, hide skirt over their buttocks, advanced to meet us, and introduced themselves as the chief and his brother. They conducted us to a newly built hut, near an enormous round granary, which was about 12 feet high, and 50 feet in circumference. (Illus. 98.)

Scarcely any Europeans have ever before penetrated to this obscure village, so that money in the shape of coins was absolutely unknown to them, and was refused. Tobacco, however, was accepted in exchange for what we wanted, also salt, and agate beads, which are made in Bagirmi. I gave the chief a large mirror, which attracted a large crowd, everyone being anxious to verify for himself the astounding assertion that he could see himself in it.

A few men wore full beards, but this did not appear to be so universal a custom as in Tshagen. We noticed some richly ornamented pots, but they all came from



Kim, and there was no sign of any indigenous industry. The Gabris are, however, excellent horse breeders, and the animals resemble those reared by the Musgums. Here, too, we observed open sores on each side of the horses' backs, produced by the bare-back riding of naked men.

The desert is interrupted west of Nderesia by a belt of forest, which like the bush round Djogto, is the home of rhinoceroses. On the march I was fortunate enough to shoot one; he suddenly appeared out of the bush about forty paces away, and received one ball in the shoulder and another in the body. He then took to flight, but on reaching a clearance, I saw the wounded animal running slowly with his head down. I fired both barrels, and at thirty paces he turned and faced me. I fired in his face, and he fell down, but staggered to his feet and made off. A hundred paces further I found him, mortally wounded, and lying on the ground with my Senegal guide beside him. A bullet in the forehead at twenty paces finished him, and he rolled over dead. (Illus. 100.) It took four hours to remove the head and skin, which was first placed on the back of an ox; but it proved too heavy, so six men carried it to my camp. A rhinoceros is seldom encountered in the open plain, but we saw herds of antelopes of all kinds. We also observed recent giraffe spoor, which were always stealthily tracked by lions.

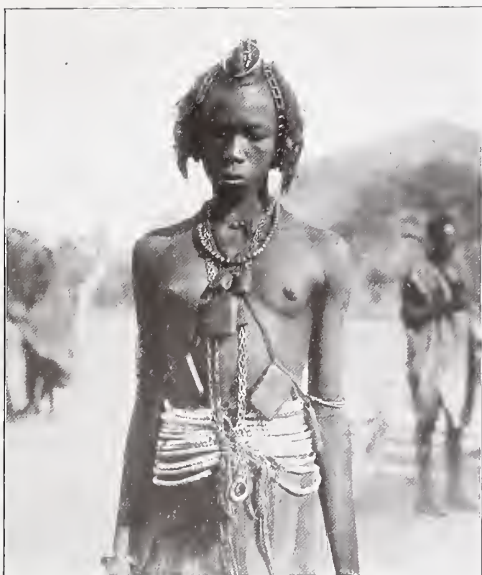
The plain was dotted at intervals with Euphorbias and Borassus palms, and now at the beginning of the rainy season the journey was pleasant enough, though a few months later it would have been very disagreeable. In September and October, the height of the wet season, all communication ceases between

the villages; the whole country between Tshagen and Kabbia is then a vast lake, from which the high-lying villages protrude like islands. In some places, in Mande for example, the natives protect themselves from the water by constructing great mounds, on which the houses are crowded, and the whole surrounded by a wall and moat.

On the 14th of May we rode into Lai, after following the course of the Logone for two hours. Lai is certainly the prettiest station between Ubangi and Tchad. (Illus. 105.) Gardens have been planted, green hedges border the roads, and there is a broad walk, sixty feet wide, dividing the town into two parts, which is used on Sundays for games and races.

The town owes its development to Captain Faure, who fell at Colonel Moll's side in the battle of Doroté in Wadai, after he had greatly distinguished himself, and had caused the enemy to lose 1500 men. He is said to have been a man of unusual energy, and his stern discipline inspired the natives with a wholesome respect, and has had excellent results. Captain Loisy who succeeded him, is kinder and more considerate, and consequently more popular. During Rabeh's wars, many refugees fled to Lai. When peace was declared, many of them left, but it still has a population of about 3000, who belong to seven tribes: the Kabas, Bays, Domros, Guleis, Handjeres, Kolongs, and Haussas. Each of these lives apart in its own quarter, outside the town proper.

The original inhabitants of Lai are the Kabas, a tall, handsome race. The men especially are remarkable for their size and strength, the women being smaller and rather thick-set. (Illus. 101 to 104.) As ornaments they wear thick ropes of blue and white



92. Arab girl.



93. Barein children.



94. Market at Melfi.



95. Weaver in Bagirmi.

beads wound round their necks and bodies. These, with a cap made of white beads, are their only attempt at clothing.

The Government has tried to introduce the use of money, but without much success, at any rate in the "Province," for the people seldom leave their villages and do not know what to do with their money. In the "town" the *gurs*, or Maria-Theresa thaler, is current, and even francs are willingly accepted. The taxes are still paid everywhere in the form of iron knives of various shapes, two of which are reckoned as being equivalent to 50 centimes. The interior of a warehouse containing 10,000 francs worth of these knives can readily be imagined, and the desire to introduce a coinage is not unreasonable. After leaving Lai we employed bearers again, eighty-two in number, and sent the oxen back to the Shari. We halted at Draingolo (illus. 106), a large Kaba fishing village, as evidenced by numerous fishing pots and fish drying apparatus. (Illus. 107.) We witnessed a fishing expedition in the Logone, at which the greater part of the male population assisted. The men were posted in a long line from one bank to the other of the river, which is here about 330 yards wide. Each man held one end of a small rectangular hand-net, and swam with it often for more than half a mile.

The following day we came to the dwellings of the Massas. (Illus. 109, 110.) Their houses were different to any we had so far seen, being built of mud, with thatched roofs. In the larger villages they are crowded together in an inextricable labyrinth, and the exit will allow only one man to pass at a time. Scattered throughout the country are isolated hamlets consisting usually of one house for the man, and

one or two for his wives, together with a large earthenware granary, the whole being surrounded by a mud wall. The interior of the dwellings is most primitive. On the left of the narrow entrance is a small clay hearth, about eight inches high, which contains two earthenware pots; on the right is the sleeping place, consisting of a square wooden bed, or perhaps merely of a mat. A few utensils complete the inventory.

The various languages spoken in this district are very numerous, and one dialect is often confined to one or two villages. There is no *lingua franca*; generally, however, one of the bearers knows the language of the place, or on the other hand some villager can usually speak Kaba, Massa, or Bana.

The blacksmiths form an important guild among the Massas, and the Tomaks also practise this art. We saw some beautifully engraved copper bracelets, the metal for which is imported from Bagirmi. They also manufacture knives.

Clever little horses scampered about the pastures; they were mostly mares with their foals, and were often up to their bellies in mud. Every day the rain poured down in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. We found a good deal of big game, and the red skins of the grass antelopes could be seen on all sides. The next day we had a long day's journey to Ham, starting at 3 A.M., and reaching Djiman at 8 o'clock. Here we rested for a few hours, and set out again at noon. We passed through excellent hunting country, for the road diverges from the river, which here bends to the West. Hunting relieved the tedium of the journey, and I shot five buck. Three hours later we again approached the river, and were glad to see in the distance the outskirts



96. Wood-store of the Gabri.



97. Houses of the Gabri.



98. Corn urn of the Gabri.



99. Soothsayer.



of Ham. Another hour and a half brought us into the town, where we were hospitably welcomed by Mons. Helling, the manager of the factory belonging to the "Compagnie de l'Ouhamé."

Ham (illus. 114), formerly on the frontier between the Old Cameroons and the French territory, is a large Bana settlement (illus. 111), and is built on two hills, which in the rainy season are converted into islands by the Logone. The houses, with their courts and alleys, are crowded together and surrounded by a mud wall.

I did not stay long in Ham, but rode on alone with Schmidt to Bongor. It was a cool, cloudy day, so we covered the thirty miles in four hours and a half.

Bongor is undeniably an attractive place, with a wonderful view over the Logone River.

The Banas (illus. 115, 116) in many respects resemble the Massas and Kabas. Like them they go about naked, excepting for the little hide skirt covering their loins. The women wear nothing but a narrow strip of bast round their hips, which is kept in place by another thin cord, and they almost all have a peg in their upper lip. The men are wild, sturdy fellows, with long, greasy hair; they are well built, and some of them are of herculean strength. Iron bracelets and anklets adorn their muscular limbs. They are armed with a heavy club, and I gained some idea of the injury that it can inflict by seeing a man who had been clubbed on the head a month previously, and whose skull had been almost flattened by the blow. Strange to relate, though he fainted, he appeared to have suffered no further inconvenience.

Intercourse with all these primitive tribes presents considerable difficulties, for they have only recently

been brought into contact with civilisation. The authority of the chiefs is merely nominal, and no one pays any attention to their orders. If one of these little rulers attempted to enforce obedience, he would certainly be made an example of and murdered. Considerable energy, patience, and tact are required in order to obtain the necessary bearers.

In the evenings Lieutenant Meyer and I explored the neighbourhood on horseback. The Logone was already rising, owing to the torrential rain. We rode along roads which would have done credit to a park, bordered by green turf, and shut in by forest trees. There were large herds of saiga antelopes and reed-buck in the forest, and hippopotami splashed about in the water. We watched the Bana mode of fishing. The men swam in the river with hand-nets opening like oyster shells, and at a given signal they all dived together, and there was nothing to be seen but dozens of legs kicking in the water. As soon as a fish got into a net, the fisherman swam ashore, and deposited it on the bank. The Banas are excellent swimmers, and when fishing often remain a long time under water. Along the banks were a crowd of women, busy catching small fish in a kind of basket shaped like a bell.

On the 29th of May we marched south-west, and again crossed the Logone during a tornado, which wrecked one of the boats. We camped at Dengereng, where the Tuburi River suddenly spreads out into a lake 1600 feet wide, and, in places, over six feet deep.

Fianga and Mata are the capitals of the districts of the same names, Fianga being also the Government station for this sub-division. The Governor, Lieu-



100. Rhinoceros killed by the Duke.



101 and 102. Kaba maiden.



103 and 104. Kaba woman.

tenant Lamoroux, lives in a large straw hut, and another was placed at my disposal. Professor Haberer, whose health left much to be desired, and who was suffering severely from dysentery, preferred to camp in the bush. Unfortunately he got no better, so that it became necessary to send him on to Lere where better accomodation could be obtained. As he was too ill to walk, he was carried.

I remained behind a few days longer, and rode about the country with my camera, taking snapshots of the scenery and people. The natives were very shy about being photographed. All the inhabitants fled in crowds from all the villages through which I passed, and even the children in the fields ran away in a panic. A few came back when we called them, but most of them took to their heels, as if the devil were behind them. These tribes are only half subdued, and they are certainly treated in a way which is not calculated to inspire confidence, being overburdened with carrying work, which they detest.

The people living south of the river are also very wild and insubordinate, and Haberer was one day surrounded and threatened in an alarming manner. The country round Palla is quite unexplored, and has never yet been visited by a European. The opening up of these districts is reserved for the Germans, since the whole of this part forms a portion of their newly acquired territory.

The agricultural occupations of the natives are principally horse and cattle rearing, and the size of the herd gives an idea of the wealth of the proprietor. They also do a good deal of fishing, for the river is well stocked with fish. The latter is sold to the Lakas, who own a rich iron mine in Palla, the value of which

has not yet been estimated. A fish as thick as one's arm is considered equivalent to two handfuls of iron; this is converted by the blacksmiths into axes and knives, and also serves as a means of payment. Two axes are paid for one fowl, and three fowls are worth two knives. The fish are caught with nets and spears, the latter being used chiefly for killing the large *Siluroid* fish. The longest of these that I saw speared measured 55 inches, and this length is said to have been exceeded. Very little meat is eaten, but a great deal of milk is consumed.

I was obliged to delay starting, as my demands for bearers were met by the wholesale flight of the villagers, but at last on the 4th of June I was able to set out. We halted at Yué on the Mao-Kebbi River. (Illus. 112.) Here we found a great number of hippopotami, a few of which I killed, and gave them to the bearers and villagers, who look upon this meat as a great delicacy.

The following morning nine bearers were missing. I ordered the chief to find me others in their place, threatening otherwise to attack the village. He replied that I must do as I pleased, as he was unable to help me since no one would obey his orders. In a few hours' time our Senegalese procured some new bearers, and we started for M'brau, which we reached at 10 A.M.

The following day we came to a large Fulbe village on the Mao-Lede, in a mountainous district. The houses have mud walls, and are surrounded by hedges made of straw plaited in a special way. I rested here for a day, and shot a giraffe. The Gauthiot Falls, which previously have only twice been visited by Europeans, take their name from their discoverer, who



105. Post of Lay.



106. Drainigolo.



107. Fish-drying frame.



108. Massa village.



came upon them when he was navigating the Mao-Kebbi. They are a wonderful sight, for the water dashes down from a height of over 160 feet. I rode over the stony hills, and again struck the Mao-Kebbi, here known as the Mao-Pe. It is a true forest stream, surrounded by beautiful woods, but its banks swarm with tsetse flies. Further on I crossed the dry beds of the Mao-Lede, the Mao-Deng, and the Mao-Koddi.

The road rises steadily towards the West, and a beautiful view is disclosed extending as far as the mountains of German Binder.

We reached Lere on the 9th of June. (Illus. 113.) The castle-like houses built by the Mundangs are real works of art. (Illus. 117.) Lere is unique as regards both the architecture and the distribution of its houses. Straight lines are the ruling principle, the walls being perpendicular and the roofs horizontal. The buildings are of mud, and the roofs are made of thick, interlaced sticks covered with mud. The inside is complicated, especially in the women's houses. There is a sitting-room, a bedroom, a kitchen, a dining-room, and an outhouse for storing wood and provisions. The whole forms a small labyrinth, the centre of which is pitch dark. The inner walls of the principal rooms are polished, which makes them look clean and neat. There is also in every case a circular granary, built like a tower.

The sultan Lamido Ganthiome's palace is a huge building. (Illus. 119.) It resembles a castle, and besides the sultan's house and that of his sons, contains stables, a reception room, and an entrance hall, as well as apartments for about a hundred wives. There are also within the building the usual tall, circular granaries.

(illus. 120), which are entered through a round hole in the top, just big enough to admit a man, and to which a ladder gives access. Inside they are divided by partitions, so that the different kinds of corn may be kept separate.

The Lamido possesses considerable authority, and takes a great interest in the cultivation of the fields. The French taught him how to grow cotton, and supplied him with seed.

Lere lies at the foot of rocky mountains, from the top of which there is a magnificent view over the surrounding country. Beyond the mountains there are two lakes, a large and a small one. They are full of fish, and on the banks there is a most interesting animal, a kind of mermaid or walrus, which the Mundangs call a *nebi*. It is also found in the Benue and on the Cameroons coast. It is oval in shape, and when full-grown is about ten feet long; its skin is as thick as that of a hippopotamus, and the natives make it into whips. Native hunters kill the *nebi* with a harpoon, and one of them boasted to me that he had killed more than a hundred. My own attempts with a rifle failed. When the lake was smooth, I often saw the heads of these interesting creatures appearing above the surface of the water, and heard their strange cries. One day I watched a *nebi* hunter in his boat. Noiselessly he paddled hither and thither, and suddenly he wheeled round. Surely he must have sighted a *nebi*! For half an hour he hurried to and fro; at last he seemed to be close to his prey, he drew in his paddles, took his harpoon in his right hand, raised himself cautiously, aimed carefully and——missed! Presently the same thing happened again, so that I began to think that this method of hunting must be



109. Massa head-dress.



110. Massa women.



111. Bana farmstead near Ham.



112. The Mao-Kebbi.

somewhat precarious. Before leaving, I offered a large reward for the capture of one of these animals, but nothing came of it.

The manners and customs of the Mundangs resemble those of the neighbouring tribes. Their principal occupation is agriculture, but they also fish. They cultivate peas and beans, potatoes and nuts, as well as the various varieties of durra. Cattle rearing is also an important industry.

The Mundang burial ceremonies are interesting. The rich have a long, rectangular grave, but the poor are put into a round hole. A man is placed on his left side in a squatting posture, with his head pointing to the North, and his hands folded above it. A woman is placed in a similar position, but on her right side. Wailing is an important part of the ceremonial, and is kept up for several days; it may even last a year with intervals of rest. Great feasting and carousing takes place in honour of the dead; millet beer, which is called *pipi*, flows freely, and numerous cows and goats are sacrificed.

The Mundangs are a strong, fearless people, and have often fought with the Fulbes, when the latter sought to enlarge their borders. It is a remarkable fact that the well armed and mounted Fulbes were generally defeated by these naked savages, armed only with bows and poisoned arrows.

On the 15th of June we left Lere. Lieutenant Bouhaben accompanied me as far as the lake, where our collapsible boat was waiting to convey me to Kebbi, at the western extremity of the lake. Haberer had already spent some days here, and in spite of his illness had collected a good many specimens. Schmidt followed by road with the caravan. I hoped to kill a

*nebi* during the three hours' voyage, but was doomed to disappointment.

At Kebbi I was met by Lieutenant Weyse, and we travelled on together in a tandem dog-cart, accompanied by a mounted escort. As far as Golombe the roads were very heavy, and the water was often up to our axles. Further on we came to a mountainous district; the road became steeper and steeper, and the landscape wilder and more beautiful. A band of Fulbe horsemen in their brilliant dress, added to the beauty of the scenery. Amongst them was the son of the Lamido of Garua, sent by his father to welcome us.

On the 20th of June we set out in the early morning, and a two hours' ride brought us within sight of the outskirts of Garua. Like a castle set on a hill, its white towers gleamed in the sunlight against the dark background of the mountains. Garua may well be proud both of its superb position, and of its steadily increasing population.

The days passed rapidly in visiting the Lamido and the town, and in riding about the neighbourhood. One day we made an excursion to the interesting Falli hamlets on the Tengelin plateau. Their mushroom-like huts are crowded together on the plateau, and in the valleys and gorges of the mountains. Their impregnable position, as well as their poisoned arrows, safeguards their independence. Many of the hamlets are surrounded by a *Euphorbia* hedge, and we also saw some large monkey trees.

Early in July we bade farewell to Garua, and a steel-boat conveyed us down the Benue homeward bound!

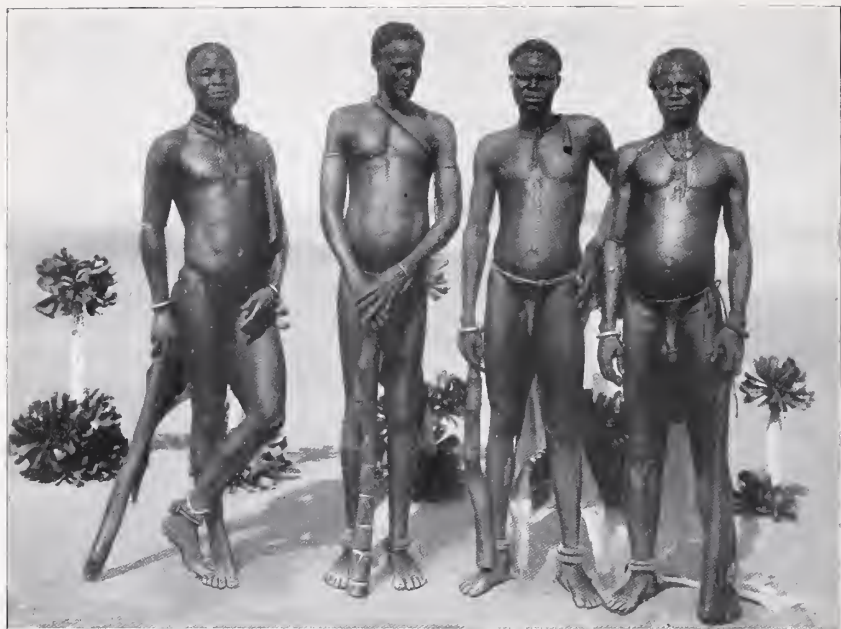


*Lere*

113. Lere.



114. Ham on the Logone.



115. Bana men.

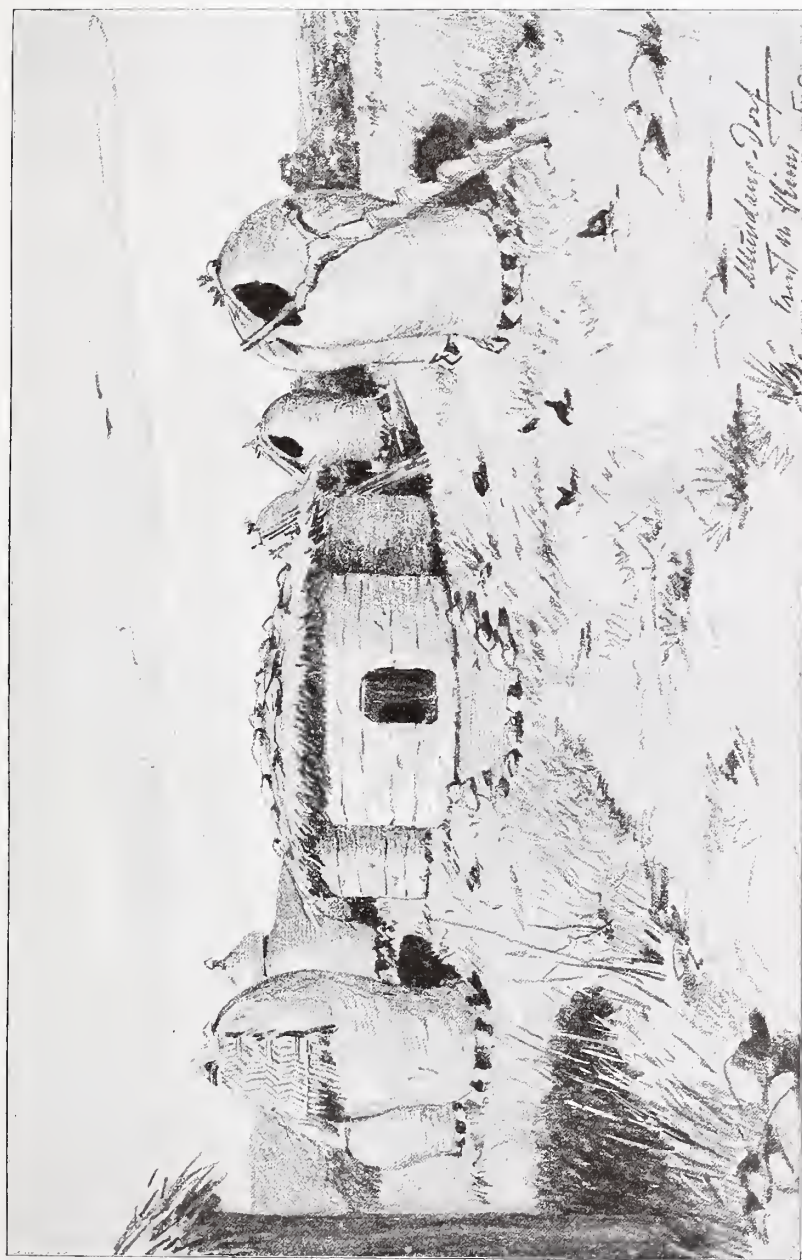


116. Bana women.



CHAPTERS VII TO IX  
FROM LAKE TCHAD TO THE NIGER  
BY  
ERNST M. HEIMS





117. Mundang village.



118. Station house at Lere.



119. Lamido Ganthiome and two of his wives.

## CHAPTER VII

### THROUGH THE LAND OF THE MUSGUMS TO LAKE TCHAD

ON the 26th of December 1910 His Highness, First Lieutenant von Raben, Professor Haberer, Doctor Trepper, and I set out on our travels through the country inhabited by the Musgums, between the Logone and the Shari. This is a part of the Cameroons which has probably been less explored than any other. An escort of fifteen horsemen belonging to the 3rd Company, stationed in Kusseri, accompanied our caravan, and made a striking appearance in their khaki uniforms and red caps, with their carbines slung from their saddles. The Mecklenburg flag and the German standard fluttered at the head of the caravan. We rode next, followed by the cavalry, whilst the "boys" and 180 bearers brought up the rear. It was a glorious morning, and our spirits rose as we rode through the bush; every now and then we caught sight of water-buck, grass antelopes, roan buck, and wart hogs.

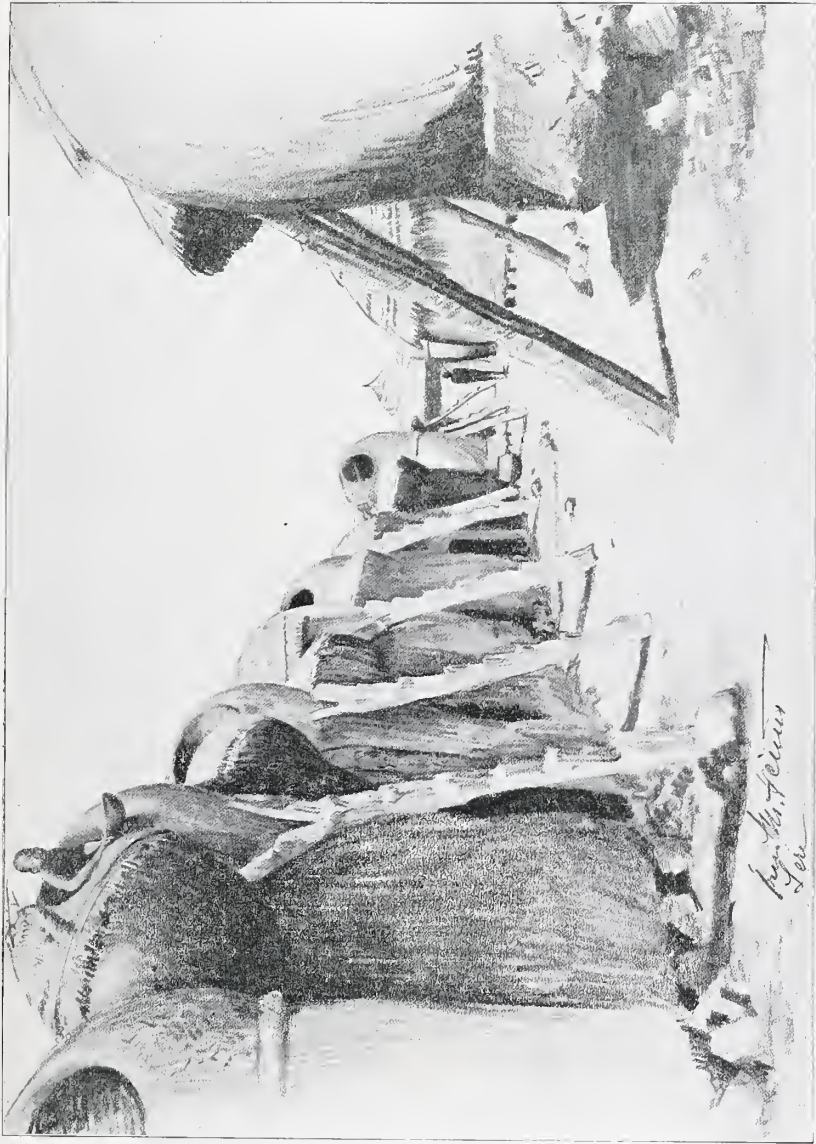
At about noon we reached the Kanuri hamlet, Udjun-Gubua, and here we encamped. The horses were watered and groomed, and the whole picture called to mind an African field-day. The following day the scenery was very similar, and we came across several gazelles, and innumerable birds of all kinds. They twittered on every bough, reminding us of a

spring day at home. We saw an extraordinary number of guinea-fowls in flocks of about sixty, but they were very timid, and concealed themselves as we approached, or else flew away.

On the 28th of December, at about 10 A.M. we approached Karnak, a town situated on the Logone. Sultan Mohammed rode out to welcome us, followed by a large crowd of natives beating drums, and blowing trumpets, looking very picturesque in their white or gaily coloured dress. We rode into the town beside the sultan, through a lane of about two hundred horsemen, who made a brilliant display on their richly caparisoned steeds. Their bridles were gorgeous with long, hanging tassels, and wide brass frontlets. Many of the horses wore a kind of armour of padded silk, which covered their whole bodies from head to foot, and their saddles were embroidered with scarlet and gold. All these splendid trappings glowing in the African sunlight, with a deep blue sky overhead, and a background of green thorn bush, made a truly striking picture which I shall never forget.

Then came the infantry: 3000 bowmen and spearmen mostly in blue uniforms. This guard of honour escorted us into the town, amid the ear-splitting din of kettledrums, wooden trombones, trumpets, and the trampling, jingling, and neighing of the horses. Then a crowd of women advanced to meet us, and expressed their pleasure by waving their hands, and making a shrill, bleating noise. They swarmed round our horses till they began to prance, and we were forced to halt in order to avoid trampling on them.

On all sides men, women, and children were crowded on the flat roofs, whence they peered curiously at the



120. Corn towers in Lere.



121. Before the gate of Karnak.



white strangers. The sultan accompanied us to the guest house, immediately opposite the palace. Between our house and the palace was a wide space in the middle of which stood a gigantic fig-tree. Everybody was holiday making, and the sounds of drums and dancing met our ears on all sides. After a short mid-day siesta we once more mounted our horses, and explored the town under the sultan's guidance.

Karnak with its 5000 inhabitants, is considerably larger than Kuseri, but the busy traffic which characterises that town of fishermen is wanting here. Many of the large, well-built houses are falling into ruin, and traces of Rabeh's dominion are discernible. The inhabitants make very pretty objects of plaited straw, also beautifully carved wooden bowls.

The Shoa women executed a very graceful dance. Ten to fifteen women and girls stood in line according to their height, rythmically beating two wooden clappers, and wagging their heads from side to side with closed eyes. Whether they shut their eyes in order to avoid giddiness, or whether this is a feature of the dance, I could not make out. Little girls of eight or ten were particularly attractive when amusing themselves in this fashion. The boys preferred wilder dances, and leapt in circles like young maniacs, dressed most fantastically.

Sultan Mohammed had sent us a number of presents, amongst which was a young lioness who subsequently became my travelling companion. Our ride ended at the palace, where we tendered our gifts in return.

The palace is a perfect labyrinth of courts and passages, in which we should infallibly have lost our way without a guide. We were particularly interested

in examining five rectangular pillars supporting the mud roof of the audience chamber, which are richly decorated, and adorned with pictures. The latter are specially wonderful in that Islam possesses no school of painting. Religious principles are not, however, rigidly enforced, and we unbelievers were allowed to visit even the harem, in which there are about a hundred and thirty-five women and thirty children. We gave presents to the five eldest boys and the two eldest girls, and the children ran proudly to show the gifts to their playfellows.

All the houses are built of mud, including the flat roofs, which are connected with the interior by means of a staircase. A few houses and huts have thatched roofs, some of which, as in Kusseri, are adorned with ostrich eggs: the symbol of prosperity.

The neighbourhood of Karnak is well stocked with big game, and during three quarters of an hour's deer-stalking, I shot two roan buck and a Ducker. On the 29th of December, with a view to enriching our zoological collection, we organised a big hunt. At half-past six in the morning we set out accompanied by our soldiers and about three hundred spearmen. We took up our positions on a densely wooded plain covered with acacia bushes and tall, dry grass. The beaters advanced with terrific yells and shouts. After four drives we rode home, having secured a bag of three wart hogs, three gazelles, two roan buck, and an elk.

The next day was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, and a review of the entire army took place in front of the sultan's palace. With drums beating, and trumpets blowing, the sultan made his appearance on horseback, magnificently appalled, and

surrounded by his life-guard. The crowd cheered wildly as he rode forward to greet his mother, followed by the German flag and the trombone players. Then he took up his stand beneath the great fig-tree, and proceeded to review his troops.

The march past made a most gorgeous picture, and when the entire cavalry charged at full gallop, the enthusiasm of the onlookers knew no bounds.

The next morning the sad news spread through the town that the sultan's mother had died during the night, and the court was plunged into mourning.

After supper we brewed some New Year's Eve punch, Professor Haberer assuming the office of cupbearer. We sat together under the starry sky of Central Africa, drinking one another's health, and thinking of our loved ones at home. At midnight three salutes were fired, and rockets shot up into the sky.

At six o'clock on New Year's morning our baggage was shipped across the Logone, and at seven, we said good-bye to the sultan, and followed. After crossing the river, we mounted our horses, and rode for some time through a flat, sparsely-wooded country. Gradually the bush grew thicker, and tamarinds and thorny acacia shut out the view. At eleven o'clock we encamped near the Kanuri village, Aisambuli.

The following morning, having started as usual before daylight, we shot a few gazelles and *francolins*, but failing to find the latter, and not wanting to lose them altogether, we set fire to the long grass. This brought to light a gigantic puff-adder, the most venomous snake in Africa, which we fortunately succeeded in killing with a stick.

At the village of Kalchoa we received a letter from von Wiese telling us that his companion, Sergeant-

Major Röder, had fallen ill with blackwater fever. He had accordingly been landed at Mandjafa and Sergeant-Major Draheim had been asked to take his place. Haberer set out the very same night, and by eleven o'clock the following morning he was at the patient's bed-side. Apart from the serious nature of the illness, which we all sincerely regretted, this occurrence was a great misfortune for von Wiese, who lost in Röder a valuable assistant. He was particularly useful as treasurer, accountant, and journalist, and also as photographer. I made a few sketches in Kalchoa, and then wandered off into the bush by myself. Suddenly I caught sight of a magnificent wild boar standing like a statue in the shadow of an acacia, about a hundred yards away. I fired, but the boar did not stir. Cautiously I crept nearer, and then I realised that my boar was nothing but a tree stump! Fortunately there was no one looking on to make fun of me. The resemblance was so striking, that I returned to the spot whence I had fired to look once more at this trick of Nature.

We were now nearing the Musgum territory. On the march the Duke shot an eland, a hog, and a Ducker. At the Musgum village of Madubbu we received the welcome news of an improvement in Röder's condition. The bush now consisted chiefly of acacias, which grew so close together that we could see nothing. Suddenly our guide pointed out three equine antelopes (*Hippotragus equinus*) standing in a clearance. I looked on whilst the Duke stalked them, and succeeded in shooting two of them. Before they were skinned I sketched the dead animals.

About noon the good-natured looking Musgum chief, Mattai, rode out to welcome us. He imitated the



122. War-game of the Musgum.



123. Victims.

sultan of Logone, and appeared at the head of a body-guard of about forty horsemen. Some of them wore old Rabeh uniforms, others were clothed in *chalaks*, but the majority were entirely naked. The foot-soldiers presented a curious appearance, all of them wild, naked savages, armed with shields and bows or spears. They were followed by a crowd of women, who ran to meet us, uttering shrill cries of welcome. I shall never forget the extraordinary appearance of these members of the fair sex. In place of mouths they have regular beaks, but I will leave the description of these African beauties until later.

After a brief rest at the station of Maniling, we crossed the Shari, and rode on to the little village Abari, where Röder was lying ill, in charge of Haberer. We found him still very weak, but happily out of danger. As it was feared that travelling might bring on a relapse, it was decided that he should remain another week at Abari.

The heat became more and more oppressive the further we went from the Logone. In Kusseri the thermometer was hardly ever above 82° F., whereas here it stood at 95° F. in the shade. The nights, too, were hot, whilst at Kusseri in the early morning I often wore my thick sweater. Near Maniling we again noticed rhinoceros spoor, and we were anxious to ascertain whether they belonged to the common East African rhinoceros (*rhinoceros bicornis*) or to the wide-mouthed, so-called white variety (*rhinoceros simus*).

During the afternoon we witnessed a sham fight between the Musgum warriors, infantry versus cavalry. (Illus. 122.) They hurled themselves upon one another with realistic impetuosity, and were soon

enveloped in a thick cloud of dust. A few men were knocked down, but they jumped up laughing, and returned to the fray. The riders pulled their horses on to their haunches within a yard or two of the foot-soldiers, who leapt to one side, and then with immense bounds rushed madly in pursuit of the flying cavalry. Whenever a man fell off his horse, he was greeted with shrieks of delight from the onlookers.

The following day we rested; in the morning I made some drawings, and in the afternoon we took part in a most successful fishing expedition. The next day at 5.30 A.M. the Duke and Lieutenant von Raben went off hunting, whilst I removed our camp from Maniling to the Shari. I saw thousands of wattle-ducks and golden-crested cranes; during the night hyenas, attracted by the scent of dead game, howled round the camp.

The Duke had been lucky enough to kill two rhinoceroses, and I started off at once to sketch them. (Illus. 123.) As I had anticipated, it was not the wide-mouthed *Muchuco*, but the common East African *Borele*, which is found between the East Coast and the Shari. The home of the *Muchuco* on the other hand, is in a small area chiefly in Bahr-el-Ghazal, and in the neighbourhood of Lado, on the upper Nile.

Schmidt toiled day and night at the preparation of the skins, and the hyenas howled all night round the camp. We set a trap for them, but caught nothing but a vulture.

Schmidt transferred our camp to Maniling (illus. 124), and went on ahead of us with the baggage. Röder had now almost recovered, and for the first time was able to take some quinine without any bad results. Professor Haberer still remained in charge of him.





124. Village near Maniling.



125. Musgum women at Maniling.

At six A.M. I set off rhinoceros hunting. I soon came across fresh spoor, which I followed for three-quarters of an hour, expecting every moment to come up with the animal. I had tracked him for some distance, when I suddenly heard him crashing through the bushes. Presently I found his lair, which was still quite warm, and on the ground were some huge ticks which he had scratched off his body. But I had got to windward of the animal, so as there was little chance of my coming up with him, I rode home to camp. On the way my guide pointed out a fine equine antelope, standing about two hundred and fifty yards away. I dismounted hastily, and ran till I was within range; but I was so out of breath that I could not aim properly, and overshot the mark. And the fine antelope galloped off and was seen no more!

On the 15th the Duke, von Raben, Schmidt, and I set out towards Musgum, the capital of the district of the same name. We forded the Bahr-Sling, a tributary of the Shari, which from March till June is quite dry, but was now so full of water that our horses waded breast-high. A three hours' ride through acacia covered plains brought us within sight of Morno, which like all Musgum villages, consists of a large number of isolated hamlets, each composed of four or five huts. In the midst of them stands a gigantic bowl about twenty feet high, which serves as a granary; some of them are rudely decorated. Each hamlet is invariably occupied by one family only, and as they are built several hundred yards apart, a village often extends for three or four miles.

Shrill, ear-splitting female voices issued from every hut, and as we were pitching our tents, several screaming ladies approached and greeted us by turn-

ing somersaults in front of us. As they had nothing on, and their only ornaments consisted of large zinc or iron pegs in both lips (illus. 125), these capers were indescribably funny.

A heat wave which had been oppressing us now passed over, and at 6 A.M. the thermometer registered only 50° F., though during the day it still rose to 98°, and occasionally to 104°. A hot wind which felt as if it came from a furnace, blew all the time, and was exceedingly disagreeable.

I obtained a young serval (African tiger-cat) which soon became the devoted playmate of my lioness. Both were quite tame, and ran freely about the camp. The lioness, whose name is Simba, had grown considerably since she came to us, and was continually playing tricks on us to our great amusement. (Illus. 126, 127.) A third member of the party was a young hyena who was very quaint, but at the same time the ugliest beast that can be imagined. Her hind-legs were only half the length of her fore-legs, and her huge head hung from her neck like a big ball. At night she howled persistently, scratching and struggling to get out. So she was put in Haberer's charge.

We halted at Diau in order to inspect the iron-works in the neighbourhood, and we purchased specimens of the native handicraft. Gazelles were browsing everywhere in the fields, and even in the villages; I am not quite sure to what species they belonged, but I think they were "red headed gazelles" (*Gazella rufifrons* Gray).

Our way now led through endless treeless plains, with here and there a green oasis crowded with thousands of herons, geese, and ducks, huge flocks of beautiful golden-crested cranes, and many other

birds. Herds of cattle, horses, and mares with their foals grazed peacefully near the villages, so that we could almost fancy ourselves at home.

We saw in the distance the most curious houses I have ever come across in Africa. They were shaped like sugar cones or bee-hives; they were about thirty-five feet high, and the outer walls were adorned with rude carvings.

These strange houses (illus. 128 to 132) were mostly in groups of three or four, and they were perched on supports about a foot in height; they were united by passages about six feet long and five feet high. The first time I entered one of these huts I was much astonished; the voice echoed from the smooth inner walls, and a dim light penetrated from an opening in the roof, which also served as a chimney. In front of me stood a richly ornamented coffin-like structure, which I ascertained to be the householder's bed. At the foot of the bed was an opening communicating with a small pipe; a fire is lighted in it on cold nights in order to warm the bed. Bed-warmers in Central Africa!

The walls were richly ornamented, and the work, though irregular, had a distinct style of its own. I cannot imagine how these primitive Musgums can have learned to draw these designs, which I have never seen elsewhere.

The Musgums inhabit the flooded country between the Shari and Logone Rivers, and these fruitful plains are densely populated. In spite of the southerly advance of Islam and Rabeh's invasions, the Musgums have preserved their own customs unchanged.

At first they were timid and avoided Europeans, but during the last two years their relationships have

become more friendly. As we approached their villages, we were surprised to see crowds of warriors hastening out to welcome us. They shouldered their spears and ran singing to meet us, in long rows, single file; they surrounded us as we rode at the head of our caravan, and trotted beside us in small groups. The women, too, overcame their shyness, and bore down upon us uttering shrill yells of pleasure.

The way in which the Musgum women distort their faces is remarkable. Like some of the South American Indians and a few negro tribes in East Africa, they introduce flat metal plates into their lips till they protrude like a beak. Even little girls wear pegs in their lips, which as they grow older are made larger and larger until they are the size of the palm of one's hand. This custom is terribly disfiguring, and in old women the lip often gives way, the torn edges hanging down on each side. As a result Musgum women are no longer bought as slaves at Dikoa, or at any of the Soudanese slave markets.

On the 20th of January we reached the town of Musgum, in which all the houses resemble bee-hives, and are built so close together that the streets are only wide enough to allow one man to pass at a time. Great was the astonishment of these children of nature when I went from house to house, sketching the interior and measuring the various contents.

There are quantities of birds here, and at sunset flocks of pelicans, golden-crested cranes, ducks, geese, and ibises might be seen returning home to their nests. On the plains and by the rivers we saw herons and marabouts, so that on all sides there was twittering and fluttering. The pink pelicans were a beautiful



In the Market-place of Musgum  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims





sight as they wended their way across the deep blue sky.

On the 22nd we set out on our return journey to Kusseri in two large and four small canoes. During the voyage we hoped to be able to shoot some grass antelopes (*Adenota spec.*), which are here called pallahs. Four hours after we had started we noticed a letter from Röder fastened to a post on the bank. It was short and to the point: "Stop here, pallahs!" We scrambled up the steep bank and caught sight of a herd grazing on a wide, grassy plain. So we all three took our guns, and set out to stalk them while our tents were being pitched.

We were not successful, and the next morning we went further and soon came upon a large herd of pallahs. We landed, and this time we had better luck. The Duke shot six, Schmidt three, whilst I missed two, and wounded two more. After breakfast we continued our journey until two o'clock. Then seeing hundreds of pallahs on both sides of the river, we landed once more. In these enormous prairies stalking was very tiring, for the animals invariably scented us at three or four hundred yards, and took to flight.

Two hours later we returned to the boats, and could do no more hunting as it was growing dark. The night was bitterly cold, the thermometer registering only 56°.

As I had missed so many shots lately, my companions chaffed me a good deal, and one day the Duke undertook to give me a lesson in deer-stalking. I crept along behind him, imitating his every movement. Whenever an animal looked up we stood stock still, and as soon as it seemed satisfied and went on grazing, we ran on in a stooping posture.

In this way we came within eighty yards of a powerful buck, and our two shots cracked out one after the other. I missed and——so did the Duke! The whole herd fled in a panic.

We breakfasted hurriedly in Cholem, and then proceeded on our journey. We saw a great many ducks and geese, and in four shots the Duke and I secured twenty-four ducks for our men, so that they enjoyed a perfect orgy. At sunset we came to a broad sandbank which seemed to be a suitable camping ground, so we pitched our tents in this charming spot. The sole occupants of the bank were some Nile geese, and we politely took off our hats to them and begged them to take themselves off!

It was high time for us to return to Kusseri, all our supplies being exhausted. Every day the boy announced our "last bottle," or our "last tin," and finally our "last loaf." Sugar had for some time been conspicuous by its absence. All that we had left was a quarter of a bottle of whisky, and half a tin of jam. Apart from this our menu consisted always of pallah and duck, duck and pallah. In spite of the fatigues of the tour, which had made us all thinner, we were in good health and as brown as Indians.

We had just retired for the night when we heard two lions roaring quite near, but they evidently had more exciting business on hand than interfering with us, and the noise soon died away in the distance. The following day we rowed fully twelve hours, in order to arrive in Logone the same evening; we did no more hunting, merely shooting a few ducks and geese from the boat. Our canoe became more and more leaky, until it became one man's business to bale incessantly in order

to keep us afloat. Game became gradually less plentiful, and finally ceased altogether, while the vegetation seemed more luxuriant; the trees grew down to the water's edge, and grey, long-tailed monkeys swung themselves from branch to branch.

At sunset we reached Logone, which we found entirely deserted, the sultan having taken all the available people to Kuseri. The next morning, as we were proceeding on our way, we suddenly perceived Professor Haberer's boat moored to the bank; he was breakfasting comfortably ashore, and we promptly joined him. He confirmed the favourable report of Röder which we had already received at Logone by letter. Further on we shot three crocodiles, from which Professor Haberer immediately prepared blood films. Between Logone and Kuseri we counted sixty-six crocodiles sunning themselves on the sandbanks. All day a strong wind was blowing, and it was so cold that we sat in our overcoats. At Kuseri we met First Lieutenant von Duisburg who had come with Sultan Sanda from Dikoa for the Emperor's birthday celebrations.

The Duke describes these festivities in his diary as follows:—

“The ceremonies in honour of our Emperor's birthday were unique in their magnificence, and the display of flags was most impressive. No less than five important sultans, each with a large following of infantry and cavalry, had hastened to obey the Governor's summons to assist at the celebrations. Besides Sultan Mai-Buka, who resides in Kuseri, the following were present: Sultan Sanda of Dikoa, Sultan Mohammed of Logone, Sultan Djagara of Gulfei, and the representative of Omar, Sultan of Man-

dara, who was prevented by illness from attending in person. We were awakened by a salute of three volleys from the machine guns crashing through the fresh morning air.

“At nine o'clock all the warriors paraded on a wide space outside the town gates, which were decorated in honour of the occasion. Twelve thousand men, infantry and cavalry, were assembled in front of us, foot-soldiers and horsemen mingling in each group, for of course every sultan was surrounded by his own warriors. The Duke rode a magnificent white charger, richly caparisoned, and making a splendid picture. On our arrival we were greeted by an ear-splitting din, as all the riders rocked rhythmically to and fro in their saddles, shouting and yelling at the top of their voices. They welcomed us by brandishing aloft their spears and swords, rising in their stirrups, and cheering both us and their sultans. Rifles cracked, horses neighed, trumpets and bugles of enormous size sounded, whilst numerous drums and kettle-drums did their best to make themselves heard above the din. This noise continued unabated for a whole hour, while the soldiers marched past. Captain Facon, Commandant of Fort Lamy, with two French Sergeant-Majors, had come over to join the festivities.

“We were fourteen Europeans in all, and we took up our stand between two flag-staffs. On a platform to the left of us, Röder and Schmidt stood taking cinematograph photographs of the proceedings. All the warriors were dressed in gaudy colours: yellow, red, white, green, and blue, some striped or chequered, and some plain. Most of the horses were covered with long cloths which enveloped their entire bodies from their necks to their heels.



126. The artist and Simba, the lioness.



127. Travelling cage for the lioness.



128. Musgum farmstead.

“At two o'clock we returned to camp. The festive board was spread under tents, and all the Europeans lunched together. The sultans had special tents to themselves. Several Frenchmen had come over from Fort Lamy, and were gladly welcomed by the Germans, whose hospitality was often cordially reciprocated on the other side of the river. Thanks to the tact and courtesy of the Governors, the relations between the two stations were of the friendliest.

“The presentation of gifts was an important item in the programme of festivities. The sultans sent us three horses with full military equipment, as well as many other gifts such as saddles, rugs, swords, shields, spears, and all kinds of specimens of native industries, clothing and basket-work. With great ceremony we tended our presents in return in the town hall. Beautiful silks, European saddles, and threaded shell bridles were gladly accepted by these African rulers. They adorned their horses with the new bridles, and then, followed by men bearing on their heads the remainder of the presents, they rode out through the gateway in single file, as they had come. The crowd burst into frenzied cheering, and shouted themselves hoarse, their voices mingling with the deafening din of kettle-drums and bugles, the blare of trumpets, and the rattle of musketry.

“The second day witnessed the most important function of the festivities, namely, the opening of the first local native exhibition. Lieutenant von Raben deserves great credit for the skilful manner in which he won over the sultans to help him in this undertaking. The exhibition presented a clear and convincing picture of the manners and customs, dress

and occupations of all the various races and tribes inhabiting the German Tchad district.

“The exhibition of horses and cattle, sheep, goats, and fowl was most instructive for the natives, and the Government officials carefully explained to them their reasons for organising the show. It evoked the admiration and surprise of the French visitors, whose efforts to bring about a similar result had so far always met with failure. May the exhibition bear the good fruit that it assuredly deserves !

“The afternoon was spent in watching displays of skill by the archers and spearmen, and a boat-race, for which the first prize was a donkey.

“The morning of the third day was set apart for races ; the programme was a comprehensive one and included six horse races, a donkey race, and three camel races. The horse races were run over a winding course, and provided excellent sport ; the delight with which this nation of riders viewed the proceedings was plainly written on their faces.

“The donkey races provoked much laughter, still more the camel races. The camels evidently did not understand the object of what appeared to them merely an unnecessary exertion ; with open mouths and glassy eyes they stared round at their riders, and in the middle of the most thrilling final race, they lay peacefully down, and paid no further attention to the proceedings. The result was indescribable ; the spectators roared and screamed with delight. Fortunately our cinematograph successfully recorded this scene.

“During the afternoon we watched various games, paid brief visits to the sultans, and assisted at the displays of horsemanship by the men of Dikoa, in

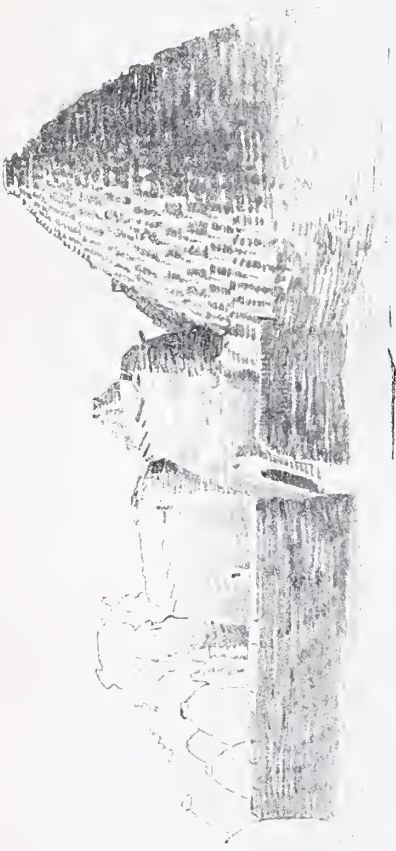




129. Musgum houses.



130. Earthenware corn store of the Musgum.



131. Musgum farmstead.



132. Musgum settlement.

which Sultan Sanda himself took part. We could not restrain a cheer when the Sultan, in a gorgeous blue burnouse mounted on a richly caparisoned horse, rode up at full gallop, surrounded by his men. The riders saluted with their spears, the spectators shouted their applause, and the rest of the horsemen rose in their saddles and added to the deafening noise by every means in their power.

“The crowds returned the following day to their homes, and soon all signs of this splendid pageant had disappeared. Everybody, European and native alike, carried away a pleasant and lasting recollection of the Emperor’s birthday festivities in 1911.”

The succeeding days were for the most part uneventful. We despatched the arrears of our correspondence, while Röder and Schmidt busied themselves all day packing our numerous ethnological and zoological specimens for transmission to Germany.

One day I set to work to make a water-colour sketch of a typical Bornu horse: a dark bay stallion with a good deal of Arab blood. The animal was so unruly and nervous that it took two men to hold its head, whilst a third patted and soothed it. The horses to which I was accustomed as models when I was Paul Meyerheim’s pupil were far more accommodating. But they had not in their veins the noble blood that made the earth burn beneath the fiery hoofs of this Bornu stallion.

We arranged a steamboat excursion for the benefit of the sultans, who had never been on board one before. The Frenchmen of Fort Lamy very kindly lent us the little “Léon Blott” for the occasion. Crowds of natives lined the banks as their rulers set foot, with secret misgivings but unmoved counten-

ances, upon this "devilish contrivance." When the vessel began to move, it was most amusing to watch the faces of our guests. Sanda of Dikoa wanted to investigate everything, and laughed with delighted surprise; Mohammed of Logone clapped his hands, at the same time slowly shaking his head. Little Mai-Buka of Kuseri was enjoying himself thoroughly; he wished to buy the steamer on the spot, and enquired whether it had two or four legs. When the Duke shot a crocodile, and it remained motionless on the sand-bank, they all applauded enthusiastically.

The next morning the Duke, Professor Haberer, Dr Trepper, and I rode out to inspect Rabeh's battlefield, two and a half miles from Kuseri. The Duke rode the black horse given him by Sanda of Dikoa; it was a handsome stallion with easy paces. A number of bones, cartridges cases, and bullets still mark the scene of Rabeh's defeat, where he and Colonel Lamy and Captain Cointenet met their death. The Duke wrote a short account of what we had seen, and sent it to Baron Max von Oppenheim, who has published a book about Rabeh.

In the afternoon we took the collapsible boat and shot four crocodiles on the sand-banks. One of them displayed remarkable activity after he had been killed; he lay for two hours in the boat, then suddenly in an unguarded moment, hove himself overboard and splashed into the river.

It was now time to pack up our possessions, for on the 8th of February the Duke intended to set out towards Lake Tchad and Bagirmi, accompanied by Haberer and Schmidt. Sergeant-Major Röder and I were to proceed to the southern shore of the Lake, and travel thence through Bornu. In the evening

I sent on our horses to Gulfei, which is situated on the Shari, beyond Kusseri. We were all going so far together in the steamer "Léon Blott," and Gulfei was to be the parting of the ways.

The days sped swiftly by; I busied myself chiefly in making portraits of natives of the Kanuri tribe.

At dawn on the 8th of February the little "Léon Blott" rode at her anchor in front of the station. By 9.30 all our baggage was stowed away on board, and then followed the embarkation of our menagerie. Most of the animals travelled loose, so that this was no easy task, and there was much scuffling and brawling. The lioness Simba, my Bornu dog Omar, and a young serval called Lucy, teased one another continually. Omar was a very well-bred dog, whose left fore-foot was missing from birth. But his wonderful intelligence compensated for this physical defect, and earned him universal respect. Even the lioness, who had grown into a fine girl, acknowledged the authority of Omar, who was quite her equal in agility.

Once more we took leave of our Kusseri friends, who had so often and so kindly helped us in our work; once more we shouted to them: "Au revoir in Germany!" Our siren hooted thrice as a last farewell, and we were off.

The next day we parted company; the Duke, Haberer, and Schmidt proceeded in the "Léon Blott" towards Lake Tchad (*vide* Chapter IV.), whilst Röder and I set out to try and reach the open water by forcing our way through the papyrus thicket which fringes the southern shore of the lake. Then we proposed to travel via Wulgo and Ngala to Dikoa, and thence after skirting the Mandara Mountains, through

Mora to Marua. We hoped to reach Garua towards the middle of June, and there join forces once more with the Duke, Haberer, and Schmidt. For the present, we proposed to remain a few days longer in Gulfei.

The sultan sent us two half-grown hyena-dogs (*Lycan pictus*), chained up like wild beasts. I was very glad of this addition to our "zoo," for I had never heard of these wild dogs of Bornu. They were lively beasts, nervous rather than dangerous. Röder went hunting, and added several specimens to our collection of wild animals. The Shari seems to form a zoological boundary between Bagirmi and Bornu. No giraffes were to be found here, but on the opposite bank they were said to be very numerous.

Every morning Djagara sat to me for his portrait, which, however, vanished into space before I left Gulfei, and has never been seen again. No doubt the sultan himself ordered it to be stolen from me.

As I sat absorbed in my painting, a strange figure suddenly appeared upon the scene, and began to praise me as a hero, the greatest hero on whom the sun had ever shone in Bornu. I realised that the rascal was making a bid for the contents of my purse! When he found that it still remained closed to him, he proceeded to administer a stronger dose of flattery. He threw himself at my feet on the sand, which he scattered over his bald pate, praising me all the time, and comparing me to a camel, a large camel, a lion, and an elephant. Allah and I were partners, and could accomplish anything. I did not feel greatly flattered, but at last I gave the poor devil sixpence and an empty cartridge case. He departed quite happy.

During the night I was roughly awakened. I was

sleeping in one of the mud huts that had been allotted to us; the lioness and my dog Omar slept together in the next room, and the hyena-dogs had been tied up immediately opposite. The boys slept among the baggage. Suddenly I heard Omar barking and howling, and the boys shouting and scolding. I sprang out of bed, and rushed out to see what was the matter. The moon made the camp as light as day. Omar came limping up to me, whilst the lioness licked her blood-stained jaws, and the little serval lay torn and bleeding in the middle of the yard. The hyena dogs, too, had been hurt, but less severely. No one could tell what had happened, but presently I ascertained that some half-savage village curs had penetrated the camp, with intent to steal. They had come across the little tame serval, who used to wander about at night loose. He was hurt in the skirmish, and then the intruders came upon the lioness who was sleeping peacefully with Omar. Simba naturally resented being disturbed, and in true lioness fashion, boxed their ears and bit them savagely. The curs beat a hasty retreat, but on the way they met the hyena-dogs, who in consequence bore signs of a conflict.

The following night I sat up in the brilliant moonlight, waiting for the enemy, but in vain. I would gladly have killed one of the dogs, for this impudent attack was the crowning point of their audacity. Not only did they wander round the camp night after night, stealing anything they could lay paws on, but they howled for hours close to the windows, and refused to go away, even when the boys threw stones at them. They were clever and crafty, and many a well-bred dog at home has not half the intelligence of these semi-wild Bornu village curs.

On the 14th of February we set off at 6.30 A.M. Djagara had provided a hundred and twenty bearers, and two guides, besides a few foot-soldiers belonging to his bodyguard to look after the bearers. In this way our own soldiers were set free to help in preserving skins and stuffing birds.

At noon we reached the little village Gulfei-Gana, and pitched our tents. Röder took photographs while I sketched. The next morning we started at 7.30, and travelled all day through the dense thorn bush, which entirely shut out the view. In fact, Röder and I were almost knocked down by a flying herd of pallahs as we rode at the head of the caravan. Here in the bush we saw flocks of tame ostriches, belonging to Shoa Arabs, and in charge of boys, who anxiously drove their birds into the bush as we approached.

It was intensely hot, and we were glad to rest at the village of Buboma, which we reached at half past one. In the afternoon I went hunting, and shot a duck and a hare. The latter animal bears a close resemblance to his European brother, but is a little smaller.

As I was crawling through the bush, I suddenly caught sight of two golden-crested cranes perched on the dry branches of an acacia tree, about ten yards away, and forming a beautiful picture against the vivid blue background of sky. I could not make up my mind to shoot them, but my attitude was quite incomprehensible to the soldier who accompanied me, and whose one idea in life was to gorge himself with food.

On the 17th we reached the ruined village of Shoe, on the Shari. A few years ago the chief of this village conspired against Djagara of Gulfei, and endea-



voured to usurp his throne. He was unsuccessful, for Djagara heard of his plans, and the chief was forced to fly to the other side of the Shari, where he was received with open arms by the French. One after another his subjects followed suit, until only about fifty men remained faithful to Djagara, and these to-day are the sole inhabitants of Shoe.

Far away in the distance, on the opposite bank of the Shari, there is a high, steep mountain, rising in solitary grandeur from the wide plain. The Kanuris say that Noah landed there after the flood. I sat down on a little mound near my tent, and began to paint. Suddenly I felt a gentle tap on my sun helmet. I looked up in astonishment, but no one was to be seen. Then I noticed a kite immediately overhead, which was on the point of swooping down once more on my helmet. I was amazed at its impudence; I had certainly often seen these begging parasites flying round the cook's fire, on the lookout for a piece of meat, and I had seen them steal fish from the basket of a native, but I had never supposed that a kite would have the audacity to try and take my helmet off my very head! I laughed as I called to mind instances of similar thefts related to me by travellers with regard to this African bird of prey. A parasite kite (surely never was name more appropriate) once stole a mutton cutlet from the dish, just as it was being handed to a friend of mine by his boy.

The *harmattan*, which is a sand-storm blowing from the Sahara, continued the whole of the following day. In the afternoon of the 20th the "Léon Blott," with the Duke, Haberer, and Schmidt on board, steamed up the Shari, and anchored opposite

our camp. They had come back sooner than they had expected, and in the evening the Duke and Professor Haberer joined us at supper. They were greatly surprised to find us still here, for they had supposed that we had long ago reached Wulgo.

Early the following morning three shrill blasts from the "Léon Blott's" siren informed us that she was on her way to Fort Lamy. The next day we, too, broke camp at 6 A.M., and reached the Molo, a small tributary of the Shari, at half past eight. The bearers forded the shallow stream on foot, and we rode through it. In climbing up the further bank, my horse slipped and fell backwards into the water. In a moment I was out of the saddle, or I might have come to serious grief; as it was I escaped with a wetting. On the bare branches of an acacia I spied a vulture which was new to me, so leaving Röder to ride on with the caravan, I dismounted and shot it. It proved to be a woolly-headed vulture (*Lophogyps occipitalis*), of which it was the first specimen in my collection of birds of prey.

The freed slave Atangana had remained behind with me, and we mounted and rode after the caravan. We ought to have rejoined it within a quarter of an hour, but half an hour elapsed and still there was no sign of it. An hour later we passed through a Shoa village, whose inhabitants assured us that no caravan had passed that way. Evidently we had lost ourselves, which was all the more unpleasant because I had absolutely nothing with me. My flask had been emptied some time ago, and I had no notion in which direction Röder and the bearers were marching.

The Shoas told us that in another hour we should reach a large village called Makari, so we went on



133. Old Musgum chief.



134. The Sultan of the Maffate.



135. Street in Gulfeh.

*J. H. H. H.*

with the faint hope of finding Röder there. It was now noon, and the scorching sun blazed down pitilessly on the bare, treeless plain, covered with dry, yellow grass. Now and then we caught sight of a gazelle, but I was in no mood for hunting; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and my one desire was to reach camp. My good black horse was still comparatively fresh, and so was Atangana's chestnut, so we rode along at a good pace, and at last reached a town. The sultan sent word that he was surprised to see me, as he had been told to expect two white men, but not until three days later. Then I knew that we must be in Mafate. But where in the world was Röder?

The only thing to do was to off saddle and rest. The sultan of Mafate, a good-natured old man (illus. 134), invited me into his house, a large, well-kept mud building. Thankful to be at last in a cool room, I threw myself down on a mud erection, which was probably the throne. I could hardly believe my eyes when the sultan entered bearing a nickel tray, on which stood two nickel cups, containing a sweet home-brewed liqueur. It was kindly meant so I gulped it down, though it was not very tempting. It was followed by some beautiful new milk, which I drank to the last drop.

We held a consultation, and I learned that the only large village where Röder could have encamped was Makari 25 to 30 miles away. It was now a quarter past three, the horses had had three hours' rest, and I decided to risk the journey. It was essential for me to reach camp before dark, for I had eaten nothing since 6 A.M. and I had no bed or mosquito net, without which a night in Africa is not a pleasant

experience. My guide, a well-bred Fullah, rode a white horse which raced through the bush as if the devil were at his heels. Our horses, too, went like the wind, so that we could scarcely hold them. Suddenly the guide's saddle slipped, the girth having given way, so we pulled up while he adjusted it. My black horse and Atangana's chestnut at once started fighting, biting and kicking each other furiously. We slid out of our saddles in order to escape injury, and as soon as they found themselves free the animals fought more savagely than ever. Anyone who has ever seen a couple of horses fighting knows how difficult and dangerous it is to separate them. However we succeeded at last, and continued our ride, alternately trotting and galloping.

It was six o'clock when at last we caught sight of the tents gleaming through the bush, with the red, white, and black flag fluttering in the breeze. I was thankful to get into bed, for I had been nine hours in the saddle.

The following morning at half past seven we set off, and reached the village of Mada at half past nine. We spent the afternoon in hunting.

The next day we arrived at Mafate, where I had been two days previously. The old chief, who calls himself a sultan, rode out to meet us followed by the usual noisy crowd. We pitched our tents, stabled our horses, and fed our various animals. The hyena dogs were always ravenous; although they were given plenty of food, they gobbled whatever was thrown to them in frantic haste as if they were starving. So long as we were in a country where game was plentiful, it was an easy matter to feed our animals, and if we happened not to have shot

anything, we bought a goat or a sheep and killed it. At night the hyenas howled round the camp, and the hyena-dogs struggled to break loose.

Though I was anxious to reach Lake Tchad as soon as possible, I remained a few days in Mafate, painting portraits and landscapes. My models often roused my wrath, for they were not used to sitting still, and promptly fell asleep. They could not understand why I took so much trouble, but a present at the close of the sitting sent them away in a good temper.

The fact that my lioness ran about loose created great astonishment and distrust until the people assured themselves that she was quite harmless. Of course she was never quite unattended; a boy always kept an eye upon her, as she had now reached an age when she might have done much mischief. When we brought in big game, she was never far off until a bone had been thrown to her, and if the men who were removing the skin came too near her, she showed her resentment by growling and snarling with her lips drawn back over her teeth. As a precautionary measure, I used to chain her up at night. It was amusing to see the great respect in which Simba was held by the village curs. Often as she lay asleep during the heat of the day, in some shady corner, the dogs would slink up to beg or steal, but they fled with their tails between their legs, trembling in every limb, the moment she appeared upon the scene. I often laughed as I watched them. Unfortunately one of the hyena-dogs fell ill, and had to be shot. There were a great many "wart hogs" in the neighbourhood of Mafate, and as they are very good to eat, they found a place on our dinner-table nearly every day.

On the 1st of March at 7.30 A.M. we left Mafate, and marched to Sagumi, a village on the lake. The road led through endless plains ; not a tree, not even a bush was to be seen, nothing but the short, green grass receding in the distance as far as the eye could see. We pitched our camp under a solitary thorn tree growing in the midst of the village. Sagumi is a fairly large village, and like Deگو is inhabited by Shoa Arabs. Formerly it was the home of professional elephant hunters, but since all the elephants have migrated into the adjoining English territory, the people of Sagumi have given up hunting them, and have taken to agriculture and cattle rearing instead.

I had now reached the shores of Lake Tchad, and it gratified me to remember that we had penetrated to the very heart of Africa, where so few travellers have ever ventured before.



## CHAPTER VIII

### THROUGH GERMAN BORNU

THE swamps lying between Sagumi and the lake prevented our proceeding any further in this direction, so we turned our steps southward as far as Sehrum, where we crossed the Kalia River and finally reached Wolgo, on the further bank.

The Kalia is a small stream which flows into Lake Tchad, and now in the dry season was about 65 feet in width, and 13 feet deep. Our caravan halted on the bank, and five to eight men at a time, with their loads, were conveyed across in large native boats. The current was so swift that a rope had to be fastened to each bank for the boatmen to catch hold of.

We camped in the large village of Wolgo, and made up our minds to try and float down the Kalia to the lake in rafts. As long as the Kalia was sufficiently wide, we floated merrily along. At a bend in the river we came upon a hippopotamus mother with her little ones; the moment she caught sight of us she sought safety in flight. Several snake-neck birds (darters) swam in front of us fishing, and at our approach either flew away or dived under water. It was very interesting to watch these birds dipping in and out of the river, chasing the small fish that leapt into the air, and fell in dozens on to our raft.

The Kalia divided up into several branches, and gradually became narrower, whilst the papyrus grew

ever more dense. We still hoped to get through to the lake on our narrow raft, but we were doomed to disappointment, for the river ended in a wide impassable swamp full of papyrus. We took some photographs (illus. 140) and then returned disconsolate to camp. It was noon by the time we mounted our horses, which had been brought three quarters of the way to meet us, and we soon reached Wulgo (illus. 139), where a market was in progress. Hundreds of men of various races offered their wares for sale. Kanuris and Kotokos stood side by side with Haussas and Fullahs, Shoas, and natives of Tripoli. All this turmoil frightened my horse, so that he very nearly bolted with me into the midst of the noisy crowd, who prepared to snatch up their wares and run.

The history of the ancient kingdom of Bornu dates back to the twelfth century. At that time it was the most southerly province of the vast kingdom of Kanem, which was bounded on the North by Fezzan, on the East by the Nile, and on the South by the district now known as Dikoa. For many centuries Bornu was the scene of continual wars and insurrections, and its prosperity received its death-blow with Rabeh's invasion. Coming from the East in 1892, the latter rapidly laid waste the flourishing countries on both sides of the river.

It was Rabeh who restored the ancient town of Dikoa, making it his headquarters; its population grew to over 100,000, and it eclipsed all the towns from the Senegal to the Nile. During the years 1893 and 1894 the Tchad district was divided between the three great colonising powers: England, France, and Germany. The French extended their out-



136. A corner in Gulfei.



137. Kotoko house in Gulfei with washhouse and kitchen.



138. Borroro.



*James H. ...*

*Bornu ...*

139. Bornu house in Vulgo.

posts to the Shari, and soon came to a conflict with Rabeh. On the 3rd of March 1900 they took Kusseri, and on the 22nd of April a decisive battle was fought in which Rabeh was killed, and his head brought into the French camp.

Of all the great African lakes, Lake Tchad was the first to be discovered, and for centuries its shores were the commercial centre for the two chief wares : ivory and human flesh.

A four hours' march through wooded plains (illus. 141) brought us to Ngala. The chief, a perfect giant, welcomed us and lodged us in a large court-yard surrounded by a high mud wall, enclosing some clean huts for the accommodation of the bearers.

The present inhabitants of Ngala are said to be the descendants of a race of giants. In proof of this assertion we were shown some enormous jugs, standing in the open spaces of the town. They were of baked clay, and were quite devoid of ornamentation. When I suggested that the people might make similar household utensils for their own use, they shook their heads, and laughed at the very idea.

I was told that their ancestors had carried one of these huge jugs full of water in each hand, but the legend did not explain where these giants lived. I should have liked to have added one of the jugs to our collection, but the difficulty of transport would have been too great, so I contented myself with measuring it and making drawings.

The inhabitants of Ngala are mostly Shoa-Arabs. In the evening both men and women assembled to dance, and we watched their evolutions with interest.

On the 16th of March we started on the march to Dikoa. We set out at 6 A.M. but the heat was so

great that at nine o'clock we halted at a small village two hours from Dikoa. Although it was still early, the thermometer registered 106° F. in the shade. Our eyes burned, and the ground danced and shimmered in the scorching heat. We spent the rest of the day resting in some mud huts which the natives vacated for our use. These mud huts have the advantage of being delightfully cool in the day time, when the interior of a tent is unbearable. At night, on the other hand, we slept peacefully in our comparatively cool tents, but found it impossible to remain in the huts whose walls reflected all the heat which they had absorbed during the day.

Very early the next morning we rode into Dikoa, and were met by Lieutenant von Duisburg, who came to welcome us to his station. Röder and I rode on ahead with him, leaving the rest of the caravan to follow, and soon we were in Rabeh's old palace, which is the present Government House. (Illus. 142.) We were glad of a rest, for Röder and I were quite overpowered by the heat of the last few days. During the afternoon the sultan paid us a visit, and brought us a present of three sheep, twenty hens, eggs, bread, and honey. It happened to be my birthday, and I was much amused by these typical African gifts. I opened a case containing silks, and the great man went away greatly pleased.

The following morning we explored the town, and were surprised to find such large, two-storied, stone houses.

Dikoa owes all its splendour to Rabeh. In olden times it was an insignificant Kanuri village, whose inhabitants travelled to Kuka when they wished to enjoy the pleasures of a town. Then came Rabeh



Interior of the Mosque in Dikoa  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims





from the East, weary of fighting and wandering; he founded a kingdom and made Dikoa his capital. He built a palace for himself, and reviewed his troops every Friday in the wide square. But now this is all a thing of the past. The fine buildings are still there, and the cannons on either side of the gateway, but the red, white, and black flag flutters on the flag-staff, and Lieutenant von Duisburg resides in Rabeh's palace.

Opposite Government House stands the mosque, a very primitive building, which I can describe only as a little square mud box, open at each end, and with a few holes for windows. Solid mud pillars support the roof, and between them, in the semi-darkness, men kneel and say their prayers. (*Vide* coloured plate.)

To the left of the mosque is the sultan's palace, which like those I had seen in Gulfei and Karnak, consists of a labyrinth of courtyards, passages, and apartments. The sultan enjoys playing the part of Rabeh, whose manners and customs he imitates as far as possible.

The inhabitants of Dikoa comprise representatives of all the various races in the Tchad district. The majority are Kanuris, Shoa-Arabs, Haussas, and Fullahs, who all have their own separate quarters in the town, but who have also to a certain extent intermingled. Natives of all the Mohammedan countries in Africa came here with Rabeh, and representatives of all the heathen races were brought to the Tchad district during the centuries when the slave-trade flourished. The purest types are to be found among the Fullahs and Shoa-Arabs.

The Kanuris form the most important element in the population of German Bornu; they are the ruling race, and inhabit the largest districts.

We suffered greatly from the heat, for in Bornu March and April are the hottest months in the year, and November, December, and January the coolest. Towards the end of April the rainy season sets in, and lasts until the beginning of October. Bornu, with an average temperature of 85° F. is one of the hottest places in the world. Duisburg used to sleep on the flat roof of his house, and Röder and I had our beds carried on to the verandah, or into the courtyard. From morning till night the sun poured down relentlessly, and the earth shimmered with the heat, reflecting it into the atmosphere, so that we were obliged to work in-doors as much as possible.

I found many interesting subjects to paint, and the various races supplied me with plenty of models. Everything in the neighbourhood is so intensely interesting that a painter might well spend a lifetime studying and working here. I purposely emphasise the word study, because all the delicate tints, the various types of faces, the ever-changing expressions of both Moslems and negroes call for careful and painstaking study.

In the evening we often went for rides in the neighbourhood. My black was a perfect saddle horse, but Röder's chestnut possessed every vice imaginable. It had a very hard mouth, and used to buck on every possible occasion. Röder had constant trouble with the animal, and I often nearly fell out of my saddle with laughter as I watched him battling with his ill-tempered chestnut. It is always so easy to see the funny side of other people's troubles. I remember one day when we were riding together, Röder suddenly vanished from my side. The earth could not have swallowed him, for there were no holes or ditches to



Fullah beauty in Dikoa  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims



be seen. After looking everywhere, I at last discovered Röder and his horse on the roof of a Kanuri hut !

We broke into a canter, and the chestnut who was a very fast horse, tore wildly along, regardless of trees or huts, lakes or rocks. This habit of his was a great nuisance, but he was so strong and tireless that we could not afford to part with him. In the hard, stony Bornu country a horse that does not go lame in two or three hours is a valuable possession. My horse was coal black, with a white forehead and white feet ; he was a handsome animal, with a good deal of Arab blood. He had as much staying power as the chestnut, but was faster and had a beautiful easy gallop. He was more docile because he had not been used for the barbarous riding games of the country. The inhabitants of Bornu are looked upon as being born riders, but they have no idea of sparing their horses, or of helping them in any way. They always ride either at a foot's pace or at full gallop, up hill and down dale, as if they were on a machine.

This accounts for their barbarous riding and cruel bits. The curb bit consists of an iron ring pushed over the animal's tongue and lower jaw. The lightest touch on the reins is painful, and a heavy pressure causes the ring and curb chain to cut deeply into the tongue. Any one who has witnessed their games realises what the bleeding mouths of the horses must suffer. Another senseless custom is that of tethering the horses. The fore-foot is hobbled to the hind-foot with a rope which permits only a limping gait as they graze in the fields or are led to drink. Obviously this ill-treatment from their earliest youth must ruin even good-tempered horses, and it is not

to be wondered at that when they are let loose, they behave like wild beasts. The cavalry games are certainly very picturesque, but they constitute great cruelty to animals. The horses are whipped and spurred to a furious gallop and then suddenly dragged back on to their haunches, so that their hind-feet slide many yards along the ground.

Our lioness still enjoyed full liberty, and was a great source of pleasure to us. She was feeling somewhat lonely, for her faithful playmate Omar, my Bornu dog, was dead. He contracted mange, and as I was afraid it might spread to the other animals, I had to have him shot. This was the animal that was born with only three legs.

On the 24th of March von Duisburg was suddenly ordered to march with his soldiers to Mora, near the Mandara Mountains, and von Raben was also on his way thither from Kuseri. Mai-Omar, the sultan of Mandara, had been encroaching, and was to be deposed. What the attitude of his people would be remained to be seen. Instead of employing bearers, von Duisburg carried all his baggage on camels; this made him independent, and enabled him to cover a greater distance each day. Röder and I accompanied him for a short distance, and then returned to Dikoa to finish our work there. My portfolios were growing thicker, and were full of portraits, and studies of dress, weapons, animals, and landscapes.

On the 28th the *harmattan* blew all day. Coming from the Sahara, and driving the sand before it, it darkened the sky, and completely shut out the sunlight. It had an indescribable effect on the landscape, which I attempted to reproduce on paper. But I was forced to give it up, for the sand got into



140. Reed rafts in the Swamp.



141. On the march through the wooded plain.



142. Courtyard of the station at Dikoa.



143. Tripolitans in Dikoa.



my eyes, and into my paints, so that it was impossible to continue. Röder worked early and late, with the help of one or two interpreters, recording interesting data regarding Islam in Bornu. On the 5th of April we were sitting in the garden listening to our gramophone, when a rider brought the news that Mai-Omar had been deposed, and that no serious resistance had been offered. So we might expect von Raben and von Duisburg to return shortly. Two days later Röder and I both fell ill with ptomaine poisoning, and for a few days were quite "hors de combat." However, we recovered sufficiently to be able to ride out to meet von Raben on his return with his troops. We were glad to get letters from home, but unfortunately they brought to Röder the sad news of his mother's death, which had taken place six months previously. The following morning von Raben started at four o'clock on the march to Küsseri where Mai-Omar was to spend the rest of his life in exile. I caught a glimpse of this sultan of whose cruel deeds I had often heard, a figure completely wrapped in a burnouse, dismounting on his arrival in Dikoa.

It was time for us to be leaving, and to be traveling south. Lieutenant von Duisburg requested Sultan Sanda to provide bearers for us, and punctually on the afternoon of the 12th they assembled at the starting place. We packed hurriedly, for as there was a full moon, we had decided to march by night. At 5 P.M. everything was at length ready; the bearers took up their loads, and set off. An hour later Röder and I mounted our horses and followed, accompanied for a short distance by von Duisburg. Then we shook hands once more, promising to meet

again some day in Germany; the lieutenant turned his horse's head in the direction of Dikoa, and we galloped after the caravan. We had scarcely ridden more than a quarter of an hour when heavy black clouds began to obscure the moonlight, and the wind howled over the plain, enveloping us in swirling columns of dust.

The last glimmer of light had disappeared, and total darkness reigned when at last we overtook the caravan. Drops of rain were beginning to fall, and presently a tornado, ushering in the rainy season, swooped down upon our devoted heads. The caravan hurried on through the darkness, seeking some shelter from the wind, which had now become a hurricane, so that the bearers could scarcely keep hold of their loads. Vivid flashes of lightning illumined the scene at intervals, the rest of the time it was so dark that we could not distinguish our own hands, and the howling wind and splashing rain rendered conversation impossible. We dismounted and stumbled along, soaked to the skin, ignorant of our whereabouts, but hoping to come upon some village where we could find shelter for the night. The ground was uneven and full of holes into which one or other of the bearers was continually falling. I hung on to the crupper of my faithful horse, and thus managed to keep on my legs. Suddenly we were relieved to hear dogs barking in the distance, for this seemed to indicate the proximity of a village. The rain still poured down in sheets, and all at once we distinguished the dim outlines of huts and walls. We shouted, but there was no reply, for the village was deserted. As Röder and I stood in consultation, suddenly in the middle of the caravan we heard the sound of a heavy

blow, a loud cry, and then some one falling heavily. We did not need to be told what had happened: it was the chestnut lashing out with his heels. As I was trying to strike my soaked matches, a red glare blazed up and illumined the scene: somebody had set fire to a thorn hedge, and it burned fiercely notwithstanding the rain. One of the soldiers lay stunned on the ground. In the darkness he had come too near the vicious chestnut, which had promptly kicked out, knocking the man senseless. Fortunately my fear that his ribs were fractured proved groundless, the force of the blow having been broken by the butt of his rifle. This again had recoiled against his knee-cap, throwing him to the ground. His knee-cap was intact, but he was bleeding freely from a wound in the forehead.

I felt very much inclined to shoot the horse on the spot, but just then a villager appeared, and undertook to guide us to the next village. So we toiled on over the howling wilderness. The moon appeared at first fitfully, but after a time the clouds dispersed, and she shone forth in all her beauty. The rain ceased, but the wind did not drop. We ran shivering beside our horses, beating our arms across our chests in order to restore the circulation.

At last we reached the village of Djimbaka, but to our disappointment found it empty like the first, the inhabitants being in the bush. However, we pitched our camp, and were soon drying our soaking clothes at a roaring fire. We had brought enough provisions from Dikoa to last several days, so that we were more or less independent of the villagers. Before retiring we had another difference of opinion with the chestnut, which that night seemed possessed

with a devil. The next day was Sunday, and the Easter bells were no doubt pealing at home. On the 17th of April at half past seven in the morning we reached Bana. We had scarcely time to pitch our tents before another tornado burst upon us, and in a few minutes the whole camp was under water. Our lioness was playing about, romping with both men and animals to our great amusement. Suddenly she lost her temper owing to the soaking state of her coat, and she raged around like a lunatic. Before I could stop her, she made a mighty spring on to my tent, and broke the pole with her weight. After tearing about for some time, she gradually quieted down.

On the 21st of April we saw on the horizon the blue outline of the Mandara Mountains. A kind of thrush was singing in a thorn bush, its song bearing some resemblance to that of our blackbird.

At Kolofata, one day's march from Mora, we were met by a troop of horsemen sent out by the sultan to welcome us, and bearing gifts of eggs, honey, and huge baskets of dates. A few timid natives approached us from the mountains and begged us not to visit their villages, as in that case their wives and children would certainly throw themselves over a precipice. I laughed and slapped them on the back, saying: "My good duffers, we are not as dangerous as all that!" But I firmly believe that if we had found time to pay them a visit, they would either have run away, or else they would have received us with a shower of poisoned arrows.

The following day a five hours' ride brought us to Mora. According to the custom of the country, the young sultan rode in state to meet us, for we were the first white men to claim his hospitality. Mora



Leipzig 28/IV/1907  
Marktsuperintendent in Dikoa

144. Market superintendent in Dikoa.



145. Bornu hunter in Dikoa.

is a fairly large town, and lies at the foot of the Mandara Mountains in a gorge open only towards the north-west. The mountains are inhabited by heathen tribes of a very low order of civilisation, who admit neither Europeans nor coloured Moslems to their villages. We had now reached the southern frontier of Bornu, and were about to enter the Fullah district Nordadamaua. Mora resembles the other Bornu towns, but is smaller than Karnak, Gulfei, Kusseri, or Dikoa.

The next day Röder and I visited the sultan in his fortress. We crossed several courts, in which were kept whole herds of tame gazelles, and on reaching the apartments of the sultan, were warmly welcomed by him. He showed us all the curiosities of his palace, and finally the harem, though all his wives ran away as we entered. Then he conducted us in person to our horses. The people in the street cheered and shouted, and the sultan smilingly shook hands with us as if to show the crowd that he was on good terms with the white men. The same afternoon he sent us two adult striped hyenas, a leopard, three jackals, and a green monkey. I was specially pleased to have the leopard. The hyenas were very savage, and woe betide the man who came within reach of their snapping jaws. Unfortunately one of them had crooked front legs, which had perhaps been broken and badly set. So I decided to shoot him, and send his skull and skin to a museum at home. The jackals were dear little things about two months old, very shy and frolicsome. For the adult hyena I had a strong cage made of stout pieces of wood. When it was finished I found that the entrance had been made too small. The animal was making frantic efforts to

escape, and there was no time to alter the cage, so I ordered the natives to push the beast in. In fear and trembling four or five men attempted to take hold of it, but it bit them so savagely that they had to let go. At last I came to the rescue, and coming up from behind threw a large cloth over the head of the infuriated animal. I then beat the men violently with my hippopotamus hide whip, and forced them to take hold. Fifty men grasped the hyena, and it was amusing to watch them nearly throttling it in their anxiety not to let it escape. At last the beast was safely in its cage. At least so we thought, but in the middle of the night Röder's boy came running into my tent and announced that the hyena had broken loose, and was running about the camp. As the latter was surrounded by a high stockade, with only one entrance, which was securely fastened, I decided to leave the animal there until morning. Roder had placed a loaded rifle beside his pillow in case of accident. The following morning the business of catching the hyena had to be gone through once more, and indeed many times before we reached Garua. At the present time the lioness Simba and a griffon vulture are in the Berlin Zoological Gardens. Two hyenas, three jackals, and various monkeys were sent to Frankfort, whilst the Hamburg Zoo received a hyena, a leopard, and other animals. When I listen to the remarks of the public outside my lady Simba's cage, I often wonder whether anybody has the least idea of the trouble entailed in bringing the animals home.

Before leaving Mora we proposed to spend two days in the Mandara Mountains, in order to make the acquaintance of the aborigines. We begged the



sultan to provide us with a guide, but he insisted on accompanying us himself. At 6 A.M. we set out accordingly, escorted by the sultan and some of his suite. Straight in front of us we could see a peculiarly shaped peak, which bore a striking resemblance to a gigantic snow man. (Illus. 149.)

Wearily we climbed the steep mountain side, being frequently obliged to avoid large rocks that blocked the path. (Illus. 148.) It took us two hours and a half to reach the summit, and by this time a fog had come on so that there was no view, and still we had not got to the snow man. The last part of the ascent was less steep, and after crossing a few crevasses and boulders, we reached our goal. The head and body consisted of two huge blocks of stone piled one upon the other. The fog lifted, and far down in the valley we could see Mora nestling against the side of the mountain.

Whether any white man had previously made this ascent, I do not know, but in any case we immortalised our names by carving them on the rocks. Presently we caught sight of some natives standing like baboons, and watching us from behind some boulders. We beckoned to them to approach, and shouted to them that we were friends. The presence of the sultan and his people seemed to inspire them with a little confidence, and they reluctantly obeyed our summons. They were quite naked, and carried bows and arrows. I explained that we should like to visit their chief, if they would guide us to their village. They consented, and after more climbing, we reached some stone huts, that clung like birds' nests to the inhospitable rocks.

The native men came crowding round, and stood

leaning on their spears and watching us curiously. (Illus. 151.) The women and children did not show themselves. Presently a venerable looking old gentleman approached, and I had the honour of being presented to the chief. In dealing with natives who have had little or no intercourse with white men, I have always found that a few friendly words will inspire confidence, still more so a few presents.

The huts were circular, with stone walls and thatched roofs, some of them being above, and others below ground. Six or eight of them were built close together, and surrounded by a stockade. We saw goats and sheep wandering about at liberty, but the cattle were kept in small underground stone huts. They were entirely excluded from the world, and received their food through a small hole just large enough to admit a man, so that the poor creatures spent their days in darkness until at last they were killed and brought out piecemeal. I could find no sufficient reason for this barbarous custom, the excuse given being that hostile neighbours might drive off the cattle, if the animals were allowed to run loose.

The natives struck me as being a poverty-stricken race, laboriously extracting a scanty livelihood from the ground.

After making some sketches I bought a few implements and utensils, weapons, military ornaments, fetishes, etc., but the people were not at all anxious to part with their possessions. Then as we had been repeatedly warned not to penetrate further into the mountains, we set off on the return journey to Mora.

There were robber bands among the inhabitants



"Kashalla" (Araber)

146. Arab "Kashalla".



147. Portrait studies.

of the mountains who preyed upon travellers, and even Lieutenant von Raben, whilst marching at the head of his caravan, had several oxen driven off from the rear.

On the way I shot a few African eagles (*Helotarsus ecaudatus*). Before leaving we presented our farewell gifts to the sultan. They consisted of a bay horse with halter and pack-saddle, some bales of good silks, soap, scent, and various other things.

On the 6th of May we left Mora, and after camping on the way in various Fullah villages, reached Marua on the 8th. The chief, who is called "lamido" by the Fullahs, rode out to meet us with an escort of three hundred horsemen.

Marua is by far the largest town in the whole of Adamaua. It was here in 1902 that Major, then Lieutenant, Dominik won a victory over the Fullahs and conquered Adamaua.

We camped under a large, shady tree, just outside the town. Not far off, under another gigantic tree, we saw a solitary grave bearing the inscription "Graf Fugger." This gentleman was camping in Marua, when he was murdered by a fanatic. Even to-day bigoted priests preach a crusade against all unbelievers.

Marua is a stronghold of Islam, and we often heard the muezzin calling the faithful to prayers. Twice in the night, too, the bell clanged insistently in the darkness, bidding them rise and pray. We saw some splendid Fullah types: men with noble faces, pale skins, and almost European expressions. The women had wonderful head-dresses made of red and white beads, sewn on semi-circular discs, and worn over their ears. I painted portraits of several Fullah

ladies, and also of the lamido, and I sketched the wide market-place full of busy traders.

Weyse invited me to pay him a visit in Binder, and I accepted all the more gladly because I was anxious to see Mendif, which is between Marua and Binder.

We started on the 16th of May at 7.30 A.M. and reached Mendif at eleven o'clock. The lamido came out to meet us with a large escort. During our stay at Mendif, one of my men was attacked by a native. Bleeding from a wound in the head, he came to complain to me. I enquired into the circumstances, and finding that my man was in no way to blame, I handed over the aggressor to the lamido for punishment.

We continued our journey to Binder via Lara. Lieutenant Weyse was suffering from fever, but he recovered in a few days. We were very glad to meet again, as we had travelled to Africa together.

It was time for me to go on to Garua, and Weyse set out for the French frontier in order to receive the Duke on his return from the Bagirmi expedition. On the 31st of May Röder and I reached Garua with our caravan. (Illus. 152.)

At the beginning of June we were to meet the Duke, Haberer, and Schmidt. Captain Schwartz, the Governor of Adamaua, was away, but his representative, Dr Range, informed us that the Duke was not expected until the middle of the month. So Röder and I decided to spend the intervening fortnight in the bush. We went in canoes up the Benue as far as the Mao-Kebbi (illus. 153, 154) near which we encamped. I spent the days hunting and painting, and Röder was busy from morning till night.



148. Rocks in the Mandara mountains.



149. Village of Mora in the Mandara mountains.  
× Snowman.



150. Village of the Mandara heathens.



The middle of June found us once more in Garua, where we met Captain Schwartz. On the 20th at 8 A.M. the Duke, Haberer, Weyse, and Schmidt also reached Garua, and after a separation of six months, the main expedition was once more united.

## CHAPTER IX

### ON THE BENUE AND THE NIGER, HOMEWARD BOUND

OUR last days in Garua were spent in packing, for transference to Germany, all the things we had collected during our travels. The chief difficulty lay in providing cages for all our numerous animals. We despatched one lion, three hyenas, one leopard, three jackals, thirteen monkeys, three marabouts, various birds of prey, and many other animals, all of which were gratefully accepted by the different zoological gardens. The soldiers of our escort were drafted into the Garua Company, and many of our "boys" found employment in the town; only a very few accompanied us to the coast. My best servant, who had taken part in all my hunting expeditions, and with whom I had not once had occasion to find fault, unfortunately died of dysentery at Garua.

At last we were ready to start, and we set off in two steel boats down the Benue River, as far as Yola. All the inhabitants of Garua came to see us off, thousands of people lining the banks as our boats slowly got under way. Our former "boys" and bearers followed us for some distance, shouting: "Good-bye, Massa!" We waved our final adieus, and then began to shoot down stream, homeward-bound. On the 5th of July Yola came in sight. Mr Holst, the agent of the Niger Company, received us, and kindly placed at our disposal the little steamer "Yola."



151. Mandara heathens.



152. The Station of Garua.

We breakfasted with several English officers at the station, and then, after paying a visit to the military commandant, Captain Robertson, we went on board the "Yola," and set off with the two steel boats in tow. Every evening we encamped on the bank, but during the night of the 6th of July a violent tornado overturned our tents, forcing us to seek shelter on the steamer. Unfortunately Haberer's boy, Issonno, fell overboard without being noticed, and was drowned.

On the 9th of July we reached Ibi, where we were received by the English residents. The same afternoon we touched at Abinsi, and Captains Fox and Gordon came on board for half an hour. The river here became both wider and deeper, but though the forest was very dense, there was a dearth of animal life. Not once did we hear the roar of a lion, which other travellers describe as a nightly occurrence. At Lokoja the Resident had erected a pretty triumphal arch in our honour, but Haberer and I were ill, so the Duke landed alone. He describes this part of the voyage in his diary as follows:—

"As I stepped ashore, the people, who had assembled in crowds, prostrated themselves and shouted: 'The lion has come! He is a great lion!' I suppose they meant a lion without a mane! We spent the night at Bagana, and were interested to learn that walrus are often seen in the river, and that many have been caught by native hunters. At half past three in the afternoon we reached Lokoja, and as we were not expected so early no one was there to meet us. The Resident, Mr Maxwell-Lys, met us half-way, and invited me to spend the night in his hospitable house.

"Lokoja is situated at the junction of the Niger and

Benue Rivers, and has recently been much improved. The streets are wide and clean, and there is a polo ground and golf course. On the former I met a number of English officers, and then I visited the native quarter, which the authorities are endeavouring to render more sanitary. Two men armed with whips rode before us, and two others brought up the rear, so that any native who omitted to kneel and bend his head as we approached, speedily made acquaintance with the 'kiboko.' And yet I noticed very few discontented faces, most of those that were punished taking their chastisement quite as a matter of course.

"I was invited to lunch at the officers' mess; Haberer was too ill to be of the party, and Heims was still suffering from fever. During the afternoon, notwithstanding the rain, I was initiated by Captain Archer into the mysteries of golf, and in the evening several officers and officials came to dinner in Maxwell's house. At 7 A.M. on the 14th we inspected the prettily situated hospital, and breakfasted with Herr Lackmann, Pagenstecher's representative. Our English friends assembled to see us off, and at eleven o'clock we were steaming down stream in the paddle-steamer 'Nigeria.' The band played on the bridge, and sent us a farewell greeting.

"That night we camped at Etohe. We met several steamers, and were surprised to see so much shipping. From Lokojo to Forcados the river is navigable all the year, and this fact makes Lokojo the most important town on its banks. From Sapame onwards we saw oil palms, which thickened into a forest in the Warri-Creek. The town of Warri is a charmingly pretty place, in a sheltered position. One or two

ocean steamers were lying at anchor, as well as a whole flotilla of steam-launches. The Commissioner paid us a visit just as we were on the point of starting. Two hours later we reached Forcados, and took up a berth not far from the Elder-Dempster steamer 'Elmina,' which we had chartered by telegraph to convey us to Lome. We boarded her in company with a few English people, and then, whilst our luggage was being transferred, we went ashore. Forcados is undoubtedly the ugliest town on the West Coast. Built in the middle of a swamp in an ugly neighbourhood, the greater part of the town is periodically flooded during the rainy season. A short time ago a steam launch collided with an engine, and this fact speaks for itself. However, Forcados is the key to the Niger, and is consequently a growing town of ever increasing importance. All the houses are built on piles, and the swamp is in course of being drained. The harbour is excellent, without rocks or dangers of any kind, so that the largest ocean liners can ride at anchor in safety.

"The Acting-Commissioner invited us to dinner, and Haberer and Heims had sufficiently recovered to be able to join the party. We were all very cheerful and friendly, and after dinner I actually won a billiard match. As a prize I was given the ball with which I had won the game, and every other player engraved his name upon it.

"On the 18th a violent storm prevented any further sight-seeing, but in the evening I invited a few gentlemen to a farewell dinner on board the 'Elmina.' The rain fell in torrents the following morning, as we slowly steamed out of the harbour.

"This was the end of the Central African Expedition

as far as Haberer, Heims, and I were concerned. I look back upon it with every satisfaction, and I believe that I am correct in stating that its scientific results surpass those of the 1907 and 1908 expedition. I have the gratification of knowing that I am the first German of late years to navigate Lake Tchad, and the first of all my countrymen to explore the interior of Bagirmi. I also consider that we were fortunate in being the first travellers to explore the unknown parts of the North Cameroons (Musgum and Tuburi) for scientific purposes. As we had travelled down the Benue more rapidly than I had anticipated, I decided to spend three weeks with Heims in the Colony of Togo."

Professor Haberer, owing to illness, returned home via England in the "Elmina."

The Duke's diary continues as follows:—

"On the evening of the 19th of July we anchored in the roadstead off Lagos. Captain Man, the Acting-Governor's Adjutant, came on board early the next morning, and invited us to breakfast and lunch. The lifeboat conveyed us safely over the breakers of the bar, so that we arrived tolerably dry. We were received by the Acting-Governor James and his staff, and the German Consul, and a motor was waiting for us on the quay. Once again I marvelled at the enterprise of the English; an entirely new quarter of the town was springing up, and everything required for the construction of the railway was smelted, worked, and completed on the spot. The new sleeping cars on the Baro and Zungeru line are wonderfully up-to-date, and there is electric light in every compartment. No less marvellous is the construction of the new mole, which when complete





153 and 154. The Mao-Kebbi near Garua.



155. Rest house at Togo.



156. The Duke (1) with Trierenberg (2) and Heims (3) on their cycle tour to Atakpame.

will enable even the largest liners to enter the harbour; the channel has been made by dredging, and will be kept clear by the strong ebb tide. The mole will be double, and its cost is estimated at two million pounds. The necessary stone is brought forty miles by train from the interior, sixty tons being required for each foot of the mole.

“During the last three years Lagos has greatly increased in size. The sand resulting from the dredging operations has been utilized to fill up large swamps, and thus provide new building sites. The sand was brought from the dredges through long pipes by means of compressed air; each dredging vessel dealt with 1000 tons of sand at a time.

“At three o'clock the lifeboat conveyed us back to the ship, and two hours later we weighed anchor and set off towards Lome, which we reached at 6.30 A.M. on the 22nd of July. We were filled with admiration as we gazed at the clean, attractive town, which is reputed to be the most beautiful on the West Coast. Last May a great tidal wave lifted the entire landing-stage from its supports, and hurled it into nine or ten feet of water. Eleven loaded trucks were standing on it at the time. Consequently everything has now to be conveyed through the surf, including all our baggage, and our menagerie of thirty-one beasts. Everything fortunately reached the shore in safety. I had begged to be excused an official reception, so that the only people to welcome us were the Governor Brückner, Herr Hermans, Dr Asmis, Lieutenant von Hirschfeld, and Lieutenant Trierenberg, the latter being told off to attend me during my stay in Togo.

“The ‘Möwe,’ a German guard-ship, lay at anchor in the roadstead. The Governor has done much to

improve the sanitary conditions of Lome ; part of the thick bush has been cut down, and as a result the mosquito plague has been considerably diminished. The climate is comparatively cool, the thermometer registering only from  $62^{\circ}$  to  $82^{\circ}$ , which to us seemed almost cold. A large lagoon extending several miles behind the town is a fertile breeding place for mosquitoes, which are a great source of annoyance to the inhabitants of Lome.

“The following day was occupied in preparations for our ten days’ trip into the interior ; Lieutenant Trierenberg kindly offering to accompany us. Our programme was as follows : to go by train to Palime, and thence on foot or in rickshaws to Misahöhe, where we proposed to rest for a day ; then a three days’ journey by train to Atakpame, followed by a day’s rest ; train to Nuatjä, another day’s rest ; and then train back to Lome. The days of rest were to be spent in making excursions in the neighbourhood.

“We started at 7 A.M. on the 24th of July, and in three hours reached Palime, which was decorated with flags in our honour. Accompanied by a great crowd of people, we stepped into rickshaws which were adorned with palms and little flags. At about noon we arrived at the foot of the mountain on which Misahöhe is built, and walked the rest of the way, the road being too steep for rickshaws.

“Misahöhe stands on the edge of the mountain ; the houses are white with shingle roofs. The station is often wrapped in fog the whole day, but when the mist lifts a magnificent view of the surrounding country is disclosed.

“In the afternoon we walked to a neighbouring waterfall, of which there are a great many in these parts. On the 25th after an early cup of coffee, we bicycled

seven and a half miles to Zechbrücke, which took us only twenty minutes, the road being downhill all the way. Heims made some sketches, while Trierenberg and I took photographs; then we bicycled to the sleeping-sickness camp of which my former travelling companion, Dr von Raven, has been the superintendent for the last two years. The results of his treatment have been more or less successful: he claims to have cured a few cases, at any rate for a time. He even mentioned one patient who showed no signs of trypanosoma three or four years after the last atoxyl injection (an organic compound of arsenic), but the doctor was obliged to admit that there is no known specific for sleeping-sickness. The camp is an interesting centre for medical research, but clinically it is quite valueless; politically it actually does harm, for the natives maintain that healthy people are taken in and inoculated with the disease, and as the result the population is beginning to leave the neighbourhood.

“Raven has at present 177 patients, but what is that among so many? One half die, and the other half are discharged ‘cured,’ that is to say, most of them relapse, but prefer to die in the bush rather than return to the camp. It seems a pity for the Government thus to waste money, which might be much more profitably employed. Medical men must continue their researches regarding the different species of trypanosoma, but the burden of the expense ought not to fall on the State.

“In the afternoon we visited another water-fall, and in the evening von Raven and the doctor from Palime came to dinner. It was bitterly cold, and the fog crept into the verandah where we sat. The follow-

ing morning we set off to inspect the Douglas plantation at the foot of the Agu Mountain. We bicycled through fog and rain to Palime, whence we were conveyed in a little cart drawn by several men for three hours up hill and down dale to the plantation. We inspected the oil plant, and after wandering for two hours among the trees, we adjourned to the overseer's little house, which is charmingly situated in a ravine. Oil palms (*Manihot glaziovii*), (*Kickxia* does not flourish here), and cocoa trees are cultivated. The production of oil is still in the experimental stage, and consequently last year's harvest of fifty-seven tons must be considered satisfactory.

“On the 27th we set out on our bicycles at 7 A.M. to visit a neighbouring plantation, and then went on through Palime to the Credner Falls at Pime. The water falls 260 feet over the bare rocks, and this is certainly the finest cascade in the whole of Togo. It was discovered and named by the explorer Gruner. At five o'clock we reached Krate, and found the inn prettily decorated with flags. The road was mostly up-hill, so that we pushed our machines more often than we rode them. At noon the following day we arrived at Ele, where we spent the remainder of the day, and slept at the little inn. (Illus. 155.)

“The last day was the most fatiguing of all, as we had to bicycle thirty-seven miles to Atakpame, through ravines and watercourses, and over a road strewn with stones and boulders. (Illus. 156.) On one occasion, as I was trying to ford a stream on my bicycle, I suddenly rode into a hole, and was thrown off, with the water up to my chest. The same thing happened to Heims, who was close behind me. We were scarcely in the saddle before we were forced to dismount again to

avoid falling into a ditch or ravine, or sticking fast in a swamp. We calculated that we must have got on and off our machines at least seventy times.

“Over the fairly wide rivers Amu and Amutscher, we fortunately found bridges made of tree trunks. We climbed the steep but well-kept road to Atakpame, where Lieutenant Stockhausen and the other Europeans were awaiting us. The Mission Station and Sisterhood as well as the Government offices are on the heights, but the native settlement is below in the valley. Many of the negroes have built their houses in the European style, with glass windows and a verandah. An experimental plantation covers the slope which leads up to the station. We had intended to climb the Lokoto, which is the highest mountain, but were obliged to give up the idea owing to a dense fog.

“On the 31st a special train conveyed us to Nuatjä, where there is an agricultural college, in which Dr Sengmüller instructs the enquiring minds of the negroes in European methods of ploughing and sowing, etc. The following day I rode through the cotton fields with Trierenberg and Dr Sengmüller, and watched the farm pupils at their work.

“On the 2nd of August we were once more in Lome, and dined at the Governor's house, where we met Councillor Herman, and Baron Godelli.

“The rest of our time in Lome was spent in riding, exploring the town and neighbourhood, and paying visits, as well as in making the necessary preparations for our approaching departure. On the 6th we went for a half day's cruise in the “Möwe,” which rolled so heavily that we all felt somewhat

sea-sick. On the way back we saw some whales. At three o'clock we were once more on terra firma, having come through the surf without getting too wet.

“ On the 8th of August I went with the Governor, Trierenberg, and Heims to Anecho. A great crowd of people, headed by the Europeans and native chiefs had assembled to welcome us. We were presented to the chiefs, who were all exceedingly polite, thanking Heaven that they had lived to see such a happy day, etc. The Governor was paying his first visit to Anecho, and was enthusiastically received. After we had inspected the Mission Station, we went over the Hospital, where we had lunch with Dr and Mrs Rodenwaldt. We went home by boat, across the lagoon to the beautifully situated Government House.

“ On the 9th we made a bicycling tour of about eighteen miles round the markets of the lagoon. I was amazed at the crowds of people of every race, and at the variety of the wares. We crossed the lagoon and breakfasted in full view of about three hundred natives who for a time looked on in silence, and then began to dance. In the evening they executed the most wonderful dances, which we watched from the roof of Dr Rodenwaldt's house. I have seldom seen a more entrancing spectacle; a national costume was the only thing wanting, for the betrousered niggers somewhat marred the picture.

“ On the 12th of August I stood on the beach and watched our baggage being conveyed in small boats to the steamer. Three capsized and another was swamped, but the remainder got through the breakers in safety.





157. "Simba" on the voyage to Europe.



158. Hyenas on board.



159. Animal life on the Bahr-Keta.

“In the afternoon I had invited all our friends to a shooting match in the Botanical Gardens. Heims had painted a splendid target representing an antelope almost life size. Unfortunately the officers of the ‘Möwe’ were unable to be of the party, as the sea was so rough that they could not land. It was our last evening in Lome.”

The steamer “König” had been chartered for the 13th of August to take us home. At 6 A.M. we went down to the beach to inspect the surf. The “Möwe” was anchored in the roadstead, and was to take us on board pending the arrival of the “König.” We took leave of our friends, and embarked, accompanied by the Governor and Lieutenant Trierenberg. The heavy boat grated on the pebbles as it was pushed into the water, and the boatmen paddled vigorously until we encountered the first breaker, which tossed the boat into the air, and then rolled away under it. With all their might the rowers drove the boat on, and ceased paddling as we neared the second breaker. We waited in dead silence, anxiously wondering whether we should capsize. Now we were on the crest of the wave, and now we were down in the trough. Once more the boat was thrust onwards till the crest of the third breaker rushed to meet us. Once more we were on the top of it, and then the boat hit the water with a loud splash, so that we were all drenched. At length the last breaker was behind us, and we sped over the remaining stretch of smooth water that separated us from the ship. We had scarcely reached the deck of the “Möwe” when we were informed that the “König” had been sighted. We watched the tiny puff of smoke gradually growing larger, until at last the hull could be seen above the horizon. The

“König” anchored alongside of us, and with some anxiety I looked forward to the transshipment of our menagerie. (Illus. 157, 158.) This was, however, safely accomplished. A last farewell, and then the Governor and Lieutenant Trierenberg went over the side; we weighed anchor, and steamed out towards the open sea, homeward bound.

Slowly the beautiful town of Lome and the African coast faded from view. On the 23rd we touched at Teneriffe, where we found the German cruiser, “Berlin,” coaling. Her Commander paid the Duke a short visit, which His Highness and I returned on board the “Berlin.” We inspected the man-of-war, and then returned to the “König,” and proceeded to Madeira. On the 29th of August we arrived at Boulogne, where Herr Eiffe and Herr Sanne came on board to welcome the Duke.

In the music-room that evening we were merrily celebrating our safe return, when I crept out, and created much amusement by suddenly bringing my lioness “Simba” into the brilliantly lighted saloon. On the 31st the “König” steamed up the Elbe, and we were met by the “Lome” on board of which were Her Royal Highness the Grand-duchess Marie, His Royal Highness the Grand-duke Friedrich Franz of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, His Highness Duke Paul Friedrich of Mecklenburg, and Her Highness Princess Marie Antoinette of Mecklenburg. The ships in the harbour of Hamburg were gaily decorated with flags, and soon our vessel was moored alongside the Petersen quay. We were home at last!

CHAPTERS X TO XIII  
TOWARDS THE NILE

BY

CAPTAIN VON WIESE UND KAISERSWALDAU



## CHAPTER X

### FURTHER EAST

ON the 1st of January 1911 Monsieur Ruet, who was on his way back to Bangi, Sergeant-Major Röder, and I left Fort Lamy in the last steamer of the season. I was to make my way back as rapidly as possible via Archambault, Crampel, and Sibut to Possel, and thence travel up the Ubangi to the Nile. Dr Schubotz, the zoologist, was to join me at Crampel. There is little to describe about our return journey to the Ubangi, since but a few months previously I had marched along the same route in the opposite direction, as described in Chapter II.

At first we were singularly unfortunate. On the third day after leaving Fort Lamy, Sergeant-Major Röder became so seriously ill with black-water fever that I was obliged to leave him behind. At Mandjafa I committed him to the care of an Ambulance Sergeant-Major whom I summoned from the German station Maniling, immediately opposite Mandjafa. I also sent urgent messages requesting Dr Haberer to come and take charge of Röder. His illness was all the more unfortunate because I had been counting on his assistance and must now travel alone, leaving Röder to rejoin the Duke's party on his recovery.

On the voyage up the river, I was continually checked owing to defects in the engine-room. These old steamers, the "Léon Blott" and the "Jacques

d'Uzès," had for fifteen years been in constant use in charge of incompetent black engineers, and had never been thoroughly overhauled during the whole of that time. The wonder was, not that they occasionally broke down, but that they ever went on again. Apart from these delays, the low water caused us so often to run aground that we did not reach Archambault until the 15th of January. We were, however, very thankful to arrive at all by steamer. The water was certainly more favourable this year than usual, for, as a rule, after January steamers take two or three months to travel from Fort Lamy to Archambault, and it is so precarious a voyage that many Frenchmen postpone going home on leave rather than undertake this part of the journey. There is often so little water in the Shari that boats have to be dragged over long stretches of sand. Since the Shari is navigable only during certain months of the year, the necessity for a railway from the West Coast to the Tchad district is obvious.

From Archambault I set out on foot via Irena and Kabo to Crampel, through a barren country, in which, however, both big game and mosquitoes were plentiful. The latter were in fact so numerous near Irena that I was obliged to travel by night, and take refuge during the day under a mosquito-net. I shot some water-buck, saiga-antelopes, and baboons. The ground was very stony, and the grass consequently so short that the game was easy to track. I was disappointed not to find Dr Schubotz at Crampel, both the Duke's letters and mine having unaccountably gone astray. Being therefore in ignorance of our altered programme, he had travelled north, expecting to meet me at Archambault, and must have





160. Von Wiese's constant companions on the journey along the Ubangi to the Nile.



161. Bank of the Ubangi, East of Possel.

passed me on the road. In order not to lose any more time, especially as I knew that it would be almost impossible to obtain bearers for us both, I determined to set out alone towards the Ubangi.

As I marched along the road between Crampel and Sibut, I saw active operations in progress. An officer was superintending the construction of a motor road, at which six hundred men were working, to the importance of which I have already alluded in Chapter II. Further on I encountered two thousand natives carrying material for the construction of the telegraph between Bangi and Lake Tchad, then reinforcements dispatched from the Senegal to Wadai with large supplies of provisions and ammunition, and finally fifty-nine European officers, medical men, and sub-officers sent direct from France to support the Government in Wadai. Amongst them I met Colonel Largeau, the successor to Colonel Moll, who was killed near Abescher. He had orders to lead a strong force against the Wadais and Massalits, and was reinforced for the purpose with four battalions of Senegal riflemen, with cavalry and artillery.

The military transport naturally requisitioned all the available bearers and boats. If, therefore, our whole party had been travelling together along this route, we should have found it quite impossible to obtain enough bearers, and we should very likely have spent months waiting about on the main road. For this reason I deemed it expedient to divide the expedition into two parties.

I proposed to march on towards Possel, whilst Dr Schubotz made a tour in the district east of the Shari, near the Bahr-Salamat and the Bahr-Keta, where a plentiful supply of wild animals provided

a rich field for zoological research. (Illus. 159.) A few weeks later he returned to Crampel via Archambault, along the west bank of the Gribingi, and followed in my wake.

Meanwhile I had reached Fort Sibut, and found it so difficult to obtain bearers that I made up my mind to go by boat to Possel down the Tomi and Kemo Rivers. Owing to the laziness of my boatmen this voyage took five days, though the same distance can easily be accomplished on foot in three days. The natives were beginning to burn the grass on both sides of the river, and to carry out their noisy methods of hunting, driving the frightened animals before them. Every evening the fiery red sky reflected the burning plains, and the crackling of the trees could be heard a long way off. Quantities of ashes were scattered in every direction by the wind, and as they were blown about, alighted on our faces, until we looked as black as niggers; they also gave rise to inflammation of the eyes.

In Possel I was surprised again to find no news of Schubotz. I did not know that he had asked the Duke's permission to follow the course of the Uelle from Yakoma as far as Lado, instead of accompanying me along the Ubangi to the Nile. The vast Congo forest with its unexplored mysteries, and the hope of shooting some of the rare okapis, were a far greater attraction to him than the prospect of travelling in the sultanates and in Bahr-el-Ghazal. As Schubotz wrote to me, my itinerary seemed to offer nothing but "a daily struggle, firstly with passive resisters against the authority of a feeble Government, secondly, with the natural indolence of the natives, and thirdly, with the submerged and almost impass-



162. Forest avenues on the Ubangi.



163. Banda women of the Togbo tribe.



164. Banziri woman at the hair-dresser's.

able roads." I was fully alive to all these obstacles. But as one of the principal objects of the expedition was to explore the three great sultanates of the Mbomu district, I resolved to adhere to my programme. At the same time I was sorry to be deprived of Schubotz' company, especially as I had been obliged to part with Sergeant-Major Röder.

Since the famous, but disastrous military expedition of Commandant Marchand to Fashoda, no explorer, or at any rate no scientific explorer, had visited the country through which I now proposed to travel. So with the Nile for my goal, I set off eastwards with a light heart.

Knowing that, in face of the transport difficulties, my baggage would prove the greatest hindrance to my progress, I decided to take as little as possible, and to leave the remainder at Possel. My caravan was composed of a Bornu cook, two Suaheli "boys" who had been with me during my previous African travels, two natives of Jaunde who had served in the Cameroons Constabulary, and forty loads. (Illus. 160.) The bearers and boatmen essential to my progress had to be procured from day to day in the villages. It was seldom possible to find natives who were willing to accompany me for more than one or two days, and the constant changing of bearers proved a perpetual worry, as the people either entirely refused their services, or else demanded extortionate payment. The customary rate of pay for the Ubangi boatmen was two francs a day and their food: reckoned according to European standards, this would amount to nearly a pound a day. On several occasions the boatmen agreed to accompany me, and then stopped midway, declining to go any further unless

I promised them a generous present in addition to their stipulated payment. The only thing to do was to refuse firmly, and when this failed, to give in weakly. Sometimes the men simply took to their heels and left us far away from any village without a single bearer. The Government could give us no assistance, since in the first place the stations were too far apart, and in the second place, when we did complain to the officials, their only reply was to shrug their shoulders regretfully. The authority of the Government was not strong enough to enable them to institute reforms or punish the rebels.

I found that the usual articles accepted in other colonies in place of money, *e.g.* cloth, beads, etc., were not welcome here. But the transport difficulties made it impossible for me to carry other valuable presents, which might have melted the hearts of the negroes. Even the carriage of my forty loads was sufficiently troublesome. They included tent, bed, table, clothes, medicine, ammunition, guns, photographic apparatus, cooking utensils, wares for exchange, salt, provisions, etc. No load weighed more than fifty pounds, as otherwise it would have been too heavy for people unaccustomed to the work of carrying.

It was a ten days' journey by boat from Fort de Possel to Mobaye. During the rainy season the distance is accomplished in four days by two little steamers belonging to the "Compagnie des Transports généraux du Haut Oubangui." I had taken the precaution of writing from Crampel to charter five native boats, and I found them duly waiting for me when I arrived in Possel. On the evening of the 18th of February I engaged the owners of the



boats to row me to Mobaye. Early on the following day I accordingly arrived at the river bank with my loads, ready for embarkation, but, to my surprise, there were neither boats nor boatmen to be seen. In their place a French merchant presented himself, and informed me that he had requisitioned my rowers, leaving me to find others. I hurried to the station and made a formal complaint. The officials took vigorous measures, and having fetched the men from their distant huts, forced them to carry out their engagement with me. As far as I could make out, the French merchant had bribed my boatmen to leave me in the lurch and row him to Bangi. This episode delayed me so long that it was noon before my flotilla of boats was ready for the start.

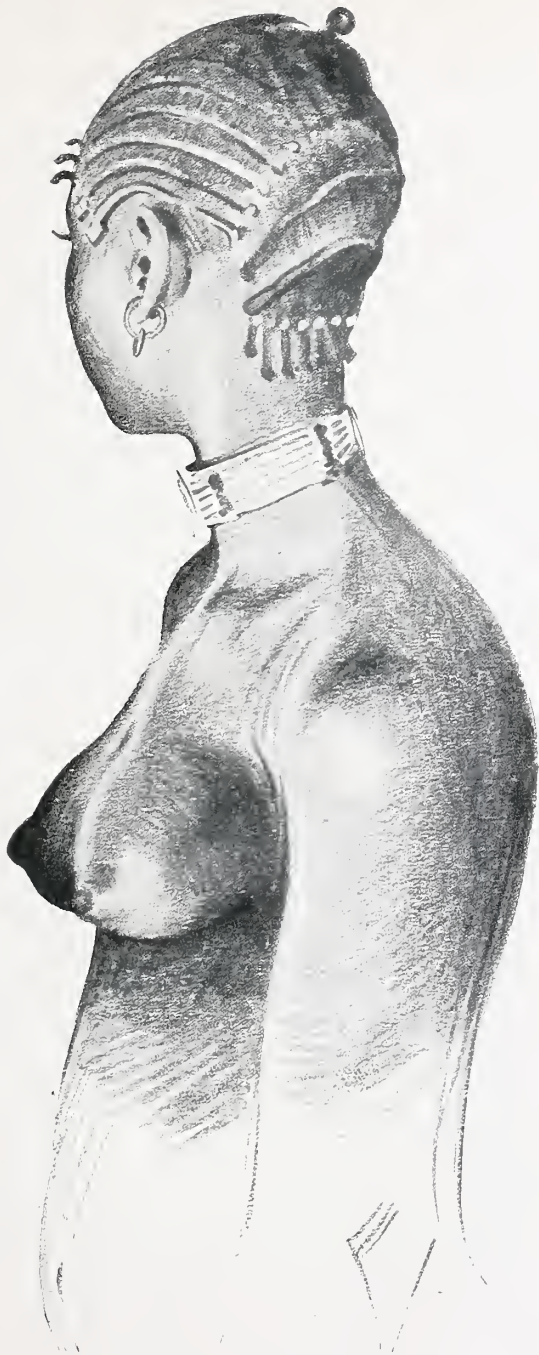
It was not a particularly attractive country through which I passed. For the first few days the river was shut in by tall trees (illus. 161, 162), but further on the banks were bare and steep. The width of the Ubangi varied from half a mile to a mile. We were rowing against the current, so that our rate of progress was very slow, only about one and a quarter miles per hour. At first I found it rather pleasant lying extended on a deck-chair, and gliding up-stream without any exertion on my part. But after spending twelve hours in the sweltering heat, cramped in a narrow boat which threatened to capsize on the slightest provocation, I felt quite exhausted, and was glad to land in the evening and pitch my tent. The Banziri boatmen chattered and sang the whole time, and diffused an aroma which was certainly not very fragrant, whilst the smell of their smoked fish and roasted manioc would have sickened the least sensitive individual. The odours in camp were not much better, and I

always had my tent pitched as far away from the natives as possible.

It was not until late in the evening, when the air was cooled by a refreshing breeze, and the customary chiefs' visits were at an end, that I could rest in peace. Even then I was tormented by countless mosquitoes, that made their appearance immediately after sunset, and proceeded to satisfy their bloodthirsty cravings. It was only when the moon was full that these troublesome creatures ceased their interminable humming.

I had supposed that this was the dry season and that there would not be any rain, but on the very first day I was undeceived. A few hours after leaving Possel, we were overtaken by a violent tornado, which tossed the boats hither and thither, and threatened to swamp them, so that we had to seek shelter in a creek. One boat unfortunately capsized, and several valuable loads were lost. The storm raged all night, and another boat was torn from its moorings, and driven helplessly down-stream. Luckily it became caught in the branches of the overhanging trees about three miles down, so that we were able to recover it the next day.

My first stopping-place was Bessu, at the Roman Catholic mission station of the "Holy Family," which I had already visited in September of the previous year. The Superintendent, Father Cotelle, welcomed me most cordially, and showed me over the station; I also listened to the orchestra, composed of native boys. I then drank his health in home-brewed beer and gin. I was much interested in all that I saw, and the two-storied dwelling-house was the finest that I ever came across in the whole



165. Banziri maiden with pearl-entwined head-dress.



166. Banziri fishing basket.



167. Sango children with pearl head-dress.

of the French Congo. The mission station has been established for about fifteen years, and there is no other, either east, or north of the Ubangi, or in the Tchad district.

The next morning our departure was delayed by another tornado. At about noon I set out for Zanga, near which are the rapids of the same name. This station is usually garrisoned by three soldiers, but, a few days before, one of them had fallen a victim to cannibals. We were tolerably safe so long as we kept to the river, but anyone venturing a mile or two inland ran a serious risk of falling into the hands of these man-eating tribes. The Bandas are still very intolerant of the advent of Europeans.

The Banziris inhabit the river banks from Possel to Kuango, and after this the Burakas to a point two days' journey west of Mobaye. These two tribes seem to be the oldest river inhabitants. They get their living solely by fishing, and own many boats, in which they navigate the Ubangi and its tributaries, exchanging their fish for other necessaries. They also carry on an active slave-trade. These were the natives that we hired as boatmen, for the Bandas possess no boats, and do not know how to row.

The Banziris and Burakas speak the same language. They are well set up and intelligent, but they cannot be said to be modest, and they are inveterate thieves. The women, who are considered the most beautiful in the district, dress their hair in an extraordinary fashion. (Illus. 164.) Red or white beads are plaited into it, and the whole coiffure often weighs several pounds, and its dressing occupies a great deal of their time. (Illus. 165.) Beads are readily accepted in place of money, one teaspoonful of beads being considered

equivalent to two eggs, and three teaspoonfuls to one fowl. I encamped for several days close to Mbrunga, one of the principal Banziri chiefs, in order to study the manners and customs of this tribe. They have no large villages, most of them consisting of only about fifty huts. I noticed many well-made fishing-nets, baskets, and other fishing apparatus (illus. 166), which, all along the river, emphasised the importance of both these tribes as fishermen.

I was suffering from malaria, followed by an attack of black-water fever, so I rested for a few days in Kuango, a town which is called after the river of the same name, a tributary of the Ubangi. Not far from my camp was a factory belonging to the Kuango Concession Company, one of the numerous companies which possess in their respective districts the sole rights of buying india-rubber and ivory. The head office of this company is at Bambari, on the Upper Kuango, where a battalion of sharpshooters is to be garrisoned in order to suppress the constant insurrections of the natives. West of Bambari, the district Governor recently led a military expedition against the Longuassis, who had murdered several soldiers and of course eaten them.

On the 1st of March I camped in a village of Sangos, whose chief was called Mambetto.

The Sangos (illus. 167, 168), like the Banziris and Burakas, are fisherfolk and boatmen. (Illus. 169.) Their villages are larger, and their huts are higher and more pointed, and are always built close to the water's edge. Immediately beyond them is the country of the agricultural Bubus, who inhabit the whole district north of Mobaye. North of the Bubus live the Yagbas, Sabangas, Lindas,

and Morubas, the three last of which are Banda tribes.

On the 2nd of March I reached Mobaye (illus. 170), the seat of the district Government, with a garrison of sharpshooters. The Deputy-Commandant, Lieutenant Rouget, welcomed me in the most friendly fashion. Mobaye is the highest point at which the Ubangi is navigable for steamers during the rainy season. The houses and shops are well built, and there is a park with bamboo, mango, and palm-tree avenues. Every five days a provision market is held for the benefit of natives living in the neighbourhood. The whole district is ravaged by sleeping sickness, which causes a high death-rate. It was impossible to penetrate more than one day's march in a northerly direction, on account of the hostility of the natives.

The station Banzyville is situated opposite Mobaye, on the Belgian side, and the most cordial relations exist between the Belgians and the French. The natives seemed to be better disciplined in Belgian territory, and the Government does not hesitate to send troops to punish insurgent chiefs. Consequently boatmen and bearers were easily obtained on the Belgian side, which was by no means the case in the French districts.

There was in Mobaye a dear, little, tame, female elephant, called Mademoiselle Mobaye, who was on very friendly terms with both man and beast, and was specially attached to a herd of tame hogs that ran about the station. Every day she bathed in the cool waters of the Ubangi, and always showed a preference for the negro bathing-place, the latter returning the compliment with many jokes. They

danced in the water round Mademoiselle Mobaye, pulled her tail and her trunk, and rode on her back. (Illus. 172.) At Banzyville too, on the Belgian side, there was a six-year-old tame elephant, but he was not so friendly, and often made himself a nuisance by stealing the provision-baskets belonging to the natives. His temper too was so uncertain that it was proposed to shoot him. Neither of the elephants had ever been broken in to work.

The French authorities advised me not to proceed any further east on the right bank of the Ubangi, and since travelling on the river itself was too monotonous, I decided to continue my journey on the left bank, through Belgian territory, and accordingly transferred my caravan to Banzyville. I was most kindly received by Lieutenant Scharf, and also had the pleasure of meeting the Governor of the Belgian Ubangi district, Commandant van der Cruyssen, from Libenge.

Banzyville is a well-built and cleanly station, and it was a pleasure to see all the beautiful gardens and palm avenues, as well as the spacious stone houses and well-kept soldiers' huts.

I sent part of my baggage in charge of my foot-sore boy Masudi by boat to Yakoma, and on the 15th of March set out in an easterly direction with an escort of thirteen Belgian soldiers. The country south of the Ubangi is inhabited by small Sango tribes. Unlike the Sangos living near the river, they are agriculturists, but otherwise their manners and customs are similar. One of their habits was new to me: girls who are old enough for marriage allow their hair to grow, and plait into it long strands of string of the same colour as their hair, so that at first sight they seem to





168. Young Sango maiden.



169. Sango maiden with fish basket.



170.  $\frac{1}{2}$  View of Mobeay.

be wearing it after the European fashion. (Illus. 174.) Negroes as a rule cut their hair quite short. When dancing, these girls wear on their backs a kind of drum, over which they spread out their hair, so that it may be seen to the best advantage and attract possible husbands. For everyday use, they wind their hair artistically, turban-fashion, round their heads. (Illus. 175.) On their wedding day they cut off their hair, both real and artificial, and throw it into the Ubangi.

During the first few days' march I passed through inhabited villages, but on the fourth day I found them all deserted, the population having been driven away by sleeping sickness. I halted at Wote, and awaited the arrival of Commandant van der Cruyssen and Lieutenant Scharf, who were on their way to visit Yakoma. We travelled on together through a district in which tropical forests alternated with grassy plains. We had hoped for some hunting, but we saw hardly any antelopes. There were many buffalo and elephant spoor, and one morning we caught sight of a herd of about twenty red buffaloes, which we at once proceeded to stalk. We succeeded in reaching a favourable position, and shot three bulls and a young buffalo.

We reached Dido, two days' journey from Yakoma, without having come across any elephants, so I decided not to go on with the other two gentlemen, but to organise a hunt in the neighbourhood of Dido. Every day before sunrise I left camp with native guides, and followed fresh spoor until late in the evening, creeping all day in a stooping posture through the bush, and forcing a path through creepers and thorns. Often I approached within a few yards of the elephants, when the cracking of a branch or the rustling

of the leaves betrayed my presence, and they made off at full speed. One day in the densest part of the jungle I came within six yards of a large elephant, but was prevented by the intervening branches from taking proper aim. The animal took to flight, and though I followed for six hours, I saw him no more. Hunting elephants in the bush is dangerous work, for a wounded animal will often charge the hunter. But I found buffalo-hunting even more dangerous. Unless one has to do with a herd, which generally takes to flight, a solitary buffalo almost invariably charges. Near Dido I came across a big, powerful, buffalo bull, that charged as soon as he scented my presence. My first ball hit him in the chest, but had little effect. At five paces he received my second ball in the head, and fell down. He jumped up again and knocked me over, and then tossed a Belgian soldier who was standing near. All this happened in an incredibly short time. Springing to my feet, I fired again, and this time the animal collapsed for good. But unfortunately the soldier was seriously wounded, and he had to be carried to Yakoma in a litter. I shall always remember with pleasure the days spent hunting in the neighbourhood of Dido, when I was free to wander at will in the bush, without the continual worries connected with bearers, boatmen, etc. My bag consisted of two elephants and three buffaloes, and it was useless to remain there any longer, since the Belgian hunting laws do not permit anyone to shoot more than two elephants.

On the 1st of April I reached the Belgian station Yakoma, which is situated at the point where the Uelle and Mbomu Rivers unite to form the Ubangi. This district is inhabited by the Yakomas (illus. 173),

who are nearly related to the Sangos and speak the same language. There is a great deal of sleeping-sickness in this neighbourhood; between Banzyville and Yakoma I had passed through many deserted villages, and numerous graves testified to the large number of deaths from this cause.

An Italian doctor at Yakoma showed me over his hospital for the treatment of this disease, and I was shocked at the miserable appearance of the patients. Of course only a small percentage of those affected can be admitted as in-patients, and most negroes prefer death to voluntary residence in a European hospital which they look upon as imprisonment. However, this doctor always had about a hundred and fifty patients under his care, most of them in the last stages of the disease, and the daily death-rate was considerable. The cemetery near the hospital bore witness to the fatal nature of the malady, for although the hospital has been in existence only a few months, I counted about a hundred and forty newly-made graves. How many more must have perished in the villages. Many of the sufferers, when they reach the maniacal stage of the disease, are bound and deposited in the bush, to perish miserably of hunger and thirst, or to be devoured by wild beasts.

Many of the patients were nothing but skin and bone, and so weak that they could scarcely move. The treatment consists of injections of atoxyl, and the doctor mentioned several cases in which a complete cure had apparently resulted, although the patients, when admitted, were in a condition of severe emaciation. But these were only isolated cases of negroes who had given themselves up to the treatment; instead of remaining away from the hospital

for weeks at a time, as so often happens. Unfortunately the chiefs usually bring their people to the doctor when they are in the last stages, and then it is too late. If, however, a patient is treated with atoxyl at the very beginning of the disease, soon after being stung by the sleeping-sickness flies, on the appearance of the first symptoms of headache, langour, and glandular swellings, the prognosis is favourable. There is plenty of work for medical men in Central Africa, for they must first enable the negroes to live there before merchants and planters can be successful. Formerly when the negroes dared not leave their homes for fear of hostile neighbours, the disease was limited to small districts. But now that Europeans have promoted peace amongst the tribes, and have safeguarded commerce, the natives move about freely. Caravans of bearers traverse the country, boats navigate the rivers, and the disease is disseminated far and wide.

The iron industry of the Yakomas seemed to me very wonderful, and nowhere else have I seen such well-made knives and spears. (Illus. 176.) Copper, too, is cleverly worked, and the natives are most skilful in carving ivory. I saw beautiful bugles, knife handles, bracelets, combs, walking sticks, snuff boxes, etc., which were made out of ivory by means of a very primitive lathe. This shows that in the Yakoma district there must still be a good deal of ivory, and therefore a good many living elephants. India-rubber and ivory are here, as everywhere in the Congo, the chief indigenous products. Some of the native chiefs are very wealthy, not only as regards bars of gold, but according to the number of their wives, their stores of india-rubber, ivory, and cloth; con-



Yakoma children with pearl head-dress  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims





cealed rifles, too, sold to them in large numbers by conscienceless companies, are a measure of their wealth.

On the 5th of April I left Yakoma in order to pay a visit to Galagwa, one of the most powerful chiefs in the district. His residence lies on the right bank of the Uelle, six hours by boat from the junction of the Uelle and the Mbomu. Galagwa is the chief of the Biras, a Yakoma sub-tribe, and his kingdom is densely populated. His palace shows signs of his intercourse with Europeans, being built in the European style, as are also most of the surrounding houses. Only in the village, Prekisa, did I see the original Yakoma round huts. The palace was not the best possible place for prosecuting my ethnological studies, for in place of the native shelf I found a luxurious bed with a mosquito net; iron chests replaced the usual wicker baskets and hide boxes, and the sultan reclined in a long deck-chair instead of sitting on a native stool. A bodyguard of soldiers kept watch over the safety of the ruler and the security of the prisoners. Galagwa is a friendly man of about forty, with a long black beard, and of middle height. He gave me a good many native implements for my collection, and showed me the iron mine and smelting works.

On the right bank of the Uelle, south-east of the Biras, live the Gembeles and their chief, Kassambua, and opposite them on the left bank are the Zambas with their wealthy chief, Kadjema, who shortly after my visit was murdered by his own son. In his territory there are large herds of elephants, and many chimpanzees, a few of which have been tamed, and run about freely.

On my return to Yakoma I again met Lieutenant Scharf, who had been making an excursion to Banzyville, and who was now ready to accompany me to Monga.

We accomplished the journey partly by boat (illus. 177), partly by land with bearers. Twice we had to cross the Bili River and then after a seven hours' march we at last reached the comparatively large station of Monga. At one place we found the ground covered with millions of centipedes, which had driven the natives from their villages. The Governor of Monga is an old cavalry sub-officer, and he has made for himself a steeplechase course, on which he rides his pony every day. The number of india-rubber trees in the neighbourhood is estimated at 50,000. The houses inhabited by the Europeans and soldiers are close to the Bili River, about a hundred yards from the rapids.

On the 15th of April Lieutenant Scharf returned to Yakoma. After two long tiring days' march I reached Bangassu, the seat of the French Government, where I was most kindly received by the district Governor, Captain Saludo. I am sorry to say this gallant officer died a few months later of black-water fever. I shall always retain a grateful and friendly recollection of his kindness.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE SULTANATES OF BANGASSU AND RAFAI

THE sultanate of Bangassu, which I reached about the middle of April, had for me the special attraction of being almost unexplored country.

The only information that I had been able to obtain concerning this district was a short account included in the yearly official report of the French Government, and a brief description of the Nsakkara tribe, published by a member of the French expedition to the Upper Ubangi in the years 1893 to 1895. The explorer, Junker, and Professor Schweinfurth, who have written a very clear account of the Niam-Niam, or Asande, district, never penetrated as far east as Bangassu. So that I found plenty of scope for work in every direction, and I only regretted not being able to spend more time in this interesting country.

I decided to spend three weeks in Bangassu, the capital of the whole French Mbomu district, which stretches as far as the Bahr-el-Ghazal frontier. I met with the most friendly reception in Government House, which comprises the residences of the commandant, the doctor, and the officers, as well as some warehouses, and huts for the soldiers.

I was glad to be able to replenish my exhausted stores at the Bangassu Company's factory, which had been made a depot for the greater part of the baggage belonging to our expedition. Unfortunately on the

march, many of the loads had been ruined by the damp, and many had been stolen by the natives. So that a large number of cases, for the carriage of which we had been obliged to pay heavily, had to be set on one side as useless. I despatched some cases of provisions to Dr Schubotz, who proposed to travel from Yakoma along the Uelle River to the Nile, and the rest I reserved for my own journey east.

The Company of the Upper Ubangi Sultanate, whose sphere of activity extends as far as the frontier of the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan, apparently possesses the sole rights of buying india-rubber and ivory in this district. But a clause in a former agreement concluded with the Government was the subject of much heart-burning on the part of the directors. This clause stipulated that the ground for eighty feet on both sides of any river was not to be included in the concession district. The various free-traders took advantage of this to carry on their business in the Company's district. They simply assumed that all the india-rubber that they purchased from the natives came from trees growing close to the river, and that all the ivory offered to them by the negroes was obtained from elephants killed within eighty feet of the river. It was not an easy matter for the Company to prove that this was not the case. In consequence of these continual disputes, an action was being brought by the Company against the free-traders of the Mbomu district, but as there was no court of justice nearer than Brazzaville, they could not expect to secure a verdict for a long time. Meanwhile, though their profits were sensibly decreased, they were powerless to check the depredations of the traders. And since the latter paid better prices

than the agents of the Company, the natives naturally preferred to bring their wares to the highest bidder.

Sultan Bangassu, whose palace was about twenty minutes' walk from the factory, paid little heed to the complaints of the Company's agents, and his sympathies seemed to incline rather to the free-traders. Both he and his court were not, however, disposed to be particularly friendly with any Europeans, whether they were merchants or Government officials. I obtained most of my information respecting the country and its inhabitants not from the sultan, but from the subordinate chiefs, one of whom named Sain was of great service to me. Sain was a half-breed Arab from Witu on the East African Coast, who had come into the Congo State at the time of the great slave hunts, and had finally settled in Bangassu, and had won the confidence of the sultan. Consequently he was familiar with the manners and customs of the Nsakkaras, and with the constitution of the sultanate.

The political boundaries of the sultanate of Bangassu coincide at the present time with the geographical expansion of the Nsakkaras. (Illus. 178 to 180, 202.) This tribe dwells on both banks of the Mbari River, and their territory is bounded on the west by the Kotto River, on the east by the Chinko, and on the north by the sixth latitude. This is not, however, their original home; about a hundred years ago, under Sultan Beringa, they came over the Uelle from the south, and after crossing the Mbomu, they drove the Patris and the various Banda tribes (Vidris, Wanas, Wundus, and Yunguras) towards the north. At a still more remote period they are said to have

migrated to the Uelle from Bahr-el-Ghazal, that is to say, from the north-east.

At the present time Sultan Labassu (*i.e.* the man of war), a son of Sultan Bangassu, rules over the Nsakkaras. The French Government merely exercises a protectorate, and leaves the sultan to rule his kingdom in an autocratic manner. At the time of my visit Labassu was waging war on his uncle Wando, who had defied his authority. There is also a yearly war with the Bubu tribe west of the Kotto, ostensibly to avenge the murder of Labassu's grandfather by the Bubus, but really in order to procure fresh slaves, and also human victims to satisfy their cannibal instincts.

Labassu's residence, which I visited every day, comprises about five hundred round huts guarded by sentries. Most of the inmates belong to the sultan's harem, for he has married about twelve hundred wives belonging to many different tribes. The Nsakkaras get their livelihood by means of agriculture and hunting. In spite of the healthy climate, there are no cattle except at the French station, and only a few sheep and fowls. Tsetse flies are almost unknown. There have been no cases of sleeping-sickness, but on the other hand leprosy and elephantiasis are common among both sexes. These two diseases are partly responsible for the slow increase in the population, but the principal cause is cannibalism, which requires numerous sacrifices every year, so that the most trivial offences are punishable with death, the victims being killed and eaten. Rich people can buy a pardon, and so this barbarous custom takes its toll chiefly from the slaves and women. When a free-born native dies many slaves are sacri-



171. Sango in the marketplace of Mobeay.



172. Mademoiselle Mobaye in the bath.



173. Yakoma men.



ficed, the number varying with the rank of the deceased.

The sultan and his subordinate sultans take most of the women for themselves, so that the remaining men have not many opportunities of marrying. Illegitimate children are killed, together with the mother and father, if the rightful husband so desires.

When a free man dies his favourite wives are strangled and buried with him. Many wives and slaves commit suicide as soon as they see that their lord and master is at the point of death. On the death of a free woman several slave girls are buried in her grave, whatever the rank of her husband. Only slaves or prisoners are buried alone. I have often asked what will happen when Sultan Labassu himself dies. Will all his twelve hundred wives be strangled and buried with him, and the same number of slaves be sacrificed? Surely that would be too sanguinary a funeral, and would hardly be permitted by the French authorities. The answer I received was that the sultan's death would be kept secret, and his body conveyed to the interior, so that the ceremonies due to the dead sovereign could be carried out without let or hindrance. All the wives would not necessarily be sacrificed, only those who had been his favourites.

Under such appalling circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at that the Nsakkaras do not increase in numbers, but it is strange that these children of nature should do more to destroy life than to prolong it. Of course the French Government does its best to stamp out these dreadful practices, but with little success excepting close to the river, where European influence is paramount. The sultan him-

self places every possible obstacle in the way of progress, for he is strongly opposed to all innovations.

The religion of these heathen Nsakkaras does not in any way restrain them from this sacrifice of human life, but on the contrary it even requires it. Moslem influence is very slight, for the conquests of the Mahdi and the Kalifa have not extended so far south. Christian missions would be quite useless until the Government is prepared to adopt new methods of protection and support. And so the Nsakkaras adhere for the most part to their ancestral religion, with respect to which I obtained the following data :—

The Nsakkaras believe in the existence of a higher, mysterious being called *Zegi*, who produces thunder and lightning ; but they do not worship him. They do not believe in retribution in another life, nor in the survival of the soul after death. They fear and venerate their sultan, and they also practise a special worship of ancestors known as *bassina*. They believe that a man's ancestors from his grandfather upwards, exercise an evil influence on his life, and can bring about illness or even death unless they are propitiated by regular offerings. These take the form of food and drink, antelope horns, or the heart and head of enemies killed in battle. Nearly every family circle has its own *bassina* house where offerings are deposited, each ancestor having his own particular place for receiving them. The principal *bassina* offerings are brought every year after the harvest. At the same time everybody indulges in a bath, and all old clothes are destroyed and replaced by new ones. Absolute sobriety is enforced for several days, but as soon as the new moon appears the ceremonies are at an end, and are succeeded by wild orgies. When-

ever a house is finished, it is usual to make rich offerings to the owner's ancestors.

The "Bengi men" have unlimited influence both in the sultan's court, and throughout the kingdom, for to them are entrusted the functions of magistrates. When a native is accused of a misdemeanour, his guilt or innocence is established by means of the poisoned Bengi drink. If he falls down unconscious, he is held to be guilty, and unless his relatives can pay a considerable sum as a ransom, he is put to death. The Bengi man can, of course, influence the verdict by making the draught more or less poisonous. In this way hundreds of men are sacrificed every year. For a more trivial fault the prisoner is punished by the loss of the whole or part of his possessions, which are confiscated by the sultan; if he is destitute, he is condemned to a kind of penal servitude. A thief is always punished by having his ears cut off.

The Nsakkaras are very liberal in their choice of wives, and only the nearest relationship is considered an impediment to marriage. Often a man marries his niece, and women captured in war, or taken in exchange, are adopted as wives. Marriage is a mere matter of business, and a man's wealth is estimated by the number of his wives, whose price varies not only with the rank of the buyer, but also with that of the father-in-law. After marriage a woman is kept very strictly, but so long as she is a spinster she is allowed considerable liberty.

Besides attending to the house and looking after their children, the women occupy themselves in making pottery, and are seldom to be seen working in the fields. The men make baskets, mats, sails, and nets, besides working iron and carving ivory. (Illus. 181

to 201.) In the dry season they go hunting. The great men of the land of course do no work.

The Nsakkara language is similar to those spoken in the Soudan, but bears no resemblance to the languages of the neighbouring tribes.

Considering that these people are cannibals, it may be wondered how I was able to pass through the country in safety. Why did I not fall a victim to cannibalism? I can only state that I was never molested in any way. The people in this district were not particularly friendly, but in their own interest they did all they could to further my progress, their chief desire being to be rid of me, and to send me on to the next village. As a matter of fact they are not anxious to kill and eat every stranger, and they resort to cannibalism only on stated occasions: as a punishment, at funerals, in war, and in connection with certain religious ceremonies.

The Nsakkaras know very well that the Government would take steps to punish them if they were to attack a European. Why should they therefore go in search of trouble, when there are plenty of people available whom they can sacrifice with impunity? But if a European were to fall into their hands on the occasion of the death of a sultan, or some similar function, far away from the main road, he would run a very serious risk of being assimilated by a Nsakkara.

European trade is almost entirely confined to the Ubangi and Mbomu Rivers, and it is only on rare occasions that a Company's agent penetrates into the interior in search of india-rubber or ivory. A few months before my arrival the Government sent an expedition into the country north of Bangassu



Nsakara woman of the Court of Sultan Bangassu  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims



and Rafai, Captain Jaquiers, the Commandant of Mobaye, and Lieutenant Martin having undertaken to explore this part.

As a proof of my assertion that the Nsakkaras do not kill and eat every European they come across, but on the contrary have been known to go out of their way to render him assistance, I will here relate an adventure of Lieutenant Martin's, which is probably the most terrible that has ever befallen anyone.

Martin had started on the above-mentioned expedition, in company with Captain Jaquiers. One morning whilst they were camping in the bush, they wanted some game for dinner, and Martin accordingly set off with his "boy," with only five cartridges in his pocket.

At about noon, having shot a buck, he started to return to camp. He missed his way, and lost his boy, but presently came across two of his men, who were looking for fruit. One of them undertook to guide him back to camp; but he, too, lost his way, and by evening was obliged to confess that he had no idea in which direction the camp lay. Martin fired off his last cartridge as a signal to his friend.

The next morning a search party was organised from Jaquier's camp, but no trace of the missing men could be found. This was likewise the case on the following days. Meanwhile Martin was wandering about in the bush with his one companion, and did not meet a single human being. Both were exhausted with hunger and fatigue, having had nothing to eat but a few berries. On the fifth day the negro collapsed on to the ground, and refused to go any further. Even the dread of the vultures that hovered over his head failed to induce him to make another effort.

He died on the sixth day, and Martin proceeded alone.

His strength was failing, and as he could no longer carry his gun, he threw it away. He had no knife, and a box of matches was his only protection, enabling him to light a fire every night in order to keep off wild beasts. The fear of letting the fire out and of being attacked prevented him from sleeping. A herd of baboons, evidently discovering that he was defenceless, attacked him, but he succeeded in driving them off with burning sticks. On another occasion an elephant forced him to take refuge in a tree, and when one evening some crocodiles lay down before the entrance of the cave in which he had sought shelter, he fled into its darkest recess, where he was almost choked by the smoke from his fire. On the seventh day he consumed his last fruit, and from that time onwards he had nothing to satisfy his hunger but water, which was fortunately abundant. He stumbled along with wounded and painful legs, and torn shoes, tormented by flies which settled on his sores. In spite of the burning heat, he pressed on through the long grass, along the river bank, always hoping to reach a familiar district. He persevered bravely notwithstanding the cravings of hunger and the constant fear of death. On the tenth day he fainted several times. On the eleventh day after painfully and laboriously swimming a river, holding over his head his precious matchbox which still contained seven matches, he fell down unconscious.

When he came to himself, he was in a native hut, lying on a wooden bed, and surrounded by whispering negroes. A woman had found him as she was fetching water from the river, and had brought the



news of his plight to the village. The natives had conveyed him to one of their huts, and had cared for him to the best of their ability. They could easily have killed him in his exhausted condition, but instead of that, they nursed him back to life, and when he had sufficiently recovered, they escorted him back to the Ubangi.

Travellers who are apt to wander carelessly in the bush, leaving their camp without a reliable guide, should take warning from this terrible adventure. The country is so monotonous that it is very easy to lose the way, and in the majority of cases the result would be a miserable death from exposure, starvation, or wild beasts. The sun sets rapidly soon after six o'clock, and then it is impossible for anyone but a native of the district to find his way. No one should ever leave camp, even for a few minutes, unless accompanied by a competent guide.

I would gladly have spent some weeks longer in the sultanate of Bangassu, but my time was limited, and on the 5th of May I started in four canoes on my journey up the Mbomu. The scenery was charming, for the river was bordered by beautiful woods, but unfortunately violent daily tornadoes and thunderstorms somewhat marred my enjoyment. The water had risen considerably, so that we passed the various rapids without difficulty. (Illus. 203.) I often admired the skilful way in which the natives negotiated these obstacles, and I always felt relieved when the boat was safely at the top. Every year a large number of men, boats, and loads are lost in the rapids, of which the most formidable are the Mamatingo Rapids, which the French have named "Rapides de silence." The natives believe that Mamatingo,

the savage river mother, inhabits the rocks near by, and tries with all her might to draw down the boats and their contents. The only way to come safely through is to remain perfectly silent, without smoking, and to throw a handful of rice or flour on to the rocks.

The boatmen do not like conveying Europeans up these rapids, so I was enticed out of the canoe on the pretext that game was plentiful on the banks. I walked for a mile or two beside the river, and shot two antelopes, whilst my boats came through in safety, unmolested by Mamatingo.

I was naturally anxious to learn more about Mamatingo, and in answer to my questions I was told that she had wrecked a great many boats, and caused many people, both natives and Europeans, to lose their lives in the rapids. She was supposed to be a mysterious creature, with the head of a man, and the tail of a fish, and she had always to be appeased with offerings for the reception of which large baskets were suspended from the branches overhanging the river.

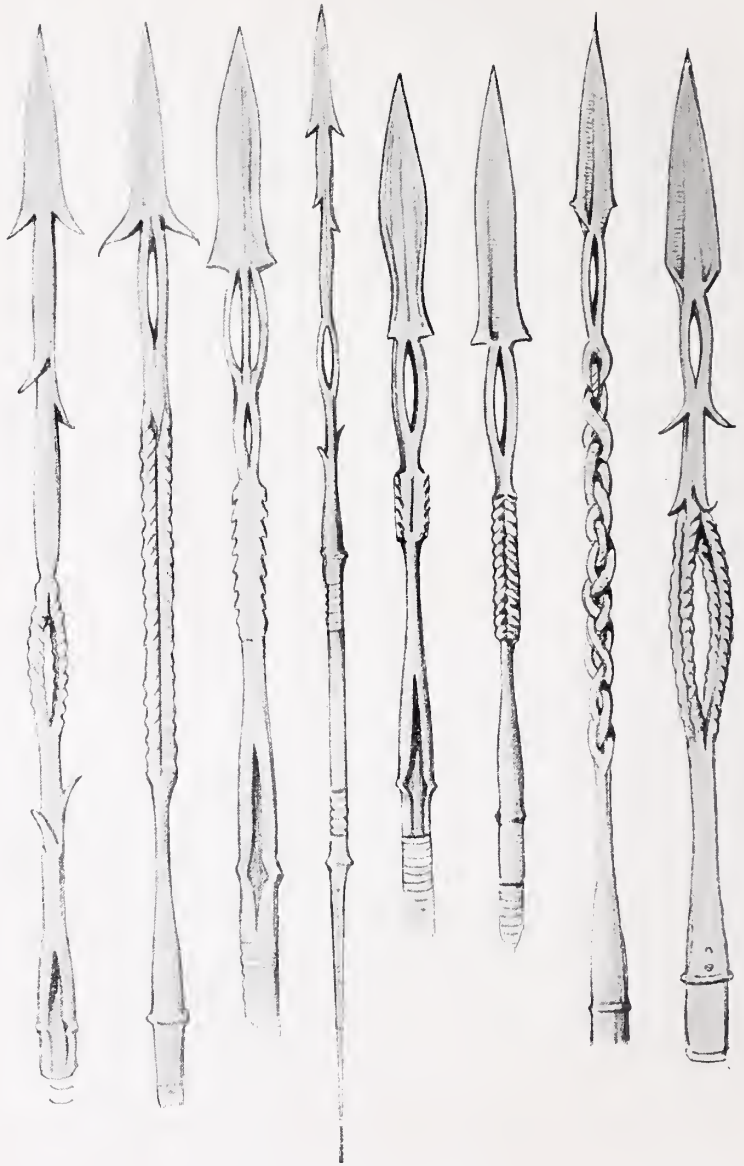
When I tried to convince the natives that the unfortunate people who had lost their lives had been drowned in the stream, and eaten by the numerous crocodiles, they assured me that there were creatures resembling the Mamatingo in many parts of the Ubangi, and that they were called *mamaemi*. All the natives persisted that this story was correct, and that the creatures could be heard howling at night. It was strictly forbidden to kill them, on pain of death, and my offer of a large reward to any one who would bring me a *mamaemi* was fruitless. Perhaps it was a kind of seal, such as Vogel observed in the rivers of Lake Tchad, and Schweinfurth described in the east of the



174. Sango maiden with flowing hair.



175. Sango maiden with turban coiffure.



176. Yakoma spears.

Asande district. The dangerous character of this animal exists, of course, only in the imagination of the natives.

The banks of the river are very sparsely inhabited during the rainy season on account of the floods, which oblige the people to build their huts further inland. The bushes growing on the banks are moreover infested by dangerous flies, amongst which I observed the common tsetse, as well as the sleeping-sickness mosquito. At Ganapia I was obliged to change boats as well as boatmen, as the rapids of Gufuru are not navigable. Within a short distance of Ganapia the Mbomu divides into two parts which reunite five hours further up. The island of Gufuru which is thus formed is, according to the natives, the home of a small kind of tuskless elephant. These dwarf elephants are said to inhabit the marshes and woods of the island, and consequently to be difficult to find. They cannot be the result of in-breeding, for during the dry season the animals can easily reach the country south of the Mbomu. Unfortunately I was prevented by the rain from investigating the matter further. I here learned an interesting fact with reference to the travels of birds of passage. To the north-east of Ganapia the natives had killed a large stork bearing on its leg a silver ring with the inscription: "Rositten aviary, Germania, 1910." Unfortunately I did not succeed in obtaining the ring, as the French authorities proposed to send it to Paris.

On the 12th of May, after passing several rapids, I at last reached the junction of the Chinko and the Mbomu. I journeyed six hours up the Chinko, and towards evening arrived at the Government station, Rafai, which is built on a hill not far from the river.

Lieutenant Gillette was in command. I also found in Rafai the head office of the Company of the Upper Ubangi Sultanate, whose manager, Mr Burgess, was of the greatest assistance to me. Here, too, was the residence of Sultan Hetman, the second of the great sultans of the Mbomu district whom I had planned to visit. I was now in the country of the Asandes or Niam-Niams, the most dangerous cannibals in Central Africa.

I will describe in a few words my experiences in Rafai, and it will be observed that I might have imagined myself in the negro Republic of Liberia, rather than as the guest of a cannibal chief in Central Africa. I must, however, begin by explaining that the majority of the inhabitants of the sultanate of Rafai are not Asandes, but members of subject tribes such as the Biris, Ngabus, Nsakkaras, and various Banda tribes. The population of the sultanate is about 23,000, comprising :—

Asandes . . .	about 4500
Biris . . .	„ 4500
Ngabus . . .	„ 3000
Baias (Kredj) . . .	„ 2000
Nsakkaras . . .	„ 3500
Various Bandas . . .	„ 5500

5000 of whom are men, 6000 women, 5500 boys, and 6500 girls. About 3500 men are armed with muzzle-loaders of various patterns. The Asandes have married wives belonging to subject tribes, so that the purity of the race has suffered, and the sultanate of Rafai is not the best place for studying this cannibal tribe.

Sultan Hetman, the son of Rafai, has acquired European ideas and tastes. (Illus. 204.) He speaks

fluent French, wears a European uniform, and proudly displays upon his breast the order of the Black Star of Benin. He has been to the coast and has inspected the large European liners, with all their up-to-date appliances. He lives in a house built in the European style, with European furniture, a European kitchen and cellar, and he invites Europeans to dinner. For the instruction of his own children, and those of the subordinate chiefs, he has instituted a school, in which among other subjects French is taught. He recognises the fact that the manners and customs of the Asandes are barbarous, and is doing his best to have them abolished. He takes a great interest in everything European, but his memory fails him whenever he is questioned concerning the history of his country, the religion of the Asandes, their manners and customs, etc. It is very praiseworthy that he should be so strongly in favour of progress, and his friendship towards Europeans renders him a very convenient ruler from the French point of view, but from the ethnological standpoint, I was much disappointed to find such a modernised sultan in Central Africa.

Hetman uses his power in the service of the French, and is exceedingly polite towards all Europeans. But he cannot help realising that the European white-wash of his fellow-countrymen is very superficial, and that outside his palace the old customs are still practised.

Although the negroes wear European dress, their desire for human flesh is by no means extinct. The ancient fighting savages who were armed with spears and bows and arrows, and were either naked or else scantily clothed in skins, have been converted into

Hetman's modern soldiers, armed with rifles. Their uniforms are fantastic, for everyone wears what he likes, so that they include French uniforms, white coats, khaki uniforms, blouses and trousers of various colours, just as in Liberia. A band (illus. 205), an old cannon, and flags of all colours, some bearing inscriptions in Arabic, form part of the military equipment. The soldiers are drilled every day, and a body-guard surrounds the palace, saluting the sultan whenever he passes. Often he sits on horseback and inspects his troops, reminding one of a child playing at soldiers. (Illus. 206.)

I had announced my intention of waiting on the sultan, and accordingly on the 14th of May I repaired to the palace, followed by servants bearing my gifts. I had chosen the latter with a view to gratifying Hetman's progressive tastes, and they included a bridle with silver mountings, a blue and red saddle-cloth, a naval sword, khaki riding-breeches, as well as silks, satins, and brocades for his wives. He received me at the head of his troops, and expressed his delight when I presented my gifts. I took some photographs, suffered my ears to be tortured by his orchestra, and then accompanied him into the palace, where I was offered some French sparkling wine. He presented me to his wives, and to a number of mulatto children, some of whom were quite attractive. In return for my gifts I begged for some native objects for my collection. He found some difficulty in complying with my request, as these things had all been done away with, but a few days later he sent me all that he could find.

From Rafai I marched back to the Mbomu River, and arrived at Kumbu. On the way I passed through





177. Boat voyage on the Mbomu.



178. Nsakkara man, side and front view.

the village of the chief Sandu, who is an uncle of Hetman. This elderly gentleman remembered the days of fighting and slave-hunting; he was conversant with all the ancient customs of the people, and did not disavow them like his up-to-date nephew. Hetman valued his uncle's advice, and handed over to him any unruly subjects for judgment, which was administered in the old-fashioned way behind the shelter of his zariba. This was extremely convenient for the progressive sultan, for he need not know what went on in Sandu's village, or at any rate he declined to know.

Near Kumbu the river is not navigable on account of impassable rapids, so we marched along the bank of the Mbomu as far as Bagesse, and there resumed our boats. The rain poured down daily in torrents, causing the river to rise steadily, and it was not easy to find suitable landing places.

My hunting expeditions were not very successful: I came across very few antelopes, hardly any monkeys, and no guinea-fowls. There were, however, a great many hippopotami and crocodiles in the Mbomu and all its tributaries. Apart from the village of Ali at the mouth of the Warra, where I arrived on the fifth day after leaving Rafai, I found no large villages along the river banks, only a few isolated Akare huts. One reason for the scanty population was the presence of innumerable stinging flies, which made life almost unendurable. I was surprised to find that, although there were plenty of fish in the river, the natives in this district do not take the trouble to catch them, and possess hardly any boats. I came across many cases of disease among the scattered inhabitants, chiefly leprosy and elephantiasis. The

chief, Mome, resided in the village of Ali; he was a brother of Hetman, and imitated as far as possible the European habits of the sultan's court at Rafai.

After leaving Ali, I encamped in an Akara hamlet composed of four huts; the natives produced quantities of roasted white ants, and offered them as a special treat to my boatmen. The same evening a quantity of winged ants fluttered round my lamp, and attracted some little negro boys, who caught them in their hands, and swallowed them alive with great enjoyment.

On the 26th of May I organised a hunting expedition near the place where the Dume flows into the Mbomu. I succeeded in catching a baby hippopotamus, whose mother had several times attacked my boat, and whom I eventually killed. For several days this baby was a great source of pleasure to me; I used to take it with me in the boat, and chain it up at night within reach of the river. It absorbed a large number of bottles of condensed milk, but unfortunately in a short time it rejoined its hippopotamus ancestors in another world.

On the afternoon of the 26th I was stalking elephants on the right bank of the Dume, when I caught sight of a huge crocodile basking in the sun on the sand. I killed it, but the sound of my gun frightened away a herd of elephants which had been bathing, unseen by me, in a neighbouring creek.

Much annoyed at this contretemps, I was about to swim the river which was here about twenty-five yards wide, but was dissuaded by my guides, who warned me that the river was swarming with crocodiles. So I returned to camp, took a boat, and rowed up the Dume to a point whence I could follow up the elephant spoor. We waded through an evil-

smelling swamp, forcing our way through the reeds, with the water up to our chests. Then we came to a flooded meadow, where we roused a crocodile, which proceeded to attack my guide, who yelled as if he were being murdered, and struck at the crocodile with his spear. The animal took to flight, nearly knocking me down on the way. But the cries of my guide caused the elephants to stampede, and it was only by standing on his shoulders that I could get a shot at them. I wounded a large elephant twice, and we followed the blood-stained track until darkness obliged us to give up the quest. We toiled wearily homewards through the swamp, and at last found our boat. Amid torrents of rain, and in pitch darkness, we rowed down stream to camp with hippopotami grunting all around us.

After crossing the Warra River, I found myself in the third sultanate, that is to say in Semio's country, and on the 31st of May I reached his palace.

## CHAPTER XII

### IN SEMIO'S COUNTRY

ON my arrival in Semio's country I remained for a time in the factory near the river. The French Government station is about ten miles further upstream, and the sultan's residence is at a point about nine miles north of the river. Opposite the factory, about two miles south of the Mbomu, is the Belgian Congo station, Gangara, and here I made the acquaintance of Lieutenant de Roy de Wicken. He welcomed me in the most friendly manner, and gave me a great deal of information respecting the district south of the Mbomu.

Unfortunately I was unable to penetrate far into the Belgian territory on account of the hostility of the Asandes. At the time of my visit, several companies of the "Force publique" which are Belgian colonial troops, were fighting Sultans Mokpoi, Linsingino, and Sassa, and the authorities had forbidden the garrison of Gangara to make excursions in the neighbourhood, lest they should leave the station unprotected. Close to Gangara there are only a few Akare villages, so I hastened to pay my respects to the sultan, and arrived at his residence on the 3rd of June.

After keeping me waiting some time, Sultan Semio Ikipiro received me in the presence of a chief and an interpreter, and then conducted me to a spacious guest-house in the first court of his zariba.



Semio, Sultan of the Asande Avungura  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims





The sultan is a well-built man, about 5ft. 9 in. in height. He is sixty-five years of age, and has a kindly expression. (*Vide* coloured illus.) At first he reminded me of a self-conscious, obstinate, crafty old peasant, who evidently regarded me with profound distrust. But presently he gained confidence, and became more communicative. When he found that I wanted neither india-rubber nor ivory, and that I had no wish to elope with one of his wives, and when I had assured him, moreover, that I should soon be proceeding on my journey, he became more cordial, and promised to supply me with some ethnological specimens.

Semio's personal appearance was a striking contrast to that of the sultan of Rafai. He wore a long Arab dress, and his only European article of clothing was a large, grey, broad-brimmed, felt hat. He carried a long spear, leaning on it as he walked. He stepped quietly along, with slow, measured tread, and deliberate movements, reminding me of one of the ancient patriarchs. When he paid me a visit, a low bench covered with carpet was brought in for his use, for he never sat on European chairs. The dignitaries who accompanied him either squatted on the ground outside the house, or sat on mats which they brought with them. Although Semio is not a genuine Moslem, he inclines rather to Arab than to European customs. He has an Arab fakir living in the palace, but he does not conform to all the prescribed daily prayers. But he has retained much that he learned during the years when he was a vassal first of the Arab slave-hunters, and later of the Egyptian Government.

I offered him my gifts, which comprised Arab cloth-

ing, bridles, hunting knives, etc., and presented the compliments of the Duke. He expressed his regret at not having the pleasure of making His Highness' acquaintance, and asked me many questions about our Kaiser. Our conversation was not very rapid, for the old gentleman took some time to consider each remark of mine before replying.

Every day from morning till night, with an interval of two hours in the middle of the day, he sat patiently listening to my questions. But when I asked him about his family life, his religion, or the manners and customs of his subjects, he evidently distrusted my motives, and gave evasive replies. Nor could I induce him to give me any typical native implements for my collection. No one was allowed into the inner part of his house, which was enclosed by four stockades, and he never invited me to pay a visit to his wives. Peace reigned throughout the building, and there were so few people about that it was hard to realise that I was at the court of a great Central African potentate. I had, moreover, the feeling that both the sultan and his subjects were impatiently awaiting my departure.

Semio assured me that I could travel unhindered through his country to Bahr-el-Ghazal, and that he had given orders that I was to be everywhere supplied with bearers, boats, rowers, and provisions. So I took leave of him with a light heart, little suspecting how few of his promises would be kept, and what difficulties I was to encounter.

The sultan will probably not live very long, for his health seemed to me most precarious. After his death, if the French authorities carry out their present intention, the country will be divided up, and



179. Nsakkara men.



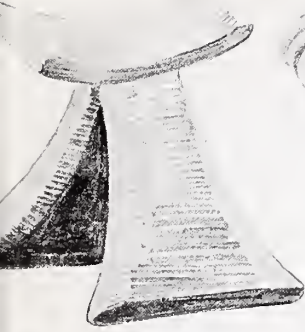
180. Nsakkara village.



181—201. Ethnographical objects

181. Ivory trumpet. 182—85. Tobacco pipes. 186. Handbell. 187. Head-rest. 188. Food-rest. 189. Beer-filter. 190. Pincers. 191. Comb. 192, 193, 194. Daggers

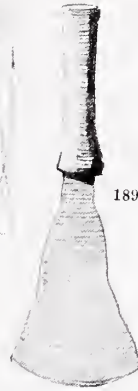
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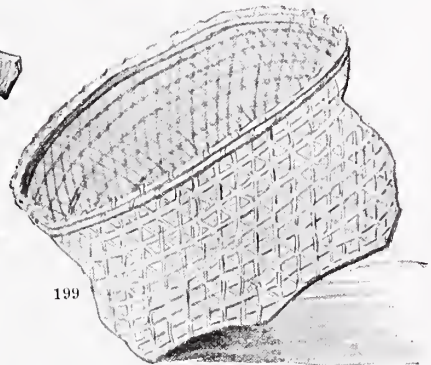
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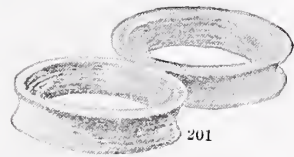
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200



201



cts of the Nsakkara.

et. 189. Knife for felling small trees. 190. Dagger. 191. Food-basket. 192. Axe.  
199. Food-basket. 200. Tobacco-pipe. 201. Ivory armllets.



202. Coiffures of the Nsakkara.

it is quite possible that this policy will result in wars between his sons and grandsons.

On the 14th of June I set off on foot, having sent on most of my baggage in two canoes. I was anxious to become acquainted with the Akare tribe, which for the last hundred and thirty years has inhabited the Mbomu district between Semio and Kadjema, in subjection to the Asandes. The representations of the French officials obtained for me from Sultan Semio twenty-two Akares as bearers, and his son Samuengi as interpreter and guide. As soon as I set eyes on these men my heart sank, for they were the most pitiable objects I have ever seen. Half-starved and the victims of sleeping-sickness and leprosy, they were certainly unfit for long marches carrying loads, and they were typical representatives of a subject race. I could not believe that the so-called omnipotent sultan, or even the French authorities, were unable to procure me better bearers.

Out of my twenty-two Akare natives, two fell fainting by the way-side after the first mile or two; two more fell ill at the first camp, and three others ran away into the bush, one of them taking with him a sack containing my bed-clothes, mosquito-net, my only warm coat, and sundry boots. So I had to spend the damp cold nights without either bed or mosquito-net. The country east of Semio was very sparsely populated, and many of the villagers, learning, by means of drum signals, of my approach, fled into the bush. It was therefore almost impossible to obtain bearers, and the incessant rain considerably hindered my progress.

East of Zingara we had to cross a swollen river, over which a temporary bridge had been erected. About

half my baggage was safely across, when the bridge broke in two under the weight of so many passengers. Several natives were seriously injured by falling into the raging torrent, and were incapacitated for further marching. Two cases containing provisions were lost, and a few bearers who were on the opposite bank took advantage of the confusion to escape further service by taking to their heels and disappearing in the long grass. It was only by taking energetic measures with an Asande chief in the next village that I succeeded, after a long delay, in procuring more bearers. I dragged the resisting chief along with me, until his son appeared with the requisite men and my loads.

Finding great difficulty in obtaining provisions, and being heartily weary of the constant trouble with the bearers, on the 19th of June I decided to give up the idea of marching any further, and to travel from Gasua by boat. Owing to the numerous bends in the Mbomu, this took three times as long as the journey by land, and there was also the difficulty of procuring boatmen to be considered, but I was feeling wretchedly ill with fever, so that I had no choice in the matter. There were very few villages on the river banks, owing to the yearly floods, and the task of feeding my twelve boatmen was not an easy one. Hunting was my chief resource, and I shot several water-bucks, and "black-heeled" antelopes. One day I killed a large crocodile sixteen feet long, in whose stomach we found an antelope about the size of a full-grown goat, with head and horns intact. Sleeping-sickness mosquitoes (*Glossina palpalis*) swarmed on the banks of the Mbomu, which was here only about a hundred and twenty feet wide.





203. Rapids on the river Mbomu.



204. Sultan Hetman of Rafai.

On the 26th of June I at last arrived at Kadjema, which is the residence of the chief Kasimma, or Kadjema, one of the sons of Semio Ikpiro. Immediately to the west of Kadjema the Mboku River, coming from the north-east, flows into the Mbomu. It is eight days' march from here to Gubere, and fourteen to the Bahr-el-Ghazal frontier, whereas by boat it takes fourteen days to reach Gubere. So I determined to travel by land, and after a brief rest at Kadjema in order to procure the necessary bearers, I set off with thirty-five men, and followed the course of the Mboku.

I now entered the land of the Bassiris, or Seres, who, until a hundred and thirty years ago, inhabited the country between the Mboku and Warra Rivers, under independent chiefs of their own, but who are now subject to the Asandes. Any natives who had not fled into the bush were very timid, and I found great difficulty in procuring bearers and provisions. The country was sparsely wooded, and the long grass, which was about thirteen feet high, rendered our progress extremely slow. Recent elephant and buffalo spoor frequently crossed the path, and although we often heard the animals close at hand, it was impossible to shoot them.

On the 30th of June I heard drums beating a short distance ahead in the bush, and concluded that we were approaching a village. But my guide explained that the noise was due to chimpanzees beating drums made of hollow tree-trunks. I crept cautiously about half a mile through the dense brushwood, and at last caught sight of a herd of chimpanzees. They did not seem pleased at my appearance, for they climbed the tallest trees, and sat screaming and howling in the branches. Unfortunately it was too dark to

take photographs, but I stood for some time watching this entertaining spectacle. Finally I shot a huge, powerful fellow, who threatened to attack me. (Illus. 208.) The following measurements will show what a giant he was :—

Height from top of skull to sole of foot . . . . .	5 ft. 1 in.
Chest circumference during ex- piration . . . . .	33 in.
Abdominal circumference . . . . .	28 in.
Width of thigh . . . . .	18 in.
Maximum length of skull . . . . .	8 in.
„ width „ . . . . .	5½ in.

In spite of the pouring rain, I started again on the 1st of July and came across so many elephant spoors that I decided to organise a hunt. I had the good fortune to shoot a large bull elephant. He was standing on the further bank of the raging Mboku, so that the only thing to do was to strap my gun to my shoulders, and swim across the river, taking my chance of crocodiles. I was rewarded by getting within ten yards of the elephant, and killing him with two well-aimed bullets. On my return to camp I sent my bearers to fetch some of the meat, which was a welcome addition to their meagre fare. They brought back a large supply, with which they gorged themselves, and then decamped during the night. This was an unpleasant surprise for me the following morning, for even the escort of soldiers had run away.

So I sat in the bush with my “boys,” two French sharpshooters, and Semio’s son, but not one bearer! I sent my soldiers to search the neighbouring villages, but they returned empty-handed. I was more fortunate, for I guessed that the natives would not be



205. Sultan Hetman's band.



206. Prisoners in Rafai.



207. Official visit to the Sultan.  
X von Wiese.

able to resist the attraction of my dead elephant. They are passionately fond of elephant's flesh, even when it is so high that it can be smelt a mile away against the wind. I crept with my "boys" to the place where I had left the carcase, and seized hold of six natives, whilst the remainder escaped into the bush. I fastened my six prisoners with one rope, and started the following morning, leaving six of my loads behind. Seven hours later I reached a village where Guberes' mother, one of Semio's wives, lived; she undertook to send men to fetch my missing loads. Meanwhile I had to sleep without a tent, in a wretched straw hut.

As there was no sign of my loads, I set out for Gubere, which was two days' journey off. These days of travelling in torrents of rain, without a tent, without proper food, and without even a change of clothing, were the most unpleasant that I ever remember. I made up my mind that as soon as I had recovered my possessions, I would leave this inhospitable country as rapidly as possible, and hurry on to the English colony of Bahr-el-Ghazal.

In Gubere I met two Englishmen, Mr Howitt and Mr Vincent, and also an Austrian named Schindeler. All three gentlemen had come from Uganda with forty-five Wanimwesi bearers, intending to hunt elephants in the sultanate of Semio. Elephant hunting is possible only in French territory, for the French ignore all international laws for preserving game in Africa. In other colonies a European must pay £50 for a hunting licence, which allows him to kill only two male elephants, whereas among the French the licence costs 6 francs, and permits the purchaser to shoot an unlimited number. I recollect

that Monsieur Coquelin killed 106 elephants within a few months in the neighbourhood of Fort de Possel, and was himself killed by the 107th. But the three above-mentioned gentlemen had reckoned without their host, for the agents of a French Company possessing the sole india-rubber and ivory rights in this district, energetically vetoed their hunting. So they had to take themselves off minus the minimum of two hundred elephants which they had announced their intention of shooting.

People have very mistaken ideas respecting the number of elephants to be found in these parts. Formerly there were, it is true, large herds in the Mbomu district. But the avarice of both Arabs and Europeans has resulted in the destruction of vast numbers of these animals every year. Last summer ninety-one elephants were killed in one day near Gasua, and thirty-seven on another occasion in the neighbourhood of Gubere. At this rate the elephants will soon be entirely exterminated.

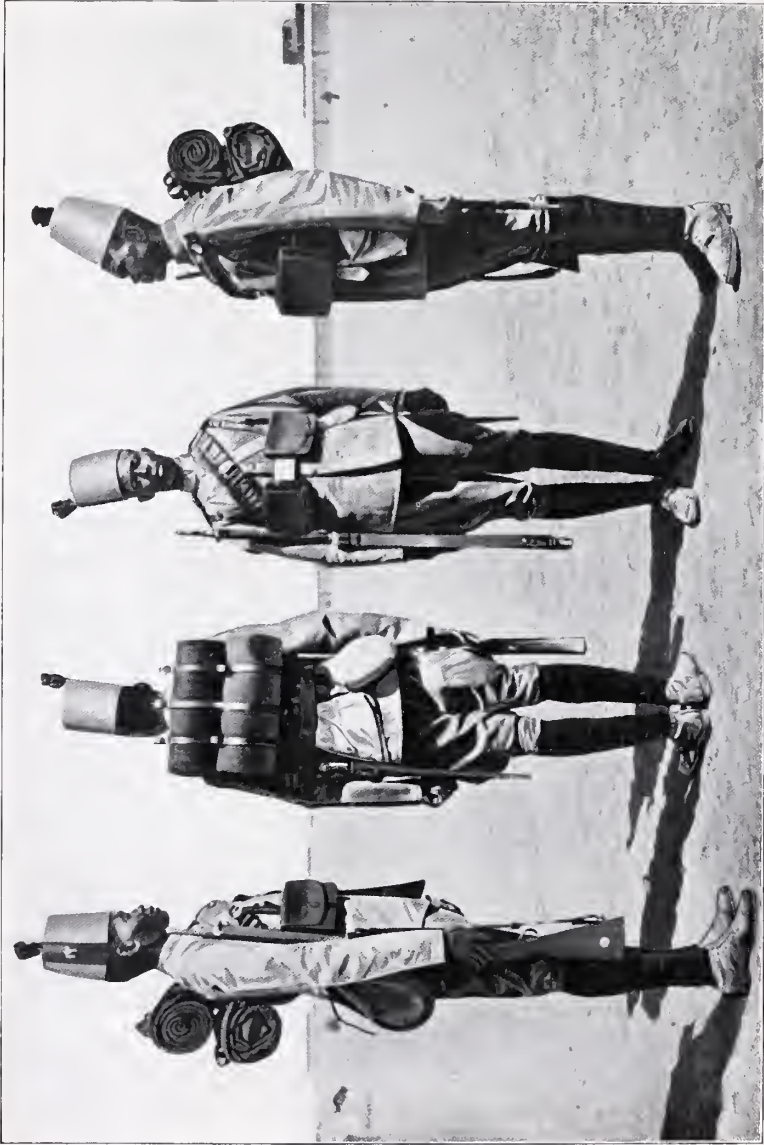
The same may be said of india-rubber. The trees are cut about in the most senseless way, and new ones are hardly ever planted. The Company directors are perfectly satisfied so long as they get large temporary dividends, and the agents care for nothing but their commission, and no one takes the trouble to enquire whether there will be any india-rubber or ivory left in the years to come. The scanty population is idle and afflicted with serious maladies such as leprosy, sleeping-sickness, and elephantiasis, and it would be well for the French to consider what they propose to do with the country in the future.

On the 8th of July, after sending several men in





208. Giant chimpanzee, killed by von Wiese.



209. Soudanese soldiers of the Anglo-Egyptian army.

search of them, I at length recovered the loads that I had been forced to leave behind. They were in a miserable condition, having been soaked with water, and pilfered by the natives. The beautiful skin of the huge chimpanzee was almost completely ruined by the wet, and a whole case containing ethnological specimens had disappeared.

In Gubere I again experienced great difficulty in procuring bearers, but the threat (which I could not have carried out) of kidnapping the chief and conveying him to the French station a hundred and twenty-five miles further on, brought me fifty men.

On the 9th of July I started on the march to the Bahr-el-Ghazal frontier, strictly watching the bearers during the journey, and locking them up in their huts at night. All the villagers fled at my approach, for fear of being pressed into my service. The last European to visit this country was Marchand on his way to Fashoda, fifteen years ago.

On the way a very unfortunate accident befell me. In crossing a raging torrent, I slipped off the plank bridge, fell into the water, and lost my sun helmet. Before I could recover it, I got a severe sun-stroke, which manifested itself in fainting fits, a rash, fever, giddiness, and pains in all my limbs. In two days I had sufficiently recovered to be able to proceed, which was becoming very necessary, as my party of sixty had nothing to eat.

Between Mafi and Amet I came upon fresh elephant spoors, which I followed for three hours, and at last succeeded in shooting a bull. The meat was very welcome for my bearers, food being scarce. On my way back to camp I encountered a large herd of buffaloes, bellowing all around me in the long grass.

My guide begged me not to shoot, and climbed into a tree, imploring me to do the same. As I could not see to shoot through the grass, I climbed up after him, just as a powerful bull charged down upon us, and butted the trunk of the tree in which we had taken refuge. I fired, and the rest of the herd stampeded. Two animals, as well as our first antagonist, remained until a second shot drove them away after the wounded bull. We remained for some time in our tree, and then crept off home. When I returned the following morning, I found the dead buffalo not far from the tree into which we had climbed. This shows that buffalo hunting, especially in the long grass, is no child's play.

The chief Amet, Sultan Tambura's son, promised faithfully to supply me with new bearers and provisions. When, however, after waiting two days, I repaired to his village, I found the noble prince alone with his wives, all the men having taken themselves off. I was led astray by a guide whom I forced into my service, and after punishing him brutally, I was obliged to proceed with the same Gubere bearers. Naturally they were not enthusiastic about their work, and were always on the look-out for an opportunity to decamp.

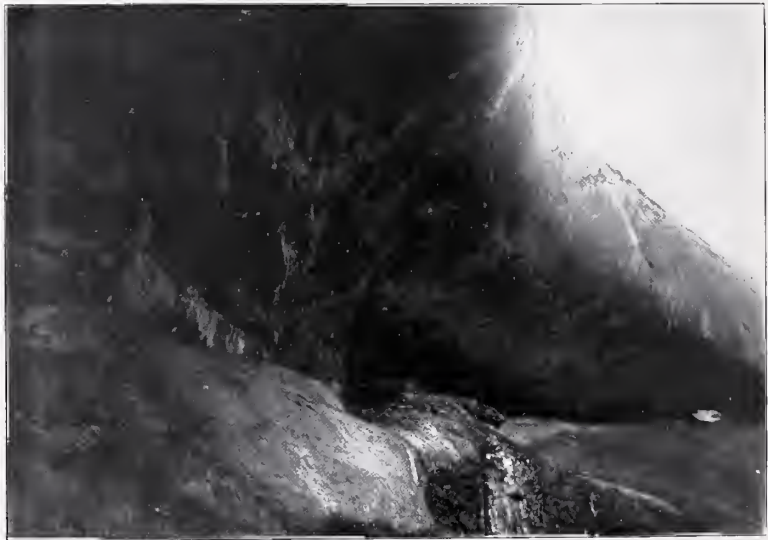
I rested for a day at Boki, and sent on most of my men with their loads to Tambura. The few who remained behind with me seized the occasion to run away. I had sent on my soldiers ahead, and had let the bearers run about in freedom, trusting to the fact that arrears of wages were due to them, and supposing that as it was only one day's journey to Tambura, they would not want to lose their money by running away. Vain hope! The foolish fellows



210. Pambia maiden.



211. Pambia mountains.



212. Cavern in the Pambia mountains.

abandoned their claim to their wages, and I was left once more sitting in the bush without a bearer !

Fortunately two Soudanese soldiers were sent from Tambura to collect bearers for me in the scattered hamlets. Two days later they brought in seven men, and I journeyed to Tambura with most of my luggage.

When the houses of the Anglo-Egyptian station, Tambura, came into sight, my spirits rose, and when Captain Stephenson, a charming English officer, welcomed me in the most cordial manner, I speedily forgot all the troubles and hardships of the past weeks.

To summarise my impressions regarding the three sultanates, I must confess that I cannot prophesy a very bright future for this district.

I have never before been in any country in Africa where European influence was so slight, and the idleness and passive resistance of the aborigines so great as in the French Mbomu district.

A further cause for anxiety is the presence of serious diseases, such as sleeping-sickness, leprosy, and elephantiasis. The natives who have survived the wars and slave hunts of the Arabs and Asandes, are being decimated by these maladies.

The geographical situation of these districts is very unfavourable for their development. The sultanates lie in the middle of Central Africa, on a river which is not navigable above Yakoma. The removal of the rapids would be a very expensive undertaking, and it would be much easier to construct a railway along the banks of the Mbomu.

## CHAPTER XIII

### IN BAHR-EL-GHAZAL

WHEN I arrived at the station of Tambura I had already crossed the watershed which divides the river basins of the Congo and the Nile, this being the frontier between the French and Anglo-Egyptian territories.

I spent the first few days in recovering from the fatigues of the past weeks, which had been exceedingly arduous. The commandant of the district, Captain Stephenson (called in the Egyptian service Bimbashi, *i.e.* Major) took pains to make me feel at home. His post in Tambura was no sinecure, for when he was appointed the people were quite unaccustomed to Europeans, so that the task of procuring food and bearers was not an easy one. Stephenson was the first European commandant, his predecessor having been a negro officer. His staff comprised an Egyptian captain, an Egyptian lieutenant, a Soudanese lieutenant, a Syrian doctor, and fifty black soldiers. (Illus. 209.) The station itself was very primitive, being composed of grass and mud huts. The discipline was excellent, and the behaviour of the natives was much more respectful than in the adjoining French colony; they fully realised that the Europeans had the upper hand, and when necessary would take steps to punish rebels. At the present time Bahr-el-Ghazal is closed to trade, and will





213. Valley in the Pambla mountains.



214. In the high grass.



215. Asanda with skin aprons, from Hirua's territory.

remain so until the natives have grown accustomed to European rule. This prevents dividend-seeking india-rubber and ivory companies' agents from making mischief among the aborigines by their injudicious conduct. There will be plenty of time later on for exploiting india-rubber and ivory. In French Congo there will soon be no elephants left, but in Bahr-el-Ghazal they are still very numerous. No hunter is allowed to kill a female elephant on pain of a fine of £100, and he may shoot not more than two male elephants after obtaining a licence costing £50. Naturally all the elephants from the French colony take refuge here.

Tambura is called after the ruling sultan. He is a member of the Avungura Asande family, to which also belong Sultan Semio Ikpiro, and all the other Asande sultans of the Uelle and Mbomu districts. Here, too, the Asandes are the ruling race, and their subjects are the aborigines who owned the country before the advent of the Asandes, the Pambias in and around Tambura, the Bassiris or Seres in the West near Gubere, the Bellandas in the East, and the Abarambos in the North and South-west. The sultans, village chiefs, and under-chiefs are all Asandes.

The Pambias (illus. 210) are said to have migrated in ancient times from a country in West Africa inhabited by dwarfs, probably from the district between the middle Ubangi and South Cameroons. Those who have not adopted the Asande tongue speak a language quite different to that of the surrounding tribes. At first they settled in a mountainous district full of caves, and lived there for several centuries. They got their living by hunting, and cultivated nothing but a little *telebun* corn (a kind of grass with an edible seed).

Their favourite food was elephant, rock-badger, white ants, and especially human flesh. Any member of another tribe who ventured too near their mountainous dwellings fell a victim to cannibalism. The Pambias have never possessed any cattle. Their weapons were bows and short arrows, spears, and small knives. I saw no shields or javelins. When they were attacked they took refuge in their concealed, easily defended caves. But they had no influential leader, no common ruling sultan, and they were divided into numerous little groups, each with its own insignificant chief. Later on it was therefore an easy matter for the invading Asandes to bring one after the other of these little tribes into subjection. The most important were the following:—

The Abugba Pambias with their chief, Banginsa.

The Avubatto Pambias with their chief, Bakkofah.

The Avuddima Pambias with their chief.

The Avusugbo Pambias with their chief, Garrua, and his son, Bandima.

The Avumeia Pambias with their chief, Bafu.

The Biagassa Mountain Pambias with their chief, Gassa.

When the Asandes conquered the country, the Pambias sank to the position of labourers. The invaders took away their land and their wives, and impressed their manners and customs as well as their language on the conquered race. Consequently the Pambias are being gradually absorbed by the Asandes, and will soon have disappeared entirely as a separate tribe. Even now it is extremely difficult to distinguish the ancient customs of the Pambias from those of the Asandes. Most of the younger generation are ignorant of the Pambia language, and have quite forgotten the history of their tribe. They have adopted the weapons

of the invaders, and also their household and agricultural implements.

I succeeded in unearthing a few of the original Pambia customs. The name of their deity is Luma, an invisible spirit inhabiting the sources of the streams in the woods and rocks. He is supposed to protect agriculture by sending rain at the proper time, and he is also the cause of illness and death. In order to propitiate him wooden receptacles have been erected in front of almost all the houses, in which offerings of food and other small gifts are deposited. But it is characteristic of the Pambias that they do this only when things are not going well with them, or when they are particularly anxious to obtain something. Even their harvest festival is not a thanksgiving service to Luma, but merely a time of rejoicing. The Pambias believe that death ends everything. It is true that the dead can appear in dreams to the living in order to advise them as to their conduct, but they do not believe that the souls of the dead survive in another life. In deciding the guilt or innocence of an accused person, the Bengi poison draught plays an important part, but the Pambias, unlike the Nsakkaras, administer the poison, not to the prisoner, but to a fowl. If the latter drops down dead, the guilt of the accused is supposed to be proven.

When a Pambia dies he is buried in a sitting posture, on his side, with his hands and feet tied together, and his face turned towards the East. His favourite wife is usually killed and buried with him. Otherwise women and children are buried by themselves. The graves are dug close to the houses, and are protected by a roof. Dancing and feasting form the chief part of the funeral ceremonies. There is one custom, probably

derived from the Asandes, which requires anyone who passes a grave to throw a handful of fresh leaves on to the mound, otherwise he will have bad luck on his journey.

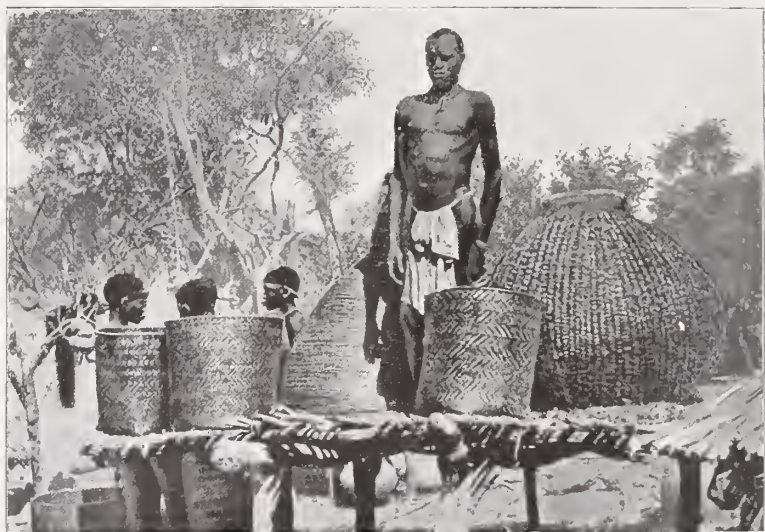
Blood feuds are common among the Pambias, but are mitigated by the fact that the relatives of the murdered man can usually be appeased by the payment of a sum of money. Unfortunately I was not able to ascertain how long the metal iron has been known to this tribe. The natives assured me that they had always had it, and I found no trace of old stone implements or weapons.

On a visit to a Pambia village I made the acquaintance of a venerable old man named Bogpingi, who informed me that he was a Nberre from the Uelle country, and that it was only since the time of his grandfather that his family had lived among the Pambias. With great pride he related to me the history of his origin, which is so extraordinary that I will set it down.

His great grandfather, Rumbi, had once upon a time lost his way in the great Congo forest, and had lived by himself until he made friends with a herd of chimpanzees. He made his home with this herd, and eventually married a chimpanzee young lady. By this union he had several children, amongst them Bansira, who was afterwards Bogpingi's grandfather. Bansira was finally adopted by the Pambias, and his family has remained with this tribe ever since; his son was the chief Gimma, the father of my informant Bogpingi. The old gentleman was very proud of having had a chimpanzee for his great-grandmother, and his face certainly confirmed his account of his ancestry, bearing an unmistakable resemblance to my two tame chimpanzees. Several times in this country I came



216. Vine bridge.



217. Provision baskets of the Bellanda.



218. Bearer of the Kredi tribe.



across families claiming a direct descent from anthropoid apes, which they regarded as a special honour, and by no means as a disgrace !

It was, however, a still greater distinction to belong to a family possessing an ancestor who fell from heaven. The origin of the Avunguras, the ruling family among the Asandes, was described to me as follows.

Some Asandes were one day hunting near the Uelle River. After burning the long grass, they came upon a dumb man seated on an ant-hill, eating white ants. They brought him back to camp, and a few days later decided to kill him. When he saw them preparing their knives he recovered his speech, and announced that he had been sent from heaven in order to teach the Asandes the difference between right and wrong. They were consequently afraid to kill him, and named him Bassenginunga, which in the Asande tongue means "a man found in the grass." He turned out to be a very good man, and he taught them that it was wrong to kill men or steal wives. His influence increased until at last he was made sultan, and thus became the ancestor of the Avunguras. His good qualities do not, however, appear to have been inherited by his descendants, otherwise the Avunguras in Semio's sultanate would not be such lazy, good-for-nothing rascals !

My first long excursion from Tambura was in a south-westerly direction ; fifteen minutes after leaving the station we passed the sultan's residence, but Tambura had been misbehaving himself, and was consequently spending a few weeks in prison. His third son Renzi, who would probably be his successor, was attending to the government in his father's absence.

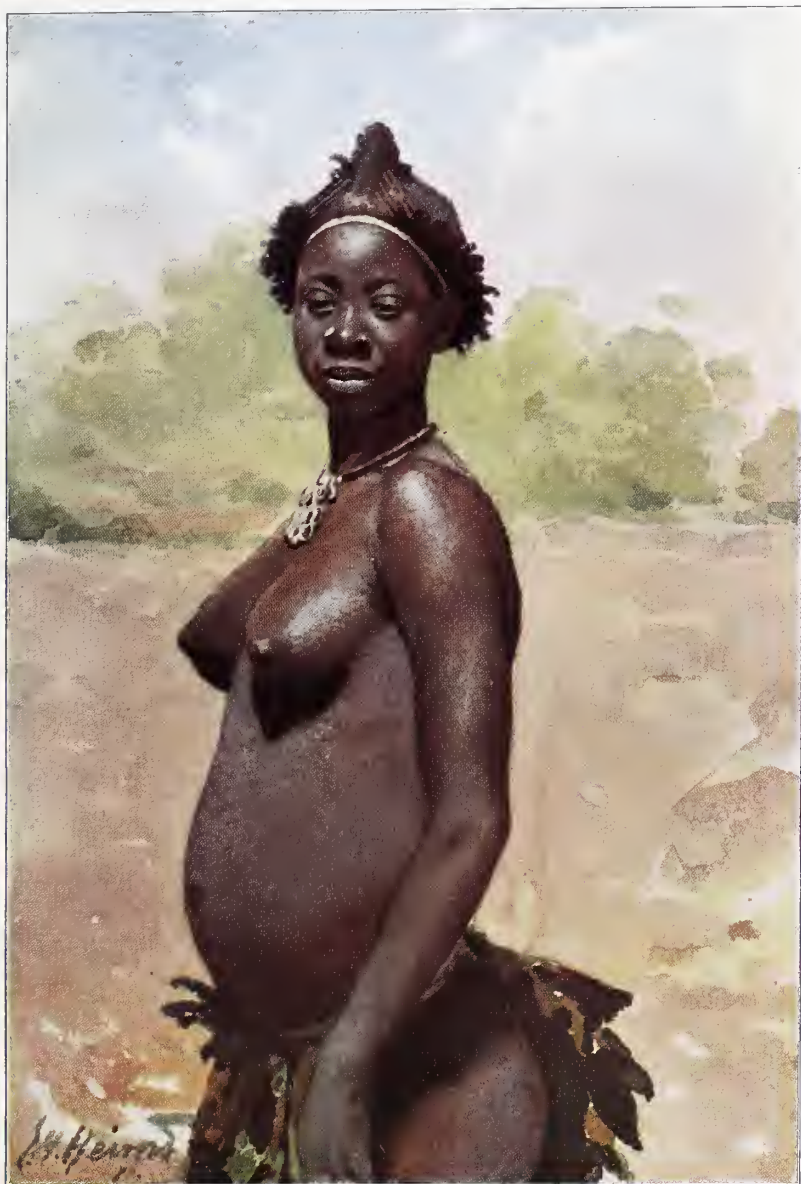
We marched through the rocky mountains of Monga-bidde and Amombawaia, past the ravines and caverns

in which the Pambias once had their abode, and where later on Sultan Lewa had lived until he fell a victim to Arab slave hunters on Mount Kanebebi. I travelled for three days in a direction south-west of Tambura to visit the chief Bekr, a brother of Tambura. Unfortunately a sprained ankle was just then making my life a burden.

On another occasion I made an expedition towards the South, into the district formerly governed by the two sons of Eso, Ngatu and Ndoruma, who during their reign kept the Arabs out of the country. I spent ten days in the village of a nephew of Ndoruma named Injikki or Hirua, who was very friendly towards me. (*Vide* coloured illus. and illus. 215.) Thanks to the game-preserving laws of the Egyptian Government, the country is full of elephants; I saw about two hundred in one herd, and constantly encountered fresh spoors.

The subject race in this district are the Abarambos, a tribe which must have been in this country for centuries, but which like the Pambias, Seres, and Akares, is being absorbed by the Asandes. Their weapons, household and agricultural implements, houses, and mode of hunting are practically identical with those of the Pambias. Although they denied all relationship with the latter, I feel sure there is some connection between the two tribes, for their respective languages contain many similar expressions. Even here, however, the natives spoke the Asande language more frequently than their own tongue, and in time the Abarambo language, like that of the Pambias and the Akares, will be a thing of the past.

I made a third expedition to visit the caves in the rocky mountains formerly inhabited by the Pambias. (Illus. 212.) These rocks are honeycombed with holes



Sister of the Asande Chief Hirua  
Water-colour by E. M. Heims



and caverns, which must have been safe hiding-places for the natives, but which can scarcely have taken the place of huts. My expectation of discovering traces of real cave dwellers was disappointed, and I saw no sign of inscriptions, drawings, or stone implements. The cavern in which Lewa dwelt for a long time with his whole family, and evaded his pursuers, was very roomy ; a number of baboons had taken up their abode in it, and did not seem pleased to see me.

At a distance the Pambia Mountains resemble a closed mountain range, but on closer acquaintance I found that they comprise an extensive highland district, with several lofty peaks, deep ravines and beautiful torrents splashing over the naked rocks. (Illus. 211, 213.) At the present time the Pambias inhabit the valleys and plains, but on the faintest suspicion that they may be needed as bearers, they take refuge in the mountains. They would never have shown me the way to their caves, but by guile and bribery I induced an Asande to be my guide.

My time was limited, and though I would willingly have spent several weeks longer in this neighbourhood, I was obliged to press on towards the North, in order to reach the terminus of the little steamers going from Wau to the Nile. This voyage is possible only during the months of August and September, for the rest of the year the Wau River is blocked with grass, and at times quite dried up. So it was necessary for me to put my best foot foremost. Captain Stephenson kindly procured for me fifty bearers and an escort of seven soldiers. On the 26th of August I left Tambura, where I had been hospitably entertained for nearly six weeks. Stephenson was stationed at one of the most distant outposts of the Soudan, and consequently

seldom saw a European, so that he was quite sorry to part with me.

The journey from Tambura to Wau lay mostly through swamps and flooded streams, and for eighteen days I waded through the long grass in a northerly direction.

I endeavoured at first to bridge the swollen rivers with tree trunks, but finally I came to the conclusion that on the one hand this took up a great deal of time, whilst on the other it was often more dangerous to traverse these impromptu bridges than to swim the rivers. Sometimes we constructed suspension bridges high up in the trees, by throwing lianas from one tree to the next, and plaiting them together. (Illus. 216.) A certain amount of acrobatic skill was required in order to cross these swaying air-bridges without falling. The bearers surmounted every obstacle with the utmost skill and unconcern, but every now and then one or other fell with his load into the river. With few exceptions we always succeeded in rescuing the men, but the loads were in such cases irretrievably lost. The disappearance of a case containing almost all my photographic films was a great disappointment to me. Often at night it was impossible to find a dry spot, and twice I followed the example of the natives and slept in a tree the branches of which formed my bed. It rained in torrents all the time, and it was quite useless to attempt to put on dry clothes since they immediately became soaked, even if it had been possible to find any dry garments in my wet luggage. I became quite apathetic, and in the evening when I wrapped myself in my wet blankets, my chief joy was in the knowledge that one more day of misery was at an end.

There was little hunting to be done, for the grass was so long that there was no game to be seen excepting guinea-fowl and Nile geese, which were plentiful and formed our daily menu. (Illus. 214.) In the dry season this district must be very beautiful, and provide excellent hunting, for I saw the spoors of a great many buffaloes and elephants.

The country is of course almost uninhabited, on account of the yearly floods. The last village belonging to the sultanate of Tambura lay at the foot of the rocky mountains, and was the abode of the Asande chief, Koselli.

The passage of the Bo River was particularly difficult. There were two islands side by side in mid-stream, so that we had to cross three branches and construct three bridges. The river was a hundred and seventy-five feet wide, and the current was very strong, so that without the islands it would have been quite impossible to bridge it. As it was, it took us three days to get the whole caravan across.

On the 9th of September I reached the Nomatilla or Wau River, near its junction with the Sueh, and crossed to the other side in boats. A march of two and a half hours brought me to Wau, the seat of the Bahr-el-Ghazal Government. The English officers in the Egyptian service welcomed me most cordially, and took great pains to make me comfortable.

Wau (illus. 219) is situated close to the Djur River, which is formed by the junction of the Sueh and Wau Rivers. The Djur is navigable only from July to the end of September; at other times a land journey, mostly through swamps, is the only means of communication with Meshra-el-Rek, from which point the river is navigable for steamers all the year round.

The only important indigenous product is ivory. I know of no other country in which elephants are as plentiful as they are in Bahr-el-Ghazal. At present the natives are not allowed to sell ivory direct to the traders; they sell it to the Government officials, who either put it up to public auction, or else send it to Khartoum.

The British officers live in comfortable wooden barracks, provided with mosquito nets, baths, etc. They have a delightful mess with a verandah looking on to the river, and after living so long under the primitive conditions of the bush, my accommodation at Wau seemed to me fit for a king. At the Austrian Catholic mission station I made the acquaintance of a German father with whom I could converse in my native tongue. But the greatest pleasure of all was to receive a telegram from Hamburg announcing the safe return of His Highness the Duke, and three large sacks full of letters and papers from Germany.

My efforts to pursue my ethnological studies and add to my collections among the mixed population of Wau were not very successful in spite of the kind efforts of the Deputy-Governor, Channer Bey, to assist me.

The risk of running aground in the papyrus swamps and grass bars of the Bahr-el-Ghazal River obliges the steamers to cease running after the middle of September, so that if I wished to proceed by water to the Nile, I had to start immediately.

On the 11th of September I left Wau in the little steamer "Beatrice," and travelled down the Djur River towards the North. On the banks I saw many giraffes, buffaloes, elephants, and water-buck.

Three days later at the wood station, Ghabatel-





220. Sudd of the Bahr-el-Ghazal in open water.



221. Steamer and boats in the sudd of the Bahr-el-Ghazal.



222. Nile steamer Zafir.



219. Station at Wau.

Warrana, I was obliged to tranship into a small house-boat owing to the reeds and grass which obstructed the steamer's course. I had to spend two days at this unattractive spot swarming with mosquitoes and surrounded on every side by submerged country, awaiting the arrival of an English Captain Lushington, who was also to travel in the house-boat.

One day, in order to pass the time, I went hunting in the neighbourhood, but it was a most disagreeable experience. For fully two hours I waded in water up to my neck, the prey of countless bloodthirsty mosquitoes, until I reached comparatively dry ground. Even then the grass was so long that I could not see any game, and I toiled wearily back to the boat with an empty bag.

On the 17th of September we reached Lake Ambadi, where the Djur joins the Bahr-el-Ghazal proper, and found the river steamer "Zafir" waiting to convey us down the Nile. (Illus. 222.) The steamer had four lighters in tow which contained eleven Soudanese battalions on their way to Khartoum, and these four hundred men, who were crowded like sheep, were a tolerably noisy party. It was the Arab fast month, Ramadan, when all faithful Moslems spend their whole time in praying and singing. Night is converted into day, for the fasting applies only to the daytime, and during the night they enjoy a comprehensive menu.

We pushed our way through the grass, and struggled with the dense growth of papyrus, until at last we reached Lake No and the open water without mishap. From the steamer we could see a great many elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, and various kinds of antelopes, but the intervening swamps prevented our getting

within gunshot. Most interesting of all, however, were the numerous examples of that very remarkable African bird peculiar to Bahr-el-Ghazal, the "slipper beak" (*Balæniceps rex*). From the large size of his beak he is called by the Arabs "Abu Markub" which means "the father of the slipper."

At the eastern extremity of Lake No, the Bahr-el-Gebel coming from the south through the Albert and Victoria-Nyanza Lakes, joins the Bahr-el-Ghazal or Gazelle River, to form the White Nile, which was so wide and deep that we were able to travel by night as well as by day. We passed the villages and cattle of the Shilluks, the mission station of Tongo, and the mouth of the Sobat River flowing from Abyssinia.

At last I reached Fashoda, now known as Kodok, where Commandant Marchand's expedition came to an end with an unfavourable result for France. Marchand and I travelled by the same route from the West Coast to the Nile, and knowing as I do from my own experience all the difficulties of this long journey, I can fully sympathise with the disappointment of this brave man when the French tricolore was replaced at Fashoda by the Union Jack.

At Fashoda I received news from Dr Schubotz that he had safely arrived at Redjaf on the Nile, and begging me to wait for him at Khartoum.

It was an easy and comfortable journey down the Nile to Khartoum, the capital of the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan. Thanks to the kind foresight of the Sirdar, Sir F. Reginald Wingate, and of the well-known Baron Slatin Pasha, General Inspector of the Soudan, the English officers and officials were expecting me, and gave me a most cordial reception.

I became acquainted with the principal details of

# Map of the travels of the GERMAN CENTRAL-AFRICAN EXPEDITION

of His Highness  
Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg  
in the years 1910/1911.

Scale 1:7500000



- Route of the Chief Expedition
- " " " South Cameroons Expedition (Drs. Schultze and Mildbraed)
- " " " Captain von Wiese und Kaiserswaldau
- " " " Dr. Schubotz
- " " " Heims and Röder





the Anglo-Egyptian Government, and with the marvellous buildings far surpassing those of any other Central African city. I also inspected the well-disciplined Soudanese troops, the military railway, and the Gordon College, which is gradually being converted into a native university. I paid a visit to Omdurman on the opposite bank, the scene of Lord Kitchener's triumph over fourteen years ago, when he broke the might of the dervishes, and put an end to the misery which had ensued for so many years from the reign of terror of the followers of the Mahdi and the Khalifa in the Soudan.

Two weeks later I clasped my friend Schubotz in my arms, and then we travelled rapidly through Egypt, across the Mediterranean, and overland to Germany. The best reward for all the fatigues and dangers we had surmounted was the knowledge that we were once more safely at home !

END OF VOLUME ONE





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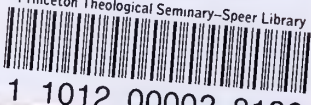






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